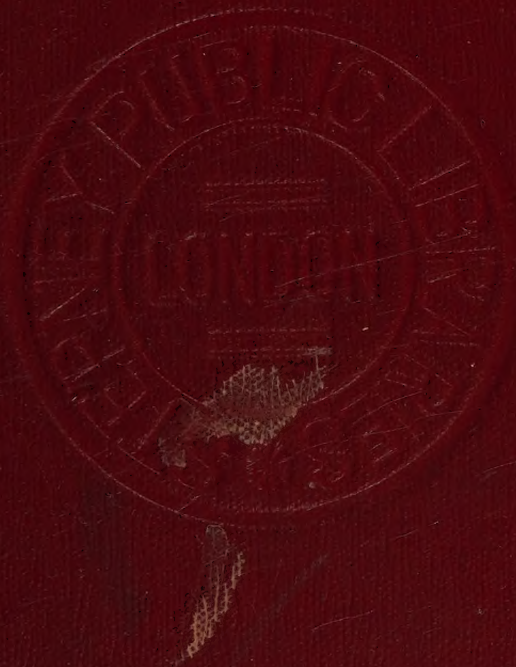
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[Frontispiece.

SAMUEL PEPYS

ADMINISTRATOR, OBSERVER, GOSSIP

BY

E. HALLAM MOORHOUSE

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FOREWORD

It is inevitable that any book on Pepys should have long and frequent quotations from his *Diary*—inevitable also that however much is put in much that is interesting, amusing, and characteristic should be left out. No re-telling of Pepys' *Diary* is to be tolerated, and that is the justification for ample quotation, for there is neither gain nor wisdom in attempting to turn his own inimitable phrases into a modern and most inferior version. So wherever a thing can be told in Pepys' words I have so told it—any one who writes of him, at the best, can only be a showman, and the place of a showman is in the background when the principal actor is on the stage. Or in the metaphor of Sir Walter Scott: "The subject is like a good sirloin, which requires only to be basted with its own drippings"—therefore discreet cook and retiring showman are the humble parts I have attempted in this book.

To all lovers of Pepys there is one name that at once leaps to mind—the name of Mr. H. B. Wheatley, and to his invaluable edition of the *Diary*, to his *Pepysiana*, and to *Samuel Pepys and the World he Lived In*, I am much in debt. For the naval side of Pepys' life, apart from histories of the Second and Third Dutch Wars, I owe a great deal to Mr. J. R. Tanner's *Catalogue of the Naval Manuscripts in the*

Pepysian Library (published by the Navy Records Society) and to his facsimile edition of Pepys' *Memoires of the Royal Navy*. Other publications of the Navy Records Society have been very useful, as also Mr. Osmund Airey's admirable *Life of Charles II*. These acknowledgments are particular —general acknowledgments to the authors of articles in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and of histories of the time would run into a longer list than it is needful to set down here.

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SAMUEL PEPYS

ADMINISTRATOR, OBSERVER, GOSSIP

CHAPTER I

THE PERSONALITY OF PEPYS

UNTIL the year 1825 history was regarded as a solemn and dignified and essentially sober affair, having no concern save with large events, with the rise of nations, the fall of dynasties. But when the *Diary* of Mr. Samuel Pepys, a worthy Admiralty official and a grave benefactor to the University of Cambridge, was first given to the world, this view as to the seriousness of history received a rude shock from which, fortunately, it is hardly likely to recover. What is history but the record of the life of past ages?—and the so-called trivialities of every day, the gay and tragic happenings, the dress, the feasts, the weddings, the funerals, the feuds, the quest of gold, these are the things that largely made up the pageant of existence to our ancestors, as to ourselves.

When Pepys' *Diary* was published it was as though in a musty library, slumbrous with solemn volumes, a window had suddenly been opened, and the spectator looked out upon the London of the

mid-seventeenth century, full as it was of colour and movement, still breathing the Elizabethan enchantment, still untouched by the Great Fire, vehemently returned to the lust of the eye and the pride of the flesh after the restraints and severities of Puritan dominion. Leaning eagerly through that window into the past the spectator could watch the passer-by—whether it was the dark and debonair King Charles himself, or some wretch on his way to Tyburn's tree; could see the servants of the French and Spanish Ambassadors quarrelling with drawn swords in the narrow streets; behold "pretty, witty Nell," rollicking upon the stage, or standing at the door of her house in Drury Lane on May Day in her "smock sleeves and bodice"; or the too famous Lady Castlemaine driving in her coach in "Hide Park."

Amid these scenes, in long wig and camlet coat, with "a flowered tabby vest very rich," moved the Clerk of the Acts, a man with comfortable cheeks, easy mouth, an alert, observing eye, and a cheerful air of enjoying the gifts of this world to the uttermost—a man successfully climbing the ladder of wealth and importance, and faithfully setting down as he does so each step of the way and all that comes within his cognizance (and it is much) of the affairs of other people. Little did his friends or acquaintance imagine that while his world slept, or wandered on nocturnal errands, the apparently open and garrulous Samuel Pepys was transcribing by candlelight the happenings of his time, to the great detriment of his eyes and the perpetual satisfaction of future generations. He wrote so long and

late many a night that as he says, "I staid up till the bellman came by with his bell just under my window as I was writing of this very line, and cried, 'Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning.'" Little thought Pepys himself of the importance of his voluntary task, and in his complete unconsciousness that any human being would read what he had written lies the unique value of the *Diary*. In it he has achieved the apparently impossible—he has drawn with the unsparing hand of truth a full-length portrait of himself, without self-consciousness, without any of that morbid self-analysis which afflicts would-be candid diarists, without a superfluous touch, and yet complete, etched upon its historic background with a perfection of detail, a sharpness of outline, that can never be surpassed. His is no heroic figure, though it may well be doubted whether he is so much under the average stature as is commonly assumed. He is the curious compound of cowardice and courage, generosity and stingy calculation, time-serving and devotion to duty which makes up ordinary human nature. Pepys may stand as the type of the average man—for though there are few who would not indignantly disclaim the meaner qualities over which Pepys himself is so singularly unabashed, there are also few who might not be glad to feel sure of possessing the genuine courage he displayed at the time of the Plague, or his honesty and freedom from official corruption in a most corrupt age.

Coleridge said of Pepys that "He was a *pollard* man, without the top . . . but on this account more broadly and luxuriantly branching out from

the upper trunk," and this may stand as a just estimate of his character. But Pepys must not be regarded as alone decapitated of spiritual qualities amid a generation lifting their branches high in the blue air—the men of the Restoration, with a few rare exceptions, were all pollard men without the top. The few shining spirits, like Thomas Traherne, Vaughan, Jeremy Taylor, were poets or divines, whose lives did not centre round a Court. Even John Evelyn, whose name stands typical of the truest kind of English gentleman, in spite of his virtues, his dignity, and his scholarship, moves within very definite restrictions of character: he has not the qualities that thrill and stir the human heart. In Evelyn's character, despite its many excellences, there is some lack, a suggestion of length without thickness, more than a hint of the man who dares not be entirely himself. Now Pepys was always himself, always in full touch with the realities of human life—though the deeper realities of spiritual experience passed him by untouched. But for what we have we are thankful, a real character, and one that it is impossible to help liking, in spite of its thoroughly mundane texture. We hold a warm hand, and look into a humorous, friendly, and observing eye. Pepys was a material person, he brought a shrewd common-sense to bear upon such aspects of religion as were offered him in the Restoration churches, but the remoter spiritual side of life never dawned upon his horizon, and "a mighty pretty woman" would draw his attention from the best sermon ever preached. When he heard Mr. Gifford preach upon the text "Seek ye first the

kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you," his neat little worldly comment was, "A very excellent and persuasive, good and moral sermon. He showed, like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich than sin and villany." Pepys practised what he regarded as righteousness—he was well on the way to being rich—therefore the circle of virtue and excellence, to his mind, was complete. He confesses elsewhere in the *Diary* that when with a divine he would talk Church matters, with a painter talk art, or with a soldier strategy, though knowing little of any of the subjects. But that confession is characteristic—he never assumed airs of infallibility, and his perpetual curiosity led him to investigate everything that came within his reach. He dealt equally with large or small matters, with that strange lack of the sense of proportion which distinguished many of the Royal Society's first quests of scientific knowledge. At times he displays the acute brain of a thinking man, at others the simplicity and credulousness of a child—he found all forms of knowledge, whether legendary or genuine, "mighty pleasing." In a certain childishness of outlook which pervades the whole of the *Diary* lies perhaps the secret of Pepys' charm, and of the lovableness which he undoubtedly possesses, in spite of the many meannesses of his soul, his undignified faults, his greediness for the good things of the world, and his vanity. Indeed, greediness and vanity are specially the failings of the child which grabs and prances with complete disregard of the effect on others. So did Pepys—and his readers

will continue to smile tolerantly when he says that he was tempted to commit the book-lover's unpardonable sin: "Went down and sat in a low room (at Sir Philip Warwick's) reading *Erasmus de scribendis espistolis*, a very good book, especially one letter of advice to a courtier, most true and good, which made me once resolve to tear out the two leaves that it was writ in, but I forbore it."

Pepys, of course, is famous for the extraordinary candour with which he records those small and horrid happenings that most men bury in the depths of their forgetfulness, but it does not trouble Pepys' sense of self-respect at all to see them in the daylight. He has no shame in confessing that he was so angry with a cookmaid once that he kicked her, instead he expressly says that he was not sorry for doing this, only vexed that Sir William Penn's footboy saw him and would probably tell his master. But set against that unattractive little story the sheer simplicity of his saying that he "was not a little proud" when in March 1660 he received for the first time a letter addressed "Samuel Pepys, Esq." Again he speaks most characteristically when he prudently remarks that "to have a nobleman's mouth open against a man may do a man hurt;" while his vanity and love of money are equally apparent in his grumbling over his deficits, which have "chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife; viz. for her about £12 and for myself £55, or thereabouts: having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth skirts, black, plain both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and

many other things, being resolved henceforward to go like myself"—all the while apparently quite unconscious of the startling difference between his "layings-out" upon his pretty young wife and upon himself.

But Pepys' meaner qualities have been somewhat unduly emphasized by a world unaccustomed to his genuine candour. It is easy to hold a man up to contempt who drops all the barriers of half-conscious hypocrisy by which others shield themselves from criticism. All men secretly think well of themselves, and put a gloss upon their poorest actions which is not visible to impartial outsiders. To say Pepys was licentious and scandal-loving is but to say he was a man of the world during the Restoration—and at least he had the grace to repent himself of the most reprehensible of his follies, not when age had dimmed his ardour, but while he was still young. He quaintly contrived to combine an enormous admiration for the Court beauties—especially for his "dear Lady Castlemaine," as he calls her, though he never once spoke with her—and a consuming interest in the Court intrigues, with a perfectly sincere distress at the king's laxness and deafness to all appeals of honour. And as he grew older, and felt more the pressure of public affairs, Pepys was filled with shame and annoyance at the doings of Babtist May, Keeper of the Privy Purse, Lady Castlemaine, and others, whom he calls "that wicked crew." Time-server though he was tempted to be, both by inclination and position, it may truly be said of him that he was an Englishman before he was a courtier.

Indeed, many of his comments on the Court are as acute as they are shrewd. Of the Duke of York at the Navy Office he was once driven to declare that it "do too truly show the effects of having princes in places where order and discipline should be." He said on another occasion, "I do believe the king had rather have a man that may be one of his vicious caball than a sober man that will mind the publick, that so they may sit at cards and dispose of the revenue of the kingdom." Once, when he was not yet fully accustomed to the royal atmosphere, and was still looking for qualities that were not to be found there, he came up from Woolwich in a barge with the King and the Duke of York, "seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And God forgive me! though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them the less he finds of difference between them and other men." Nothing could be more scathing than his comment on some verses, "mightily commended," written by a courtier: "But Lord!" says Pepys, "they are sorry things; only a lord made them." Though he was far from unwilling to bend the knee before worldly wealth and success, and ever eager to make friends with important people, Pepys reserved to himself the right of a secretly independent outlook; while to many whispers that a little less rigour in discharge of his duty as Clerk of the Acts would be to his advantage he turned a persistently deaf ear, and on several occasions he displayed (though not without trembling) the virtue of loyalty to those who were "in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes." He dared also to speak

the unpleasant truth upon occasion, even to his powerful patron, Lord Sandwich, who, being taken ill during the summer of 1663, went after his recovery, for change of air to rural Chelsea. While he was there Pepys heard that he was behaving foolishly with one of his hostess's daughters, and the report greatly disturbed him: "I am ashamed to see," he writes in his *Diary*, "my lord so grossly play the fool, to the flinging off of all honour, friends, servants, and every thing and person that is good, with his carrying her abroad and playing on his lute under her window, and forty other poor sordid things, which I am grieved to hear." At first he decided to keep silence, as he understood that Lord Sandwich would take ill any reference to his conduct, but the affair so weighed upon his mind that he was impelled to the courageous act of writing to his patron and beseeching him to have regard to his good name.

Another aspect of Pepys' character that is worthy of admiration is his sense of humanity and tolerance in an intolerant and ruthless age. The cruel sports of the day gave pain to him where they gave only pleasure to his contemporaries. Curiosity once led him to a cock-fight, but he quickly records, "I soon had enough of it;" while in Cotton's *Compleat Gamester*, a copy of which is in the Pepysian Library, wherein cock-fighting is described as "a game of delight and pleasure," Pepys has scornfully added in the margin, "of barbarity." Bull-baiting he called "a very rude and nasty pleasure." Public hangings, a generally popular spectacle, distressed him, though he went to see them sometimes when the victims

were eminent. When he met "several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle," he was perturbed, and wrote, "They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise, and not be catched!"

In tolerance he was ahead of his age, but this tolerance, it must be admitted, was not so much the result of a larger outlook as of the laodicean temper that will not go to the stake for an opinion, and grieves to see others play so uncomfortable a part as that of the martyr. Pepys had not a great brain, any more than he had a great heart. His was the triumph, the apotheosis, as it were, of common-sense—ability, indefatigable industry, ardent interest, all welded into a whole by the shrewdest, the most unfailing common-sense. He was never misled by romantic glamour, unfaltering he kept to the prosperous high-road of life, without even a side-glance for haunted thicket or forest glade. On the high-road he met and spoke with his fellow-men and he had a quite definite goal ahead of him—therefore he failed to see why he should turn aside, break out of the cheerful press of men bent on like errands to himself for the sake of dim, still, elusive things which would bring him no material profit, neither would they serve the cause of his country as he beheld it. Pepys ever preferred the light of candles set in silver sconces and shining in the wide galleries of Whitehall to the distant radiance of the stars, or the humble glimmer of the wayside glow-worm. It was the very absence of the poetic spirit in him that made him so entirely admirable a public

servant—his limitation was also his strength. In his common-sense there was almost a touch of genius.

The graver side of Pepys, which cannot fail to impress itself upon all who really read the *Diary*, seems somewhat overlaid by the public emphasis on that aspect which presents him as a cheerful and shameless scandal-monger—one of the tailless foxes of society, delighted to discover his comrades in similar plight. Pepys and Evelyn, the two great English diarists, are usually set at opposite poles as examples of impudence and dignity. Yet the world in which they lived almost side by side, both frequenters of the Court, both engaged in public affairs, both genuine patriots, both members of the Royal Society, saw no such startling difference between the two men. When Pepys died he left a name as much respected as the name that Evelyn a few years later was to leave after him. Pepys' work at the Admiralty, his encouragement of learning and art, his benefactions to Cambridge University, left him for a century and a quarter after his death in undisturbed possession of a sober and serious reputation—a reputation the very solidity and respectability of which rendered it a little dull. Then the deciphering and publication of the most candid of all diaries discovered the real Pepys to a world which henceforward seemed determined to behold nothing but the weaker aspects of his character, and to laugh at him or with him, as the case might be. Pepys' follies were blazoned by his own unsparing hand for all to see, and his virtues receded into obscurity. It is common to take the

sordid and the mean and stamp them as the real, as though only ignoble things were true ones. But, as Pepys himself knew well, it is far more amusing to be a little scandalous than quite accurate, and in a sense he may be said to stand pilloried before the world for the very quality which makes the lover of humanity and all its faults delight in him. Certain it is that his *Diary* finds twenty readers where Evelyn's finds one; he has naturally the more vivid pen and a mind more pleased with trivialities, hence the fulness and detail of his records. The manner in which the *Diary* is written is an exact reflection of Pepys' own character; style, in this case, is certainly the man. Stevenson well says: "It is generally supposed that as a writer Pepys must rank at the bottom of the scale of merit; but a style which is indefatigably lively, telling, and picturesque, through six large volumes of everyday experience, which deals with the whole matter of a life and yet is rarely wearisome, which condescends to the most fastidious particulars and yet sweeps all away in the forth-right current of the narrative, such a style may be ungrammatical, it may be inelegant, it may be one tissue of mistakes, but it cannot be devoid of merit."

One reason the *Diary* has given pleasure to innumerable readers is because it gave such pleasure to the man who wrote it that when he had to cease keeping his record, owing to the state of his eyes, it was to him "almost as much as to see myself go into my grave." But while he was writing it he did so with entire enjoyment, reflecting the incidents of each day and the sudden impression they made

upon his receptive mind. It is the absence of any studied sense of proportion that renders the *Diary* so delightful and so genuine—for just as trivial happenings in life often loom larger than national events upon the individual horizon, so do they in the pages of the *Diary*. At one time during the Plague Pepys was far more intimately concerned as to whether it would be safe to wear periwigs than at the daily toll of deaths. The candid Pepys speaks in a candid, unadorned style, and yet his observation is so quick and faithful, his feeling for evidences of personality and oddity in other men so keen, his love of detail so unfailing, that he can paint a person or a scene more vivid to the life than many a boasted master of words. This is Pepys' manner in the *Diary*—in his official literary work and in much of his correspondence he develops a different style, somewhat involved, though always individual. It is Pepys robed and fully conscious of his dignity, enjoying the rolling use of words—though now and again looks out some sudden sharpness, some quick flicker of humour, that shows the Pepys of the *Diary* is still there under all his assumed solemnities. But in truth he could wield a very fine style of writing when he chose, a style that had something of an antique grandeur about it. His sentences are long and leisurely and winding, but always they reach the goal of his meaning with an air of triumph and satisfaction, and the words themselves have a weight and dignity that Pepys obviously appreciated and expected his readers to do likewise.

But his Roman style is not the one by which Pepys has endeared himself to the world—it is in

the clarity, the simplicity, the petulances of the *Diary* that he is most fully himself, while his candour is such, that, without in the least intending it in extenuation of his faults, he puts his reader in the position of one who knows all and therefore excuses all. Prynne said very wisely, "An exact diary is a window into his heart that maketh it, and therefore pity it is that any should look therein but either the friends of the party, or such ingenuous foes as will not, especially in things doubtful, make conjectural comments, to his disgrace."

As no diary so exact as that of Pepys has ever seen the light, it is well and charitable to bear in mind this warning.

CHAPTER II

THE BEGINNING

Samuel Pepys was essentially the man of his age. There was in him no touch of the Elizabethan dreamer—the wide, fantastic horizons which opened in a magical dawn before the eyes of navigators like Drake or poets like Spenser were entirely beyond the range of Pepys' seeing : his horizon was never the unattainable. The enjoyments he valued were concrete things, fine apparel, rich food, silver, napery, handsome pictures, and it is difficult to avoid a suspicion that even his love of books, which resulted in the library bearing his name, was more a mixture of curiosity and pride in possession—pride in fine editions and bindings—than the humble-minded ardour of the genuine student.

No man was ever better equipped to enjoy the good things of the world. Yet his early prospects were by no means gilded—and the very fact that for many years he had perforce to go without gave Pepys something of an epicurean satisfaction in each upward step. His father was an unprosperous man and at one time pursued the "trade of a Cutting Taylor," as it is called in old documents, which suggests the idea that from him Pepys may have derived his extravagant love of fine clothes. In

regard to his family Pepys wrote in 1662: "To Paul's churchyard, and there I met with Dr. Fuller's *England's Worthys*, the first time that I ever saw it; and so I sat down reading in it; being much troubled that (though he had some discourse with me about my family and armes) he says nothing at all, nor mentions us either in Cambridgeshire or Norfolk. But I believe, indeed, our family were never considerable."

The place of Pepys' birth was either London or Brampton in Huntingdonshire, and the date was February 23, 1632–33—though to the world at large he might have been born in 1660 and died in 1669, for the period of the *Diary*, small though the space is it occupies in the sum of his long life, has completely swamped the years that come before and after. As a child the small Samuel was boarded out at Hackney and Kingsland, and in his *Diary* for the year 1667 he wrote: "Walked over the fields to Kingsland, and back again; a walk I think I have not taken these twenty years; but puts me in mind of my boy's time when I boarded at Kingsland, and used to shoot with my bow and arrow in these fields." Afterwards he was sent to the quaint old Grammar School at Huntingdon, where Oliver Cromwell had earlier received some part of his education. From Huntingdon Pepys went to St. Paul's School, London. In London he witnessed the "memorable scene" of King Charles's execution on that frosty day of January 1649; just as in later years he was to "see the first blood shed in revenge for the king at Charing Cross." During his boyish days Samuel Pepys was violently against

the king, and expressed his opinions with much freedom—indeed, when the time had come in which it was no longer safe to speak against the Crown he was a good deal troubled lest his rash utterances should be recalled by an old school-fellow he met and talked with. "He did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy, and I was much afraid that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the king was beheaded (that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be—'The memory of the wicked shall rot'); but I found afterwards that he did go away from school before that time."

Like most men Pepys looked back on his boyish days with pleasure and a feeling that past times were better than present ones. In 1664 another old school-fellow from St. Paul's came to see him, and Pepys says, "I made him stay with me till 11 at night, talking of old school stories, and very pleasing ones, and truly I find that we did spend our time and thoughts then otherwise than I think boys do now, and I think as well as methinks the best are now. . . . Strange to see how we are all divided that were bred so long at school together, and what various fortunes we have run, some good, some bad."

During the time that Pepys was at Magdalene College, Cambridge, great events were shaking England. Even into the quiet Cambridge courts must have come some echo of the battle of Dunbar, where Cromwell and his Ironsides backed their stern hopes with their indomitable swords, as they sang among the corn-shocks—

"Let God arise, and scatteréd
Let all His en'mies be!"

and of the "crowning mercy" of Worcester. In these same years the momentous Navigation Act was passed in the Rump Parliament, the first of the Dutch Wars began, and the troubles of government were already stirring in that deep and brooding mind of Cromwell's the thought, "What if a man should take upon him to be a king?"

Whether these happenings left adequate impress upon the mind of Pepys it is impossible to tell, save that in the *Diary*, written as it was almost within the purlieus of the Court of the Restoration, there are many signs of a reluctant and shamefaced admiration for Cromwell. But of Pepys' Cambridge days the records are scanty and not illuminating. He was elected on the Spendluffe foundation, and two years later he was elected to a scholarship founded by John Smith. A weakness of which he was himself fully conscious in later life crops up in the books of Magdalene College, where, on October 21, 1653, it is written, "Peapys and Hind were solemnly admonished . . . for having been scandalously over-served with drink the night before."

Eight years later Pepys confessed "Having the beginning of this week made a vow to myself to drink no wine (finding it unfit me to look after business), and this day breaking of it against my will, I am much troubled for it; but I hope God will forgive me!"

The possibility of some early sentimental disappointment is suggested by the fact that while at Cambridge Pepys wrote a romance called *Love a*

Cheate—ten years later he devoted an evening to tearing up some old papers, including this forlorn romance, though reading it over he says, "I liked it very well, and wondered a little at myself at my vein at that time when I wrote it, doubting that I cannot do so well now if I would try."

He graduated as Bachelor of Arts in 1653 and became Master of Arts in 1660—but between those two dates he had taken a more serious step in his marriage with Elizabeth St. Michel. He must have been of an ardent disposition, for there is evidence in his *Diary* that he was most desperately in love with his wife when he married her, and in spite of later squabbles and jealousies the boy-and-girl match —for his wife was only fifteen years old and he himself but twenty-two—turned out reasonably happy. The girl he married was extremely pretty, as might be expected, for Pepys always had a nice taste in feminine looks. She was the daughter of an impecunious and impractical Huguenot gentleman who came to England in the train of Henrietta Maria on her marriage to Charles I, but he was dismissed from her service on the discovery that he was a Protestant. His daughter Elizabeth was once, during his absence, placed in a convent in Paris, to his great distress, but he quickly took her out again, and he was very glad of her marriage to the Protestant Samuel Pepys. The girl herself knew this, and said to him, with pretty caresses (as her brother Balthazar St. Michel told Pepys), "Dear father, though in my tender years I was by my low fortune in this world deluded to popery by the fond dictates thereof, I have now (joined with my riper

years, which give me more understanding) a man to my husband too wise, and one too religious in the Protestant religion, to suffer my thoughts to bend that way any more."

The riper years of fifteen and the wisdom of twenty-two are alike doubtful, but having nothing more substantial with which to bless themselves, for they were both penniless, these two went hand in hand to the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and there, under the walls of the old Abbey, registered their marriage vows. The marriage certificate still exists, and runs as follows—

"Samuell Peps of this parish Gent & Elizabeth De S^{nt} Michell of Martins in the ffeilds Spinster. Published October 19th, 22nd, 29th, & were married by Richard Sherwyn Esq^{r} one of the justices of the Peace of the Cittie & Lyberties of Westm^{r} December 1st. (Signed) Ri. Sherwyn."

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pepys had no income and few prospects on which to begin their married life, and for a time at least a garret and distinctly short commons were their portion—even for such subsistence as they had it appears that they were indebted to Sir Edward Montagu, who as Lord Sandwich is so prominent a figure in the *Diary*. He was a connection of the Pepys family, as his mother, Paulina Pepys, was the sister of Samuel Pepys' grandfather—and it was possibly owing to his generosity that his poor relation was enabled to go to Cambridge. Anyway, it was under his roof that the young couple found their first home, and it was

through his patronage that Pepys was enabled to take his first steps up the ladder of fortune. He went with Sir Edward Montagu in the *Naseby* to the Sound in June 1659, when Montagu corresponded with the exiled king, though Pepys himself knew nothing of this, and said on learning it later, "I do from this raise an opinion of him, to be one of the most secret men in the world, which I was not so convinced of before."

After his return from this expedition Pepys became clerk to George Downing, one of the Tellers of the Receipt of the Exchequer, and his salary was fifty pounds a year. At the beginning of 1660 he admits he was "esteemed rich" (he always practised the art of appearing to be better off than he was) when in reality he was "indeed very poor." At this time he was living in Axe Yard, Westminster, in shabby quarters, evidently, for in the first dated entry in the *Diary* he refers to "living lately in the garret," and says he "dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand." There are several allusions during the opening months of 1660 to the smallness of their housekeeping. On January 8 he writes, "To my father's to dinner, where I found my wife, who was forced to dine there, we not having one coal of fire in the house, and it being very hard frosty weather." A few days later he went home, "where I found my wife and maid a-washing, I . . . went to bed, and left my wife and the maid a-washing still." On another occasion he says, "At noon I went home and dined with my wife on pease porridge and nothing else."

The opening year of the *Diary* was also the opening year of Pepys' fortunes. At the beginning of the half-year he cast up his accounts and found himself "to be worth near £100, for which I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon, being I believe not clearly worth £25 when I came to sea." It was his habit for several years after this to count up the increase of his fortune, with such exclamations of satisfaction and gratitude to Providence as do not at all suggest the miser, but rather a child gloating over his treasures. This intense enjoyment of his worldly goods was no doubt emphasized in Pepys by remembrance of the lean years when he had few or no possessions. There is great virtue in contrast, and when they were prosperous he and his wife found much pleasure in talking of the old hard days, Pepys reminding her "how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do: and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it."

Before their good times came it will be seen that Pepys and his wife went through some hardships together, and among them the operation he had to undergo for the stone in March 1658, though it was fortunately successful, must have loomed large—he always celebrated the anniversary of the day, as he records on March 26, 1660: "This day it is two years since it pleased God that I was cut for the stone at Mrs. Turner's in Salisbury Court. And did resolve while I live to keep it a festival, as I did

the last year at my house, and for ever to have Mrs. Turner and her company with me. But now it pleased God that I was prevented to do it openly; only within my soul I can and do rejoice, and bless God, being at this time, blessed be His holy name, in as good health as ever I was in my life." Early in the year he had written, "I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking of cold." The trouble was always with him, but can hardly be said to have shortened his life, as he lived to be over seventy, and evidently he suffered little pain or inconvenience from it after this operation. Apparently it was rather a common complaint in Pepys' time—at any rate Evelyn was troubled with it, and Evelyn's brother died of it.

The whole of the nine years covered by the *Diary* is a record of steady progress from obscurity and poverty to influence and wealth. It was owing to favouritism that Pepys got his chance—for without the help of his kinsman, Lord Sandwich, he would have been in a poor position—but it was by hard work and genuine devotion to his business that Pepys consolidated the position he had won. The curious mingling of the two sides of his character can only be fully realized by comparing his work at the Navy Office with the pleasurings described in his *Diary*. In one aspect he is a man dogged, rigorous in the execution of his duty, not to be turned by bribes or threats, determined that the welfare of the navy should come before the wishes of Court favourites. In his private aspect he is like a child, always gaily wandering round in the search for enjoyment, alert for any new thing, utterly unable

to resist buying pretty trifles for himself, for his wife, or for his house, the minute a little money was in his hands—even in the very year in which he had known what it was to go short of food and fire. On July 1, 1660, he writes: "This morning came home my fine Camlett cloak, with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it." The following month he tells rather prettily the story how his young wife got a petticoat—everything she had in the way of clothes was a direct gift from him, for it was not till some years later that he rather reluctantly yielded to her entreaties for an allowance of her own. "This morning," he says, "I took my wife towards Westminster by water, and landed her at Whitefriars, with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and I to the Privy Seal. By and by comes my wife to tell me that my father has persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth of 26*s.* a yard, and a rich lace; that the petticoat will come to £5, at which I was somewhat troubled, but she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry. I did give her more money, and sent her away." A little later he bought her a "necklace of pearl," costing £4 10*s.*, which he says he was willing to give her "for her encouragement, and because I have lately got money, having now above £200 in cash beforehand in the world."

This improvement in his fortunes was owing largely to the fact that Sir Edward Montagu had made him his secretary during the important expedition that resulted in the Restoration of Charles II. Of the Parliamentary squabbles at this time Pepys said very wisely, "many in the House do

press for new oaths to be put upon men; whereas we have more cause to be sorry for the many oaths that we have already taken and broken."

It was early in March 1659–60 that Sir Edward Montagu proposed that Pepys should go to sea with him as his secretary. The interview is described in detail. His friendly kinsman, says Pepys, "called me by myself into the garden, where he asked me how things were with me; he bid me look out now at this turn some good place, and he would use all his own, and all the interest of his friends that he had in England, to do me good. And asked me whether I could, without too much inconvenience, go to sea as his secretary, and bid me think of it. He also began to talk of things of State, and told me that he should want one in that capacity at sea that he might trust in, and therefore he would have me to go. He told me also that he did believe the king would come in, and did discourse with me about it, and about the affection of the people and city, at which I was full glad. . . . Everybody now drink the king's health without any fear, whereas before it was very private that a man dare do it."

Owing to this post Pepys was in the thick of the events that culminated in the Restoration, and a little while before King Charles II stepped again on English soil he walks into the pages of the *Diary*, wherein his name afterwards so constantly appears. "Of a tall stature, and of sable hue," Andrew Marvell describes him; while Anthony Hamilton says, "The king did not fall short of any of his subjects either in figure or air. His character was agreeable, his temper easy and affable. . . . He was

able when pressing affairs called for capacity, when the affairs were not pressing he could apply himself no longer." In his youth he had been described by Queen Henrietta Maria's old governess as "very well made; his swarthy complexion agreed well with his large bright eyes; his mouth was exceedingly ugly, his figure extremely fine." Such in outward aspect was the new king.

In the *Naseby* (unfortunately named ship to receive exiled royalty), before Charles came on board, Pepys himself fired a welcoming gun. "The gun over against my cabbin," he says, "I fired myself to the king, which was the first time that he had been saluted by his own ships since this change; but holding my head too much over the gun, I had almost spoiled my right eye." Next morning Charles II came aboard, and "all day nothing but lords and persons of honour on board, that we were exceeding full." The royal party dined by themselves in great state, "which was a blessed sight to see." After dinner his Majesty promptly rechristened the ship that bore him into the *Charles*, "which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the king walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been), very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through." Pepys ends his record of that memorable day's events by writing, "Under sail all night, and most glorious weather."

The day but one following, being the 25th of May, Charles Stuart landed and was "received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land of Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the horsemen, citizens and noblemen of all sorts. The mayor of the town came and give him his white staffe, the badge of his place, which the king did give him again. The mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took and said it was the thing he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the towne towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination."

Pepys had not allowed the rejoicing time to pass without shedding some little gleam upon his own humble fortunes. "I spoke to the Duke of York about business," he says, "who called me Pepys by name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favour." This promise was faithfully kept, and the day of the Restoration was the beginning of a career to Sir Edward Montagu's secretary.

Uniformly in the *Diary* Pepys calls his relative and patron "my lord"; even before having been made Earl of Sandwich he was entitled to that form of address. A few days after the royal return he writes, "Being with my lord in the morning about business in his cabbin, I took occasion to give him thanks for his love to me in the share that he had given me of his Majesty's money, and the duke's.

He told me he hoped to do me a more lasting kindness, if all things stand as they are now between him and the king, but, says he, 'We must have a little patience and we will rise together; in the meantime I will do yet all the good jobs I can.' Which was great content for me to hear from my lord."

The first fruit of his kind intentions was his obtaining the promise of the position of Clerk of the Acts for Pepys, who had no sooner obtained his warrant than he discovered that his predecessor in the place, Mr. Barlow, was still alive and intent on coming up to town to look after his position, which made the heart of Pepys "sad a little." In fact, at one time he was so despairing of obtaining the coveted post, for there were other candidates, that he almost accepted monetary offers made him to give it up. But in the end he obtained his wish, though he had to buy off Mr. Barlow by promising him an annuity of £100 out of his salary. When a few years later Barlow died, Pepys says he is "as sorry as is possible," but candidly confesses "when I come to consider the providence of God by this means unexpectedly to give me £100 a year more in my estate, I have cause to bless God, and do it from the bottom of my heart."

Pepys' salary as Clerk of the Acts was £350 a year, and he had many other means, considered quite legitimate in that day, of increasing his income. From one place that was given him by Lord Sandwich he got for a time about three pounds a day—"neither he nor I," says Pepys, "thinking it to be of the worth that he and I find it to be."

THE NAVY OFFICE IN CRUTCHED FRIARS.

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After obtaining his post Pepys lived at the Navy Office, which was situated in Aldgate Ward, in the angle caused by the meeting of Crutched Friars and Seething Lane. The houses belonging to the Navy Office were so good that Pepys was afraid he might be shuffled out of his right to lodge there. But this fear proved groundless, and on July 15, 1660, he says, "My wife and I are mightily pleased with our new house that we hope to have." The day but one after that he sent his household goods by cart to the Navy Office, following with his wife by coach and "overtaking the carts a-drinking in the Strand," in his quaint phrase. He was soon settled down, and records a month or two later, "This morning my dining-room was finished with greene serge hangings and gilt leather, which is very handsome."

His house at the Navy Office faced Seething Lane, and there day after day for many years Pepys, who all unknown was also writing his faithful *Diary*, might have been seen working with a man's energy and keenness upon the naval affairs of his country, though he had no special knowledge of those affairs when he became—to his and to England's great good fortune—Clerk of the Acts. At the Navy Office he had to contend officially with the same difficulty that had crippled his early personal affairs—want of money. In June 1661 he had to write a letter to the Duke of York "to tell him the sad condition of this Office for want of money; how men are not able to serve us more without some money; and that now the credit of the Office is brought so low that none will sell us anything without our personal security given for the same."

At his house in the Navy Office Pepys had a curious and uncomfortable little adventure early in 1662–63. One called Field had been committed to prison "for some ill words he did give the Office," and he concentrated his legal revenge on Pepys, the other members of the Board "having been parliament men." "It is £30 damage to me," says Pepys, "for my joining with others in committing Field to prison, as being not Justices of the Peace in the city, though in Middlesex; which troubled me." It was to trouble him yet more, for one morning as he and Sir John Minnes were engaged at the Navy Office "comes a man as if upon ordinary business, and shows me a writ from the Exchequer, called a Commission of Rebellion, and tells me that I am his prisoner in Field's business; which methought did strike me to the heart." The bailiff and the four men with him were induced to retire for a while, so that Pepys could send for advice to the king and the Lord Chief Baron, "so they away, and I home to dinner"—it must be remembered that the Clerk of the Acts' private house and public office were both in the same building, as were those of the other officers of the Navy Board. "Before I had dined," says Pepys, "the bayleys come back again with the constable, and at the Office knock for me, but found me not there: and I, hearing in what manner they come, did forbear letting them know where I was; so they stood knocking and inquiring for me. By and by at my parler-window comes Sir W. Batten's Mungo, to tell me that his master and lady would have me come to their house through Sir J. Minnes's lodgings, which I could not do; but, however, by

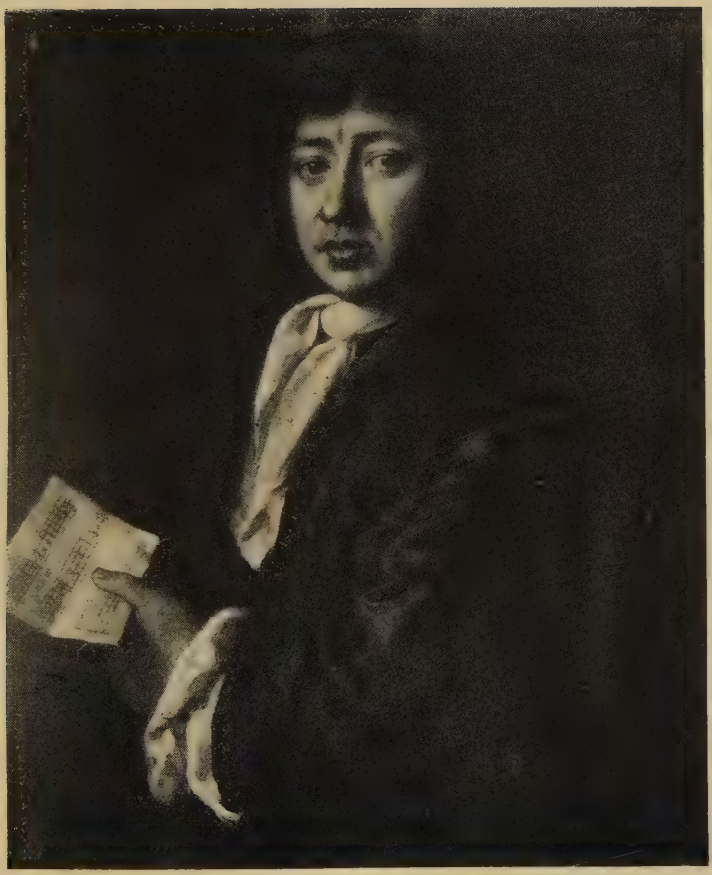
ladders, did get over the pale between our yards and their house, where I found them (as they have reason) to be much concerned for me, my lady especially. . . . One time I went up to the top of Sir W. Batten's house, and out of one of their windows spoke to my wife out of one of ours ; which methought, though I did it in mirth, yet I was sad to think what a sad thing it would be for me to be really in that condition."

At last, by the aid of the Navy Board's solicitor, the bailiffs were compelled to go away, which they did with many threats and taunts. After their departure Pepys was advised to walk through the street and show himself, that the neighbours who had heard the considerable tumult "might not think worse than the business is." That evening all the discourse was "about the disgrace done to our Office," and Pepys discovered that he was still in danger from the men, who were not satisfied with the sum the solicitor had given them, though he had paid the fees of the court. In consequence, for a few days he hardly dared go about "for fear of being taken by these rogues." When he returned from a necessary visit to Whitehall two days afterwards he was forced to "land below the Tower at the Iron-gate, and so the back way over Little Tower Hill ; and, with my cloak over my face, took one of the watermen along with me, and staid behind our garden-wall, while he went to see whether anybody stood within the Merchants' Gate. But there was nobody, and so I got safe into the garden, and coming to open my Office door, something behind it fell in the opening, which made me start. So that

God knows in what a sad condition I should be if I were truly in debt; and therefore ought to bless God that I have no such reall reason, and to endeavour to keep myself, by my good deportment and good husbandry, out of any such condition."

When he was able to afford it Pepys took much pleasure in having his portrait painted. The first time it was done was by Savill, a painter in Cheapside, in 1661. This was a "picture in little, which pleaseth me well," he says, but also found "the Paynter, though a very honest man . . . to be very silly as to matter of skill in shadows, for we were long in discourse, till I was almost angry to hear him talk so simply." Then he was painted by John Hales, five years later. Hales had first painted Elizabeth Pepys, "a most pretty picture, and mighty like my wife," so Pepys decided to have his own portrait painted as well. "This day I began to sit, and he will make me, I think, a very fine picture. He promises it shall be as good as my wife's, and I sit to have it full of shadows, and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder to make the posture for him to work by." A month later "there was nothing to be done more to my picture, but the musique, which now pleases me mightily, it being painted true."

This picture is now in the National Portrait Gallery, and is of particular interest as showing the Pepys of the *Diary*. He wears a flowing curled wig that lies low on his forehead, giving the face a heavy and unenlightened look; the eyes are large, with a slight prominence that suggests curiosity, the mouth is loose-lipped, the chin round



PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL PEPYS, BY HALES.

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and comfortable—it is a face without any touch of spiritual fire, at once eager and a little insolent, yet redeemed from the commonplace by some underlying look of strain or fear. Pepys holds in his left hand the score of a song from Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*, called "Beauty retire," which he was exceedingly proud of having set to music. There was no surer way of pleasing him than to sing or to praise this song. He taught Mrs. Knepp, the actress, how to sing it to his mind, so that in the end "she sings and makes go most rarely, and a very fine song it seems to be," says the composer modestly. Mrs. Knepp told him the song was "mightily cried up"; while, on another occasion, a certain Captain Downing, who, says Pepys, "loves and understands musick, would by all means have my song of 'Beauty retire': which Knepp had spread abroad, and he extols it above anything he ever heard."

The end of 1660, the first year of the *Diary*, found Pepys raised from his uncertainties, no longer reduced to going to his father's abode for a meal, or to "my lord's" for a log to warm himself, but installed in one of the houses of the Navy Office, as Clerk of the Acts, with his wife, a servant called Jane, and his life-long friend and assistant William Hewer. "Myself in constant good health, and in a most handsome and thriving condition. Blessed be Almighty God for it," is his contented statement at the close of that auspicious year.

CHAPTER III

'RIGHT HAND OF THE NAVY'

In the Pepysian Library at Cambridge is a valuable MS. volume wherein is an extract from the Old Instructions of about 1649, defining the position of the Clerk of the Acts—

"The clarke of the Navye's duty depends principally upon rateing (by the Board's approbation) of all bills and recording of them, and all orders, contracts & warrants, making up and casting of accompts, framing and writing answers to letters, orders, and commands from the Councell, Lord High Admirall, or Commissioners of the Admiralty, and he ought to be a very able accomptant, well versed in Navall affairs and all inferior officers' dutyes.

"It hath been objected by some that the Clarke of the Acts ought to be subordinate to the rest of the Commissioners, and not to be joyned in equall power with them, although he was so constituted from the first institution, which hath been an opinion only of some to keep him at a distance, least he might be thought too forward if he had joynt power in discourcing or arguing against that which peradventure private interest would have concealed; it is certaine

no man sees more of the Navye's Transactions than himselfe, and possibly may speak as much to the project if required, or else he is a blockhead, and not fitt for that imployment."

This extract is particularly interesting in its bearing upon Pepys. But two of the qualifications for the post, that the Clerk of the Acts should be "a very able accomptant," and "well versed in Navall affairs," Pepys did not possess at all when he took up his duties. In later years his accuracy and industry were so noteworthy, and left so marked a tradition behind, that more than a hundred years after his death an official report spoke of him as "a man of extraordinary knowledge in all that related to the business" of the navy, "of great talents, and the most indefatigable industry." Yet when Pepys took up his post he found it necessary to start and learn the multiplication table all over again, while he knew practically nothing of naval affairs. But he set himself with ardour to the overcoming of his ignorance, and was not ashamed to acknowledge it. On one occasion he had to do with an agreement about the Forest of Dean, from which came much of the wood used for shipbuilding, and he confesses, "I do perceive that I am very short in my business by not knowing many times the geographical part of my business." From the time of his becoming Clerk of the Acts to the end of his long life his enthusiastic interest in the navy never faltered. A ship, a seaman, an anchor, even a length of tarred rope, were matters of much moment to him. The minuteness of the naval knowledge he acquired in the course

of years is at least as amazing as its extent. This can only be realized by a study of the mass of naval papers and documents in the Pepysian Library, where may be seen, among many other things, the "registers of sea-officers," he made, the loving list of ships, with the most careful details of where and by whom built, burden, number of men and guns, and "exits" from the sea service—this latter detail providing many a tragedy in little, as "Taken by the Dutch," "Sold as useless," "Cast away on the coast of Holland." Pepys made, or caused to be made, not only these "Registers," but also "Abstracts" of them, and then "A summary comparison of the different states of the Royal Navy," followed by "One general view, December 1688, of the ships found in the navy at the king's Restoration, May 1660." All this is the elaboration of love, not of mere official duty, for as he says somewhere in the *Diary*, "At my office all the morning, writing out a list of the king's ships in my Navy collections with great pleasure."

To modern ears the office of Clerk of the Acts bears a somewhat insignificant and obscure sound, but on the Navy Board as constituted at the Restoration the clerk was one of the four "principal officers," of whom the other three were the Treasurer, Sir George Carteret; the Comptroller, Sir Robert Slyngesbie; and the Surveyor, Sir William Batten. Associated with the "principal officers" were three commissioners (and later a fourth)—Lord Berkeley, Sir William Penn (father of the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania, and of whom Pepys was later to say, "though I do not love him, yet . . . I

think it discretion, great and necessary discretion, to keep in with him "), and Peter Pett; while set at the head of the Board was the Lord High Admiral of England, James, Duke of York. Sir Walter Raleigh had said, "it were to be wished that the chief officers under the lord admiral . . . should be men of the best experience in sea-service," and the Navy Board of the opening years of the Restoration certainly represented experience. Clarendon said of Sir George Carteret, "besides his other parts of honesty and discretion, he was undoubtedly as good, if not the best seaman of England;" while even his opponent, Sir William Coventry, told Pepys he was "a man that do take the most pains and gives himself the most to do business of any about the Court." Sir Robert Slyngesbie had been "from his infancy bred up and employed in the navy"; and Sir William Batten had been much at sea as well as having earlier been Surveyor of the Navy. Of the three extra commissioners, Lord Berkeley was a distinguished soldier; Sir William Penn was an admiral who had served under Blake; while Peter Pett came of a famous family of shipbuilders, and was required to reside at Chatham in charge of the royal dockyard—at that time "the master-yard of all the rest." So that it will be seen that the only member of the Navy Board who had no special qualifications was Samuel Pepys himself—though he was to outlast all his colleagues, and by the very duration of his tenure acquired both experience and authority.

At first some attempt was made to minimize his position and reduce his work to that of a mere

secretary. But Pepys fought for the dignity of his office and refused to be "subordinate to the rest of the commissioners, and not to be joyned in equall power with them," and later it will be seen that he succeeded so well in establishing his position as both to reprove and defend the Navy Board in a public and conspicuous manner. Pepys, as might be expected, fully appreciated his own importance, and early in January 1660–61 he wrote, "Never till now did I see the great authority of my place, all the captains of the fleete coming cap in hand to us."

In the same year his thoughts turned to the naval history of England: "I am now full of study about writing something about our making of strangers strike to us at sea; and so am altogether reading Selden and Grotius, and such other authors to that purpose." His historical knowledge at this time was evidently not great, for he was under the impression that Domesday Book might help him: "I spoke to Mr. Falconberge to look whether he could out of Domesday Book give me anything concerning the sea, and the dominion thereof; which he says he will look after."

This project widened in his mind, till in June 1664 he records in the *Diary:* "Walked with Mr. Coventry to St. James's, and there spent by his desire the whole morning reading of some old Navy books; wherein the order that was observed in the Navy then, above what it is now, is very observable. We did also talk of a history of the Navy of England, how it were fit to be writ; and he did say that it hath been in his mind to propose to me the writing

of the history of the late Dutch war, which I am glad to hear, it being a thing I much desire, and sorts mightily with my genius; and, if well done, may recommend me much. So he says he will get me an order for making of searches to all records, etc., in order thereto, and I shall take great delight in doing of it."

Neither the history of the Dutch War, nor the larger History of the Navy which he contemplated, and called *Navalia*, were ever completed, though in the Pepysian Library are many papers and notes bearing upon the projected work. Amongst these is a manuscript volume of *Naval Minutes*, and as an instance of Pepys' style, and also of the minuteness of his interest in all naval matters, this little paragraph concerning the Broad Arrow as a Government mark may be quoted. "One would have thought," writes the patriotic Pepys, "that had our princes valued themselves so much in all ages upon their sea doings and sea power, they would have taken their publick brand, especially that which was to serve them in sea matters (as is just now observed), from something really relating to that element rather than to an arrow-head, a consideration that would easily have inclined one from the common figure of it to have drawn it to the signifying (tho' rudely) an anchor rather than an arrow-head, were it not that our very laws, as I lately herein noted, have determined it for the latter."

From which it will be realized that had Pepys' *Navalia* ever seen the light we should have been enriched with a work human, curious, original, full of singular facts and oddities, and yet based upon a

most intimate knowledge of the navy as it existed at a remarkably interesting time. The History of the Navy that Pepys did not write is a book to be ever regretted, the inquisitive mind, the observing eye, revealed in the *Diary*, would have met the patience, the knowledge, the breadth of outlook of the naval official, and the result would have been an entirely unique work—for Pepys combined in one person the insatiable gossip, the keen observer, and the historian. Historians of the navy there have been many, gossips of the navy a few, but only in Pepys could the two qualities have been found in one mind in such rare perfection.

Pepys' one published naval work *Memoires of the Royal Navy*, which will be spoken of in detail later, does not bear the stamp of his personality in any marked degree, as it is an official declaration written in an official style, though now and again he expresses a fine thought in a fine phrase.

Some at least of Pepys' colleagues upon the Navy Board early recognized his qualities, for with a simple satisfaction he records how on October, 8, 1662, he went "To my Lord Sandwich's, and among other things, to my extraordinary joy, he did tell me how much I was beholding to the Duke of York, who did yesterday, of his own accord, tell him that he did thank him for one person brought into the Navy, naming myself, and much more to my commendation, which is the greatest comfort and encouragement that ever I had in my life."

It was this very simplicity in Pepys' character that left his mind so open to impressions, so ready to

VIEW OF THE THAMES AND THE TOWER.

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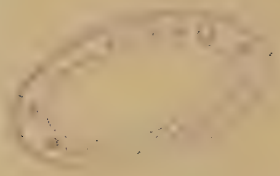


profit by hints, suggestions, even reproofs, and in time turned him into so extraordinarily capable an official. He had no mental arrogance, he was not swaddled in idea-proof wrappings of self-esteem. He was always alert, quick to seize what came his way, and ready to apply criticism to his own case. Extracts may be taken from anywhere in the *Diary* to show this, as his report of an "excellent discourse" with Mr. Falconer, from which he gathered several "rules," one of which was "a proverb that he hath been taught, which is that a man that cannot sit still in his chamber (the reason of which I did not understand), and he that cannot say No (that is, that is of so good a nature that he cannot deny anything, or cross another in doing anything) is not fit for business. The last of which is a very great fault of mine, which I must amend in."

Again, witness Pepys' gratitude for a suggestion as to navy business: "In the evening come Mr. Lewis to me, and very ingeniously did inquire whether I ever did look into the business of the Chest at Chatham; and after my readiness to be informed did appear to him, he did produce a paper, wherein he stated the government of the Chest to me; and upon the whole did tell me how it hath ever been abused, and to this day is; and what a meritorious act it would be to look after it; which I am resolved to do, if God bless me: and do thank him very much for it."

The Chatham Chest dated back to the time of Elizabeth as a provision for disabled seamen, and its maintenance was first provided by an assessment on the different parishes, but later the Chatham Chest

Fund was replenished by a stoppage of sixpence per month on each seaman's wages, so that what originally began as a charity was too often turned into a means of robbing the unfortunate sailors, for the money so obtained was by no means always honestly administered. It is recorded to the shame of one Treasurer of the Navy that when called upon for the money he held in trust "he falls presently into raging passions and pangs." Pepys was little minded to submit to such impositions when he was Secretary of the Admiralty, and amongst the Admiralty Letters is one from Pepys to Captain Shales, dated May 14, 1674, peremptorily informing him: "The Lords being acquainted by the supervisors of the Chest that there remains in his hands £500 belonging to the Poor's Chest at Chatham which he has delayed paying in, notwithstanding several applications, he is to attend them on Saturday morning next." By the Instructions of 1671 the Treasurer of the Navy was made responsible for the punctual payment of dues to the Chatham Chest, "for the better preventing for the future the just occasion of clamour of the poor mariners belonging to the Chest."

But it was as Clerk of the Acts that Pepys first began his inquiries into the affairs of the Chest—it appears to have been largely owing to his energy that a Commission was appointed, and he writes in the *Diary* on November 13, 1662, "To my Office, and there this afternoon we had our first meeting upon our commission of inspecting the Chest. Sir Francis Clerke, Mr. Heath, Attorney of the Dutchy, Mr. Prinn, Sir W. Rider, Captain Cooke,

and myself. Our first work was to read over the Institution, which is a decree in Chancery in the year 1617, upon an inquisition made at Rochester about that time into the revenues of the Chest, which had then, from the year 1588 or 1590, by the advice of the Lord High Admiral and principal officers then being, by consent of the seamen, been settled, paying sixpence per month, according to their wages then, which was then but 10*s.* which is now 24*s.*"

A few weeks later he went to Deptford and returned "by water with Mr. Pett home again, all the way reading his Chest accounts, in which I did see things which did not please me; as his allowing himself £300 for one year's looking to the business of the Chest, and £150 per annum for the rest of the years. But I found no fault to him himself, but shall when they come to be read at the Board."

Pepys set his face against direct or indirect robbery of the Seamen's Chest, and to his credit was the rule by which the "moneys arising out of the seamen's contributions for a chaplain, upon ships where (by the remissness or impiety of the commander) no chaplain is provided," were to be "assigned to the use of the poor of the Chest at Chatham, without a possibility of any part thereof being taken to the benefit either of the commander (who hath least right to it, as paying nothing towards it) or any person else."

Among the Pepysian *Miscellanies* is a paper dated July 24, 1685, showing the rates of relief to injured mariners, supplied by the Clerk of the

Chatham Chest "in answer to a demand of Mr. Pepys upon that subject"—

	£	s.	d.
"A leg or arm lost is £6 13s. 4d. paid as present relief, and so much settled as an annual pension for his lifetime	6	13	4
If two legs be lost his pension is doubled . .	13	6	8
For the loss of two arms, in consideration of his being thereby rendered incapable of getting a livelihood any other way, per annum . .	15	0	0
But if an arm be on, and disabled only, is £5 per annum	5	0	0
An eye lost is £4 per annum	4	0	0"

Pepys' energy and industry as Clerk of the Acts soon began to make its impression upon an easy age, and he naïvely records in his *Diary* all the little compliments and praises of himself that he hears. In December 1662 his friend Dr. Pierce "tells me what the world says of me, that Mr. Coventry and I do all the business of the Office almost: at which I am highly proud." But his work was not all comfits and compliments—he was too assiduous in looking out abuses in the dockyards and elsewhere, too determined to really understand the details of his business to render himself popular in many places. At Woolwich in 1662 he found "all things out of order"; at Deptford "laziness" and "many abuses"; and at Chatham "great disorder by multitude of servants and old decrepid men." In the time when all ships were built of wood the royal forests were of immense naval importance. One day Anthony Deane, the great shipbuilder, and Pepys rode together into Waltham Forest, "and there," says Pepys, "we saw many

trees of the King's a-hewing; and he showed me the whole mystery of off square, wherein the King is abused in the timber that he buys, which I shall with much pleasure be able to correct. We rode to Illford, and there, while dinner was getting ready, he and I practised measuring of the tables and other things till I did understand measure of timber and board very well." Pepys had similar enlightening experiences at the dockyards. "To Woolwich," he writes about the same time, "to the rope-yard; and there looked over several sorts of hemp, and did fall upon my great survey of seeing the working and experiments of the strength and the charge in the dressing of every sort; and I do think have brought it to so great a certainty, as I have done the King some service in it; and do purpose to get it ready against the Duke's coming to towne to present to him. I see it is impossible for the King to have things done as cheap as other men."

These and similar inquiries brought the Clerk of the Acts ill-wishers, but, time-server though Pepys was upon occasion, he treated all naval charges with an upright courage. On August 31, 1663, he met Dr. Pierce at the Exchange, who told him many interesting items of gossip about Lord Sandwich, and Lady Castlemaine, and other important people. "He tells me also," says Pepys, "as a friend, the great injury that he thinks I do myself by being so severe in the Yards, and contracting the ill-will of the whole Navy for those offices singly upon myself. Now I discharge a good conscience therein, and I tell him that no man can (nor do he say any say it) charge me with doing wrong; but rather do as many

good offices as any man. They think, he says, that I have a mind to get a good name with the King and Duke, who he tells me do not consider any such thing; but I shall have as good thanks to let all alone, and do as the rest. But I believe the contrary; and yet I told him I never go to the Duke alone, as others do, to talk of my own services."

Pepys could not expect to escape calumny, and because he would not accept the scandalous bribes that were common (though it is not claimed that his hands were as clean as modern official rectitude requires) one critic pleasantly refers to his "decomposed Puritan mind"! Even when his worth and his honesty were fully proved an enemy said of him that he would "neglect all where money chink not"; and again, "I know the griping temper of both him and Eure [Hewer] and what rate every poor bo'sun pays for what he has purchased with his blood and many years' hardships." The injustice of that remark is curious, for Pepys was not posing when he wrote in his *Diary* of "the horrible crowd and lamentable moan of the poor seamen that lie starving in the streets for lack of money. Which do trouble and perplex me to the heart." It was his constant effort to improve the lot and the discipline of the "poor seamen" whose wrongs were so little heeded by the majority of the Court and navy officials of the Restoration.

Pepys made an immense collection of naval ballads, and among them are many setting forth the sailors' grievances: these have a special interest, for they were practically the only way in which the rough heroes who fought and bled in the Dutch Wars could

articulate their troubles and their triumphs. The first ballad written at the Restoration is called "The Valiant Seaman's Congratulation to his Sacred Majesty King Charles II: with their wonderful heroical achievements, and their fidelity, loyalty and obedience." The first verse shows the quality of the rest—

"Great Charles, your English seamen upon our bended knee,
Present ourselves as freemen, unto your Majesty,
Beseeching God to blesse you where-ever that you go,
So we pray, night and day, when the stormy winds do blow."

War, wounds, lack of pay, later changed this smooth and loyal tune, and in Pepys' collections is many a woeful ballad. But he collected other ballads than those by the seamen, and amongst others is the famous "Song written at Sea," by Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset. In the *Diary* for January 2, 1664–65, is a slightly erroneous reference to this song: "To my Lord Brouncker's by appointment, in the Piazza, in Covent Garden," says Pepys, "where I occasioned much mirth with a ballad I brought with me, made from the seamen at sea, to their ladies in town; saying Sir William Penn, Sir George Ayscue and Sir John Lawson made them." It is tempting to quote a verse or two from the ballad that caused "much mirth" to Pepys and his friends—

"To all you ladies now on land
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
. . . . . .

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care,
For being so remote;
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were played.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love."

There is a tradition that this ballad was written just before the battle with the Dutch of June 3, 1665, but the date of its mention in the *Diary* contradicts this idea.

On the eve of the Second Dutch War Pepys was described by Monk, Duke of Albemarle, as "the right hand of the Navy"—a form of praise that, coming from that stout and honest fighter, was cause for just pride to the Clerk of the Acts, who in a few years, by his industry, his faithfulness, and his ability, had raised himself from ignorance and obscurity to that honourable title. Being so well deserved it surely is as good a cause of remembrance in the eyes of a naval people as Pepys' more usual fame as the writer of the *Diary*. He set it down very rejoicingly: "To the Cock-pitt, and there walked an hour with my Lord Duke of Albemarle alone in his garden, where he expressed in great words his opinion of me; that I was the right hand of the Navy here, nobody but I taking any care of anything therein; so that he should not know what could be done without me. At which I was (from him) not a little proud."

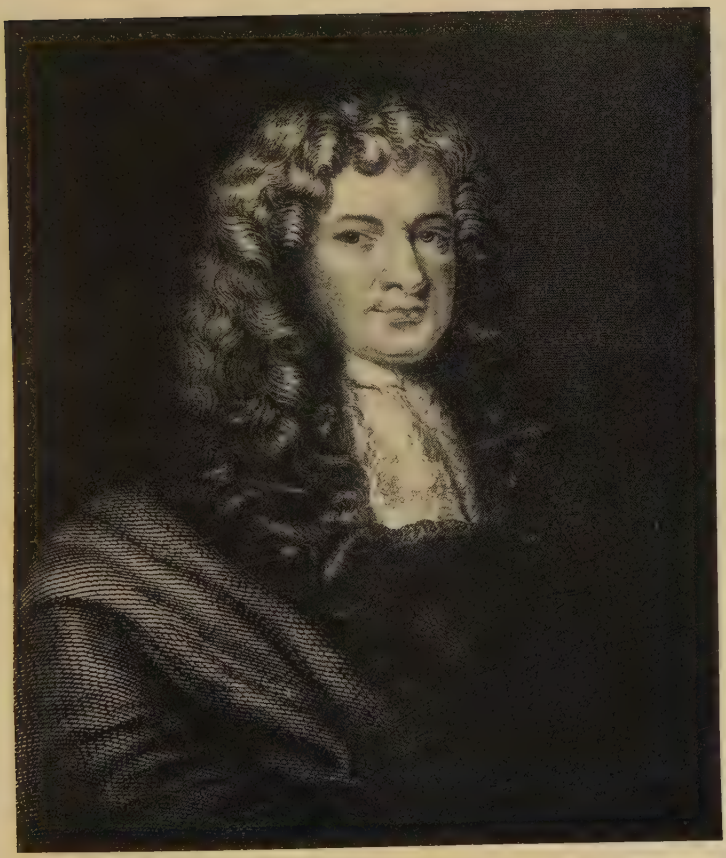
A few days earlier, on going to Whitehall, Pepys first discovered that Charles II was aware of his existence, for "the King seeing me, did come to me, and calling me by name, did discourse with me about the ships in the river: and this is the first time that ever I knew the King did know me personally." A little later he says that his Majesty "do now know me so well that he never sees me but he speaks to me about our Navy business."

It was not merely a case of a new broom sweeping clean. If Pepys was justly called the "right hand of the Navy" thus early in his career he only became more so—gaining as he did in wisdom, in experience, in ardour for his work—during the thirteen years that he was Clerk of the Acts, and during his first and second Secretaryships of the Admiralty. How anxious he was to do good work, how open to advice and suggestion, is shown by a conversation he had with one of the extra commissioners of the Navy Board in August 1666: "Thence walked over the Park with Sir W. Coventry, in our way talking of the unhappy state of our Office; and I took an opportunity to let him know that though the backwardness of all our matters of the Office may be well imputed to the known want of money, yet perhaps there might be personal and particular failings; and that I did therefore depend still upon his promise of telling me whenever he finds any ground to believe any defect or neglect on my part, which he promised me still to do; and that there was none he saw, nor indeed, says he, is there room now-a-days to find fault with any particular man, while we are in this condition for money."

Pepys had a great admiration for Sir William Coventry, and when he took leave of him on one occasion he says that he "with his old kindness treated me, and I believe I shall ever find a noble friend." Always in the *Diary* he speaks of Sir William Coventry with unqualified praise, and this is noteworthy, for other people are sometimes praised and sometimes blamed, according to the mood Pepys might be in when he wrote. But his attitude towards Coventry is consistent, he went to him for advice in difficulties, and listened to his words with respect; the two men discussed all sorts of serious topics together. But as Sir William Coventry and Lord Sandwich were at enmity it was sometimes awkward for Pepys: "Lord!" he says in vexation, "to see in what difficulty I stand, that I dare not walk with Sir W. Coventry for fear my Lord or Sir G. Carteret should see me; nor with either of them, for fear Sir W. Coventry should."

Coventry was the Duke of York's secretary and was much concerned in the naval administration of the country. He was a man of genuine ability, of a thoughtful and attractive character. He was the original "Trimmer" who said he "would sit upright and not overturn the boat by swaying on either side."

Pepys' capacity for work was enormous, for at this time he was made Treasurer to the Tangier Commission—that town and port being an unsatisfactory portion of Catherine of Braganza's dowry—and in the autumn of 1665 Monk and Coventry proposed that he should also be Surveyor-General of the Victualling Office. Pepys was in "great hopes"



Sir William Coventry.

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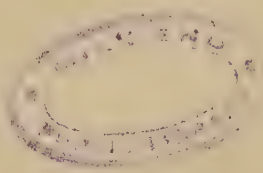
a little later that the post would bring him £300 a year. But whatever he had he fully earned. "The terms in which Mr. Coventry proposes it for me," says Pepys, "are the most obliging that ever I could expect from any man, and more; he saying that I am the fittest man in England, and that he is sure, if I will undertake, I will perform it: and that it will be also a very desirable thing that I might have this encouragement, my encouragement in the Navy alone being in no wise proportionable to my pains or deserts." This, and the approval of the Duke of York, "do make me joyful beyond myself that I cannot express it," says Pepys, adding with a certain engaging simplicity, "to see that as I do take pains, so God blesses me, and hath sent me masters that do observe that I take pains."

Pepys was standing on the verge of "fierce events" —war, and plague, and fire—wherein his quality as a servant of the State and his courage as a man were to be severely tested. He never lays claim to courage, indeed he frequently admits how very frightened he often was; yet the man who stuck unfaltering to his post through the years 1665, 1666, and 1667, may face unashamed the scrutiny of posterity.



CHAPTER IV

PLAGUE AND THE GREAT FIRE

The calamities that fell upon England, and more specially upon London, during the two years 1665–67 were of an extraordinary nature, seeming to justify the Puritan idea of the direct wrath of God. Plague was succeeded by fire, and fire by invasion. Since the Black Death there had been no such visitation as that which has left its indelible imprint on the pages of Pepys, of Evelyn, and of Defoe.

The Great Fire was the virtual end of mediæval London—the London of Elizabeth and Shakespeare, of Chaucer and the Black Prince. In that London Pepys had grown to manhood, absorbing unconsciously the romance of earlier centuries still breathing from the narrow streets (rendered narrower by the overhanging upper stories of the houses with their carved corbels and deep eaves, and the signs swinging over the doors) of Old London. With streets so narrow, so unclean, and so ill-lit, it was natural that people took to the Thames as the great highway from West to East. In Pepys' day it was not the scene of the magnificent water-pageants that it had been in the time of Henry VIII and Elizabeth; it had become more the useful highway of the world in general, but "sweete Thames" still ran clear and

gay, in spite of the increased use of sea-coal—so called because it was brought round the coast from Newcastle. It will be remembered that this very use of coal much disturbed John Evelyn who presented to the king his work on the subject called *Fumifugium: or the inconvenience of the Aer and Smoak of London dissipated*, in which he stated that when Newcastle was besieged and coal consequently scarce, fruits flourished in the gardens of the Strand and the Barbican.

Pepys was deeply interested in the topographical history of London (being, after John Stow, one of the first to be so), and he collected many prints and plans on the subject of unique interest which are now in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. Among these is the Agas map of London, one of the only two copies known to exist, and a delightful coloured drawing of Old London Bridge at the opening of the seventeenth century, which is the earliest view that is genuine, showing the steep narrow clusters of red-roofed houses, the great piles on which they stood, and the Bridge Gate crowned with a ghastly trophy of heads. This bridge was, at the time of the Restoration and much later, the only one by which London citizens could cross to Southwark and the Surrey shore. Through many generations London Bridge had been a cause of London pride, and this feeling was expressed by Lyly in *Euphues and his England:* "Among all the straunge and beautiful showes, me thinketh there is none so notable as the bridge which crosseth the Theames, which is in manner of a continuall streete, well replenyshed with large and stately houses on both

sides, and situate upon twentie arches, whereof each one is made of excellent free stone squared, everie one of them being three score foote in height, and full twentie in distance one from another."

Nothing can be more fascinating than the old maps of London, and Visscher's "View" of 1616 reproduces in its main features the compact city that Pepys knew. There flows the river (marked "Thamesis," also "Fluvius" so that there may be no mistake) spanned by the single bridge, and decked by barges and sailing ships of entrancing outline. On the further shore rise the towers and spires of the city churches—Bow Church, St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, and the magnificent bulk of Old St. Paul's with its square central tower—the spire at that time no longer existing. St. Paul's was one of the principal landmarks of the London before the Great Fire, standing as it did on Ludgate Hill, prominent because of its fine situation and because of its magnificence without and within. Among the many beauties of the Cathedral was the wonderful rose window at the East end of the Lady chapel with the seven-light window beneath, and Inigo Jones's much-admired pillared portico. The famous Paul's Cross was pulled down in 1642, but in the Pepysian Library is a quaint drawing showing this open-air pulpit with a preacher addressing a steeple-hatted congregation, and no doubt Pepys saw the original Cross when he was a boy. Old St. Paul's was by no means confined to sacred uses—the middle aisle was the chief resort of business men and of the town gossips. In his *Microcosmography* Bishop Earle says, "Men of all professions,

VIEW OF OLD LONDON.

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merchants, gentry, courtiers, used to meet by 11, walk in the middle aisle till 12, and after dinner from 3 to six. . . . The noise is like that of bees, a strange humming or buzz mixed of walking tongues and feet: it is a kind of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and a-foot . . . the general mint of all famous lies."

At the Restoration London, roughly speaking, was composed of the city, and of Whitehall with Westminster. It was still a walled town, with gates which were shut at night-time. At Whitehall was the Court, at Westminster the "Parliament-house" and the noble Hall lined with booths where the Lords and Commons met to walk and talk, and the "Sleek sempstress vends amid the courts her ware," in the words of Wycherley. But Old London, where the mass of the people crowded together, was still the city and its Liberties. And where London ended the country began, the two were not merged in imperceptible gradations of soot and greenery. Chelsea was a quiet little village, unconnected with the capital, Islington a solitude to which poets went for silence and repose. Where Oxford Street now is the Oxford road ran leisurely between hedges, and Conduit Street marks the site of a famous spring that rose then in a fair meadow. Mile End was a place for good country air—"Thence with W. Pen homeward, and quite through to Mile End for a little ayre," writes Pepys on one occasion. The heights of Hampstead were crowned with windmills. Clapham, where Pepys was to spend his last years in the enjoyment of a delightful garden, was called

by Evelyn "Paradisian Clapham." But in the days of the *Diary* Pepys would have regarded Clapham as a remote exile, the city was his home and the inns of London his frequent resorts. And how pretty and suggestive of a still rural town are the names of some of his favourite inns and taverns where he would go for his morning draught. There was the Anchor, the Angel, and the Axe; the Blue Bells, the Black Swan, the Bottle of Hay; and those two names that have now retreated to remote hamlets, the Green Dragon and the Green Man, reminiscent of masques and morris-dancers. The inn at Knightsbridge was called the World's End, while at Westminster Hall there was Heaven, and also Hell. Pepys was a frequenter of all these taverns, as well as of the Dog, the Sun, and the Three Tuns mentioned by Herrick in his apostrophe to Jonson—

> "Ah, Ben!
> Say how, or when
> Shall we thy guests,
> Meet at these lyrick feasts
> Made at the Sun,
> The Dog, the Triple Tunne?
> Where we such clusters had
> As made us nobly wild, not mad!
> And yet such verse of thine
> Outdid the meate, outdid the frolic wine."

Then, as now, London was the same strange mixture of magnificence and squalor—though in both aspects more picturesque—the dirtiness and danger of its streets redeemed by the irregular charm of its red-roofed houses; the gracious gardens and

dignified mansions of the city fathers who did not disdain to live where they made their fortunes ; and the clear and frequented sweep of what Fitzstephen (the clerk of the "hooly blisful martir" of Canterbury) had long ago pleasingly described as "the fishful river of Thames."

In the time of Charles II London was supremely and without a suggestion of rivalry the first city of the kingdom—her population was more than seventeen times greater than that of any other town in England. London was the home of the king, the centre of news, of fashion, of wealth, of affairs, in a manner impossible in later times when easier means of communication spread abroad the pleasures and amenities of life. But when Charles II came to the throne Defoe says, "the Court brought with them a great flux of pride and new fashions ; all people were grown gay and luxurious ; and the joy of the Restoration had brought a vast many families to London."

It was on this crowded and closely confined city that the Plague descended. In the winter before the visitation a comet in the sky appalled the superstitious. "In the first place, a blazing star, or comet, appeared for several months before the Plague," says Defoe in that piece of faithful fiction his *Journal of the Plague Year*, "as there did the year after another, a little before the Fire . . . the comet before the Pestilence was of a faint, dull, languid colour, and its motion very heavy, solemn and slow ; but that the comet before the Fire was bright and sparkling, or, as others said, flaming, and its motion swift and furious."

It must be remembered that Defoe was not writing from actual experience of the Plague, but from hearsay evidence and a vivid imagination. But Pepys, who really saw it, refers on December 17, 1664, to the portentous comet: "Mighty talk there is of this comet, that is seen a' nights, and the King and Queene did sit up last night to see it, and did, it seems. And to-night I thought to have done so too; but it is cloudy, and so no stars appear. But I will endeavour it." A few nights later he succeeded: "I saw the comet, which is now, whether worn away or no I know not, but appears not with a tail, but only is larger and duller than any other star, and is come to rise betimes, and to make a great arch, and is gone quite to a new place in the heavens than it was before."

So, by stars and portents, the public mind was prepared for the great calamity to come. There are slight references to the Plague earlier in the *Diary*, but on June 7, 1665, Pepys makes the first definite entry of it in his *Diary*: "The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord, have mercy upon us,' writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that to my remembrance I ever saw."

This sad sight Pepys was to behold often during the following weeks and months. But in his early entries about the Plague there is a certain indifference, the real terror of it has not gripped hold of him as it did later. "It struck me very deep this afternoon," he writes about the middle of the same month,

"going with a hackney coach from Lord Treasurer's down Holborne, the coachman I found to drive easily and easily, at last stood still, and come down hardly able to stand, and told me that he was suddenly struck very sick, and almost blind, he could not see; so I light and went into another coach, with a sad heart for the poor man and for myself also, lest he should have been struck with the Plague." But in spite of his saying it struck him very deep, Pepys does not seem from his actions to have been thrown into any very great apprehensions, for a few days later we find him going "home by hackney coach, which is become a very dangerous passage now-a-days, the sickness increasing rapidly."

People were beginning to fly out of town, and on the 12th of July there was a solemn fast-day owing to the increase of the Plague, but it had not yet reached the point when the dead carts went round in the shadow of night, and the uncoffined bodies were flung in heaps into the great pits dug instead of graves.

Pepys records how hot the days were at this time, and towards the end of July he sat up late in his chamber, making his affairs straight and setting his papers in order, for "the Plague growing very raging, and my apprehensions of it great." He had sent his wife to Woolwich to be in less danger of the infection, and the principal officers of the Navy Board resolved on removing themselves to Deptford on the 27th of July, "which," says Pepys, "puts me to some consideration what to do." But next month the king commanded that the Navy Office should be removed to Greenwich. Once when he was

walking to Greenwich Pepys saw a dead body in a coffin lying in an open field because nobody would come to bury it, and his comment is, "this disease making us more cruel to one another than we are to dogs."

On the 28th of July he decided to "take adieu to-day of the London streets," and to go to join his wife at Woolwich, but his absence was a very fitful one, for he was constantly in London throughout the time of the Plague, on business, or even (in spite of his fears) because of curiosity. His consuming interest in everything, even in Plague, drove him to some strange excursions, as this: "I went forth and walked towards Moorefields, to see (God forgive my presumption!) whether I could see any dead corpse going to the grave; but, as God would have it, did not. But, Lord! how everybody looks, and discourse in the street is of death, and nothing else, and few people going up and down, that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken."

But if he missed seeing a "dead corpse" on that occasion he had his fill of desolate news a few days later, when he found the Plague had spread till it was close to the Navy Office in Crutched Friars, and he writes a list of what he saw and heard: "My meeting dead corpses of the Plague, carried to be buried close to me at noon-day, through the city in Fanchurch Street. To see a person sick of the sores, carried close by me by Gracechurch, in a hackney coach. My finding the Angel Tavern, at the lower end of Tower Hill, shut up, and more than that, the alehouse at the Tower Stairs, and more than that, that the person was then dying of the

Plague when I was last there, a little while ago, at night. To hear that poor Payne, my waiter, had buried a child, and is dying himself. To hear that a labourer I sent but the other day to Dagenhams, to know how they did there, is dead of the Plague; and that one of my own watermen, that carried me daily, fell sick as soon as he had landed me on Friday morning last, when I had been all night upon the water (and I believe he did get his infection that day at Brainford), and is now dead of the Plague. . . . And, lastly, that both my servants, W. Hewer, and Tom Edwards, have lost their fathers, both in St. Sepulchre's parish, of the Plague this week, do put me into great apprehension of melancholy, and with good reason."

But even these melancholy happenings could not entirely sadden the joy that Samuel Pepys had in his new clothes. "Up," he says on one occasion at this time, "and put on my coloured silk suit very fine, and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the Plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the Plague is done, as to periwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any haire, for fear of infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the Plague."

Naturally Pepys had more serious concerns than the fashion of periwigs at this troubled time. He faithfully stuck to his work at the Navy Office, and stayed there till the fleet was equipped for the second Dutch War—"My Lord Sandwich is gone to sea with a noble fleet, in want of nothing but a certainty of meeting the enemy," he says in a letter

—and he also did what he could towards the suppression of the infection. "My Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I up to the Vestry," he writes, "at the desire of the Justices of the Peace, in order to the doing something for the keeping of the Plague from growing; but, Lord! to consider the madness of people of the town, who will (because they are forbid) come in crowds along with the dead corpses to see them buried; but we agreed on some orders for the prevention thereof."

To this time belongs a very interesting and characteristic letter that Pepys wrote to Lady Carteret, wife of Sir George Carteret, dated from Woolwich, September 4, 1665—

"DEAR MADAM,

"Your Ladyship will not (I hope) imagine I expected to be provoked by letters from you to think of the duty I ought and should long since have paid your Ladyship by mine, had it been fit for me (during my indispensable attendance alone in the city) to have ventured the affrighting you with any thing from thence. But now that by the dispatch of the fleet I am at liberty to retire wholly to Woolwich, where I have been purging my inkhorn and papers these six days, your Ladyship shall find no further cause to reproach me my silence. And in amends for what's past let me conjure you (Madam) to believe that no day hath passed since my last kissing your hands without my most interested wishes for your health and uninterrupted prosperity of your Ladyship and family. . . . The absence of the Court and emptiness of the city

takes away all occasion of news, save only such melancholy stories as would rather sadden than find your Ladyship any divertisement in the hearing; I having stayed in the city till above 7400 died in one week, and of them above 6000 of the Plague, and little noise heard day or night but tolling of bells; till I could walk Lumber Street, and not meet twenty persons from the one end to the other, and not fifty upon the Exchange; till whole families (ten or twelve together) have been swept away; till my very physician (Dr. Burnet), who undertook to secure me against any infection (having survived the month of his own being shut up), died himself of the Plague; till the nights (though much lengthened) are grown too short to conceal the burials of those that died the day before, people being thereby constrained to borrow daylight for that service; lastly, till I could find neither meat nor drink safe, the bucheries being every where visited, my brewer's house shut up, and my baker with his whole family dead of the Plague. . . . Greenwich begins apace to grow sickly; but we are, by the command of the King, taking all the care we can to prevent its growth; and meeting to that purpose yesterday after sermon with the town officers, many doleful informations were brought us, and among others this, which I shall trouble your ladyship with the telling—complaint was brought us against one in the town for receiving into his house a child newly brought from an infected house in London. Upon inquiry we found that it was the child of a very able citizen in Gracious Street, who having lost already all the rest of his children, and himself and wife

being shut up and in despair of escaping, implored only the liberty of using the means for the saving of this only babe, which with difficulty was allowed, and they suffered to deliver it, stripped naked, out at a window into the arms of a friend, who, shifting it into fresh cloathes, conveyed it thus to Greenwich, where upon this information from Alderman Hooker we suffer it to remain.

"This I tell your Ladyship as one instance of the miserable streights our poor neighbours are reduced to.

"But (Madam) I'll go no further in this disagreeable discourse, hoping (from the coolness of the last seven or eight days) my next may bring you a more welcome account of the lessening of the disease, which God say Amen to.

"Your Ladyship's most affectionate and obedient servant,

"SAMUEL PEPYS."

This epistle goes to prove that Pepys, as might be expected from the qualities displayed in the *Diary*, was an excellent letter-writer—indeed, his familiar correspondence is only one degree less interesting than his more famous *Diary*. The *Diary* is a full and complete showing of the man; but from his letters, though with more labour, we should have got a fairly satisfactory picture of Samuel Pepys, traced by a succession of minute pen strokes—the sayings, the interests, the ideas, the very turns of expression, that in their reiteration reveal character.

Pepys at this time draws many a melancholy little picture of the state of London: "To Lambeth.

But, Lord! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the river; and grass grows all up and down White-Hall court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets!"

Even more vivid is the account in a contemporary pamphlet called *God's Terrible Voice in the City*, written by a brave minister who stayed in London during the whole time of the Plague: "Now people fall as thick as the leaves in Autumn, when they are shaken by a mighty wind. Now there is a dismal solitude in London streets; every day looks with the face of a sabbath day, observed with greater solemnity than it used to be in the city. Now shops are shut in, people rare and very few that walk about, insomuch that the grass begins to spring up in some places, and a deep silence almost in every place, especially within the walls. No prancing horses, no rattling coaches, no calling in customers, nor offering wares; no *London Cries* sounding in the ears. If any voice be heard, it is the groans of dying persons, breathing forth their last, and the funeral knells of them that are ready to be carried to their graves."

Here is another pathetic little Plague picture from the *Diary* the 29th of September: "In the street did overtake and almost run upon two women crying and carrying a man's coffin between them. I suppose the husband of one of them, which, methinks, is a sad thing."

How terrible this visitation was is eloquently shown by the unadorned figures of the Bills of Mortality. In the year 1664 the deaths from Plague were but 6: in 1665 they were 68,596; and in the

following year 1,998; dropping after that annually to 35, 14, 3, and nought. The title page of the Bills of Mortality, issued during the Plague, is a very curious and gruesome work, in the shape of a grave-stone, with a border adorned with skull and crossbones, a winged hour-glass, the spades and pickaxes of grave-diggers, a skeleton on either side, and other symbols of death and destruction.

Towards the end of the year the Plague began to decrease, and Pepys was fortunate in being able to sum up his year in this manner: "It is true we have gone through great melancholy because of the great Plague, and I put to great charges by it, by keeping my family long at Woolwich, and myself and another part of my family, my clerks, at my charge in Greenwich, and a maid in London; but I hope the King will give us some satisfaction for that. But now the Plague is abated almost to nothing, and I intending to get to London as fast as I can." A few days later he writes, "And delightful it is to see the town full of people again; and shops begin to open, though in many places seven or eight together, and more, all shut; but yet the town is full, compared with what it used to be. I mean the city end: for Covent Garden and Westminster are yet very empty of people, no Court or gentry being there."

On February 4, 1665–66, Pepys and his wife went to church in their parish for the first time since the Plague, and "now only because of Mr. Mills his coming home to preach his first sermon: expecting a great excuse for his leaving the parish before any body went, and now staying till all are

ST. OLAVE'S CHURCH, HART STREET.

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come home; but he made but a very poor and short excuse, and a bad sermon."

So that early months of 1666 see Mr. and Mrs. Pepys once more comfortably settled in their house in Seething Lane, and the *Diary* of that year is full of the business and anxieties of the Dutch War, in which the Clerk of the Acts was naturally closely involved, and also contains much as to his private pleasures and increasing prosperity and importance. After the gloom of the Plague, the returned Court and the whole town seemed determined to make the best of the renewed gift of life and good health. The Plague pits were shunned places, the churchyards heaped visibly higher were passed with averted eyes; the thousands of dead were only a nightmare memory to those whose own families had escaped unscathed. The terror was passed.

Then in Pepys' *Diary*, on Sunday, September 2, 1666, is the first word of that flame which was to light Old London: "Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city." Pepys rose and went to her window, but was not much disturbed, being, as he said, "unused to such fires as followed," so he returned to his bed and slept. In the morning he was amazed to hear that over 300 houses had been burned down in the night, and on going forth to the Tower, where he "got up upon one of the high places," he saw the houses on London Bridge on fire and heard that the great conflagration had started at the king's baker's in Pudding Lane. Pepys' insatiable curiosity led him

to stay at the Steel Yard till the fire had actually reached it: "Every body endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water side to another." With that eye for detail which renders his *Diary* so rich, he noticed how even the poor pigeons were loath to leave their homes and hovered about the windows and balconies till they burnt their wings. "Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele Yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the city: and everything after so long a drought proving combustible. . . . I to White-Hall (with a gentleman with me who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat): and there up to the King's closet, in the chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and commanded him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way."

It is interesting to see how important a person Pepys had by this time become, and how much he

was relied on by those at Court. It was no doubt partly owing to the happy knack he had of always being on the spot when wanted, always having the news, always being ready to do what he could to help and remedy disaster. In many a crisis he proved himself a man of ideas and of action.

After leaving Whitehall he went in search of the Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Bludworth, a man who showed himself very inferior in courage and resource to his predecessor of the Plague year. "At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning-street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.' . . . So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames-street; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things."

After this Pepys went home to the "extraordinary good dinner," which had been prepared overnight by the maids who sat up late and first saw the fire, for he had guests who had come specially to see his fine rooms and furniture, but the distraction of the burning city made it impossible for them to stay indoors. So, after dinner, they all went out again into the streets, which were full of carts and people carrying their goods from one place of refuge to another: "They, now removing out of Canning-street (which received goods in the morning) into Lombard-street,

and further." But still, the relentless roaring fire pursued them. Pepys took a boat at Paul's Wharf (little thinking that stately St. Paul's itself would fall before the flames) and went on the river again to see the tremendous spectacle. He met the king and the Duke of York in their barge and went with them to Queenhithe, where more orders were given as to the pulling down of houses. Pepys, the lover of household treasures and all fine things, was much disturbed to see "good goods swimming in the water."

Leaving the king he went to St. James's Park and there met his wife and some friends by appointment, and took them all upon the river again to see the fire. He writes a thrilling description of the scene: "So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true: so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow, and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire . . . we staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me

View of London, from Southwark.

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weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once, and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire."

It is interesting to set by the side of this vivid description Evelyn's fine but not quite so individual account written a day later: "The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season; . . . The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner, from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from y^e^ other; for y^e^ heat with a long set of faire and warm weather had even ignited the aire and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on y^e^ other, y^e^ carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts,

and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! Such as happly the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor be outdon till the universal conflagration thereof. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, y^e^ shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let y^e^ flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismall and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. . . . London was, but is no more!"

When Pepys returned to his house in Seething Lane on the night of the first day's fire he found the conflagration was spreading so that he was thrown into great alarm for the safety of his valuables. "We were forced to begin to pack up our own goods," he says, "and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry and moonshine and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my

Office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves." He had little rest that night, for "about four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall-greene, which I did, riding myself in my night-gown, in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things." All that day he and his wife laboured at stripping the house of its adornments, so that when night came there was nothing but a quilt to lie on, and only the remains of yesterday's dinner to eat, they "having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing any thing." In the heat and hurry Mrs. Pepys appears to have lost her temper, so that she struck her maid Mercer and bade her begone—this quarrel troubled Pepys a good deal, "but less than it would," he says, "because of the condition we are in, in fear of coming in a little time to being less able to keep one in her quality."

Some of Pepys' methods for preserving his possessions sound distinctly primitive, as when, following Sir William Batten's example, he dug a pit in his garden and put in it his wine and parmezan cheese!

He was greatly concerned too as to the safety of the Navy Office and wishful to take prompt measures for its preservation. On the 4th of September he writes: "This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W. Pen in our garden, and thinking of the certain burning of this Office, without extraordinary means,

I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from the Woolwich and Deptford yards, (none whereof yet appeared,) and to write to Sir W. Coventry to have the Duke of York's permission to pull down houses, rather than lose this Office, which would much hinder the king's business."

This is his letter to Coventry—

"Sir,

"The fire is now very neere us as well on Tower Streete as Fanchurch Street side, and we little hope of our escape but by that remedy, to ye want whereof we doe certainly owe ye loss of ye city, namely, ye pulling down of houses, in ye way of ye fire. This way Sir W. Pen and myself have so far concluded upon ye practising, that he is gone to Woolwich and Deptford to supply himself with men and necessarys in order to the doeing thereof, in case at his return our condition be not bettered and that he meets with his R. Hs approbation, which I have thus undertaken to learn of you. Pray please to let me have this night (at whatever hour it is) what his R. Hs directions are in this particular. Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten having left us, we cannot add, though we are well assured of their, as well as all ye neighbourhood's concurrence.

"Yr obedient Servnt,

"S. P."

It was owing to Pepys' forethought and promptitude in getting the workmen from the Royal Yards that the Navy Office was saved, the fire being stopped just at the end of Seething Lane. In the evening of

the day on which he wrote to Sir William Coventry, he says, "walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire."

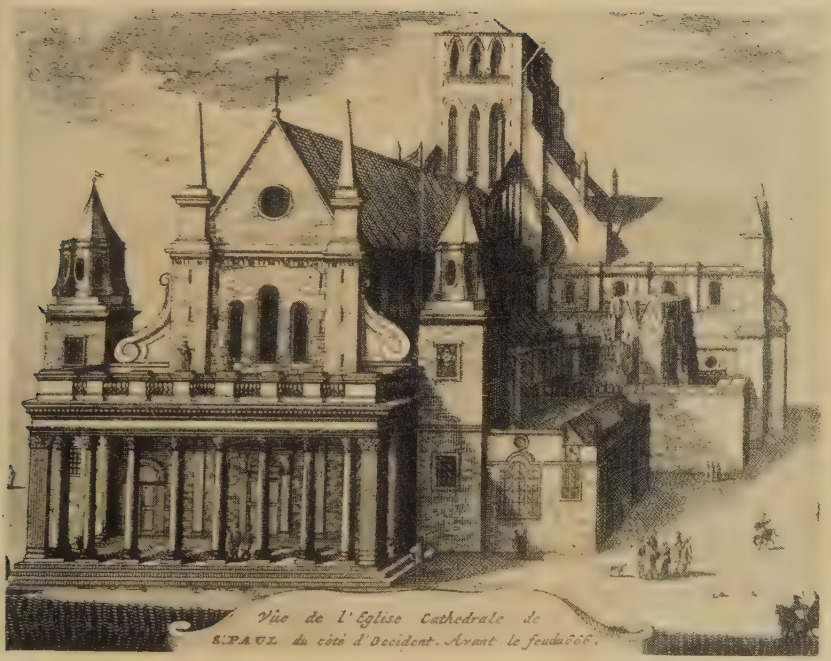
In the very early dawn of the next day, though he admits he was "mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand," he took his wife, his servant Jane, and Will Hewer, with £2,350 in gold, by boat to Woolwich. That journey down to Woolwich by moonlight, with the flaming city behind, must have been a strange experience for Samuel Pepys and his tired and troubled household. After seeing them safely disposed he returned to London.

The Great Fire broke out on Sunday, the 2nd of September, and on the Wednesday following Pepys wrote in his *Diary:* "But it is a strange thing to see how long this time did look since Sunday, having been always full of variety of actions, and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot almost the day of the week." This is not surprising: to many people the Fire must have put time out of all count and seemed more like the end of the world than any mortal week. As though fire itself were not bad enough, rumour ran about the burning town crying that the great calamity was a plot of the Papists—forerunner of the frantic terror of the Popish Plot that disgraced the close of Charles II's reign—that the French had done it, crying a thousand wild and wicked words. Frantic people ran up and down the streets laying violent hands upon

stray Frenchmen and Dutchmen, so that it was not safe for them to come abroad. Even Pepys, though usually sane enough, was affected, and did "think that there is some kind of plot in this." But everyone was unstrung by the immense calamity, and the sights on every side were sufficiently terrifying to excuse excitement. "Saw all the toune burned," says Pepys on the 7th of September," and a miserable sight of Paul's Church, with all the roof fallen, and the body of the quire fallen into St. Fayth's; Paul's school also, Ludgate, and Fleet-street."

Christopher Wren said of St. Paul's at this time: "What Time and Weather had left entire in the Old, and Art in the new repair'd parts of the great pile of St. Paul's the late Calamitie of Fire hath so weaken'd and defac'd, that it now appears like some Antique Ruine of 2000 years continuance."

Evelyn gives a fuller account of the destruction of Old St. Paul's: "I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly Church St. Paules now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, shewing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heate had in a manner calcin'd, so that all y^{e} ornaments, columns, freezes, capitols, and projectures of massie Portland stone flew off, even to y^{e} very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six akers by measure) was totally mealted; the ruines of the vaulted roofe falling broke into



OLD ST. PAUL'S.

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St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to ye Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following." Owing to this, Pepys says, "All the great booksellers almost undone." To continue Evelyn's account: "Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in ye Christian world, besides neere 100 more. The lead, yron work, bells, plate, &c. mealted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye august fabriq of Christ Church, all ye rest of the Companies Halls, splendid buildings, arches, enteries, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one loade of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow . . . The bye-lanes and narrower streets were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly knowne where he was, but by ye ruines of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining."

Thus far the stately and regretful Evelyn, antiquary and lover of beautiful buildings. It is odd and amusing to read his *Diary*, and that of Pepys side by side at this time—while he is lamenting over the ruined city, over the irreplaceable monuments of the past gone up in smoke and flame, Pepys is always striking the personal note, and appears more concerned at getting his own house clean and in order than at the downfall of Old St. Paul's. At

this time Pepys had bad nights, and he records them carefully in his *Diary:* "both sleeping and waking had a fear of fire in my heart, that I took little rest,"—this is a fear he must have shared with many a citizen of London. "I was much frighted and kept awake in my bed by some noise I heard a great while below stairs." Again, "much terrified in the nights now-a-days with dreams of fire, and falling down of houses."

But he took much satisfaction in getting back his "pictures and fine things" uninjured from their various places of refuge, and in seeing his house once more restored to seemliness and comfort. "Up, and to work," he says on the 14th of September, "having carpenters come to help in setting up bedsteads and hangings; and at that trade my people and I all the morning, till pressed by publick business to leave them against my will in the afternoon." After getting his house in order he turned to removing the traces of two strenuous weeks from his own person: "Up betimes, and shaved myself after a week's growth: but, Lord! how ugly I was yesterday and how fine to-day!"

Pepys had a great taste for coincidence and curious happenings, and he did not fail to write in his *Diary:* "It is observed, and is true, in the late fire of London, that the fire burned just as many parish churches as there were hours from the beginning to the end of the fire; and next, that there were just as many churches left standing as there were taverns left standing in the rest of the city that was not burned, being, I think, thirteen in all of each: which is pretty to observe."

Even before the fire was all put out, or the extent of the damage fully realized, the indomitable people of London began "speaking their thoughts variously" about "the rebuilding of the city." Having been afflicted with Plague one year, and with the Great Fire in the following year, it was hardly unreasonable to hope that the trial of their courages was ended—but there was still another tribulation to come. Dryden was premature when he wrote in his *Annus Mirabilis*—

> "The utmost malice of the stars is past,
> And two dire comets which have scourged the town
> In their own Plague and Fire have breathed their last,
> Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown."

CHAPTER V

A COMEDY OF MANNERS

BEFORE going on to the great happenings of the Dutch War it is necessary to turn aside for a little and watch a small domestic drama common enough in the seventeenth century—a drama containing the elements of both comedy and tragedy, in which Pepys played an important and curious part, one also much to his liking.

At that time marriages between the sons and daughters of important families were arranged by the parents on both sides without particular reference to the feelings and wishes of the young people concerned—a love-match was not considered so essential as one that consolidated the interests or increased the influence of the two families. It is true that the girl (who was more commonly the victim of parental authority and ambition) was not often compelled to marry a man against whom she had a violent prejudice—though that happened sometimes in very influential families with, as might be expected, tragic results. But, in more usual cases, if the intended bride showed a strong disinclination she was not pressed to the extremity—though a mild distaste was considered quite a safe foundation for marriage, if other and material interests

demanded the sacrifice. Whether a long succession of these arranged marriages made them more tolerable to the daughters of each succeeding generation is doubtful—but pride and custom will cover much unhappiness.

Two seventeenth-century marriages are specially marked by reason of their radiant success—that of Lucy Apsley to her Colonel Hutchinson, and of Dorothy Osborne, the delicate and delightful letter writer, to Sir William Temple. But both the women and both the men were exceptional, they married because they loved each other, and not because their families wished it, indeed, in one case there was much parental opposition. Another coincidence linking them together is that both brides on the very eves of their weddings were smitten with smallpox, and suffered the calamity of losing their looks, at least for a time; but the hearts of their lovers were loyal.

The happy fates of Dorothy Temple and Lucy Hutchinson did not fall to many well-born maidens in the seventeenth century, and the marriage that Pepys helped to arrange between Lord Sandwich's eldest daughter and Sir George Carteret's eldest son belonged to the more usual order of things and displays, as he would say, a "mighty pretty" comedy of manners. Pepys was much in the confidence of his kinsman Lord Sandwich, and on June 23, 1665, he writes: "My Lord did begin to tell me how much he was concerned to dispose of his children, and would have my advice and help; and propounded to match my Lady Jemimah to Sir G. Carteret's eldest son, which I approved of, and

did undertake the speaking with him about it as from myself, which my Lord liked."

No mention is made of the girl's feelings, but nothing could be more neat and business-like than the negotiations which were promptly set on foot. On the next day but one, Pepys for the second time visited Sir George Carteret at Whitehall "and received his (and now his Lady's) full content in my proposal, my Lord Sandwich did direct me to return to Sir G. Carteret, and give him thanks for his kind acceptation of this offer, and that he would the next day be willing to enter discourse with him about the business. My Lord, I perceive, intends to give £5000 with her, and expects about £800 *per annum* joynture."

All this was just the kind of business that Pepys enjoyed, besides he felt that he was making "new interest" for himself with well-placed people.

There was no long delay in carrying the thing through, for in a week or two Lady Sandwich is "buying things for my Lady Jem's wedding," and Lady Carteret sending her future daughter-in-law "most rich jewells." It is a minor detail that the young couple had not yet met each other. On the 15th of July this matter was remedied, Pepys undertaking to go with the young man to Dagenhams, introduce him to Jemimah Montagu and generally support his footsteps on the path of matrimony. But he was not entirely pleased with his charge, for on the way thither he exclaims with sudden annoyance, "But, Lord! what silly discourse we had as to love matters, he being the most awkerd man ever I met with in my life as to that business." Pepys

himself was temperamentally unable to understand that awkwardness. When they arrived at Dagenhams, where was poor little Lady Jem, the young man proved himself to have few words for anybody, "but nothing to the lady from him at all," says Pepys, "to supper, and after supper to talk again, he yet taking no notice of the lady." This was hardly promising, and when the host suggested that the young couple should be left alone together for a little after supper, so that Philip Carteret, tongue-tied suitor that he was, might begin to make some advance in his courtship, Pepys wisely advised against it, "lest the lady might be too much surprised."

When they retired he asked his charge how he "liked the lady, which he told me he did mightily: but, Lord! in the dullest insipid manner that ever lover did."

The next day, a Sunday, Pepys wished the affair to move more cheerfully, so before breakfast he walked with the young man in the gallery at Dagenhams and endeavoured to show him how to play the lover: "Here I taught him what to do: to take the lady always by the hand to lead her, and telling him that I would find opportunity to leave them together, he should make these and these compliments. . . . After I had instructed him, which he thanked me for, owning that he needed my teaching him, my Lord Crewe come down and family, the young lady among the rest; and so by coaches to church four miles off: where a pretty good sermon, and a declaration of penitence of a man that had undergone the Church's censure for

his wicked life. Thence back again by coach, Mr. Carteret having not had the confidence to take his lady once by the hand, coming or going, which I told him of when we come home, and he will hereafter do it." The backward suitor was given every possible opportunity; after dinner on that day the others one by one left the gallery where they were all sitting, so that the man and the maid might be left together. "And a little pretty daughter of my Lady Wright's most innocently come out afterwards, and shut the door to, as if she had done it, poor child, by inspiration," says Pepys with the tender touch of description he sometimes displays, "which made us without have good sport to laugh at. They together an hour, and by and by church-time, whither he led her into the coach and into the church."

Pepys' services as a matchmaker were in request at this time, for he spoke to a maid of Lady Wright's, whom he had known before, "the sum of all whose discourse" was "that I would get her a good husband, which I have promised, but know not when I shall perform." Evidently that maid was of the same opinion as the Dorset damsels, who invoke the patron saint of spinsters in the old rhyme—

"A husband, St Catherine,
A good one, St. Catherine;
But arn-a-one better than
Narn-a-one, St. Catherine."

On Monday Philip Carteret and his friendly counsellor took their leaves, but, says Pepys, "Before we went, I took my Lady Jem apart, and would

know how she liked this gentleman, and whether she was under any difficulty concerning him. She blushed and hid her face awhile; but at last I forced her to tell me. She answered that she could readily obey what her father and mother had done; which was all she could say, or I expect. So anon took leave, and for London. In one way Mr. Carteret did give me mighty thanks for my care and pain for him, and is mightily pleased."

But a week later Pepys records, "I find Mr. Carteret yet as backward almost in his caresses, as he was the first day." In spite of this the wedding was to take place on the 31st of July—apparently the general terror that people were in about the Plague was a cause of hastening the marriage. So on that day Pepys writes, "Up; and very betimes by six o'clock at Deptford, and there find Sir G. Carteret and my lady ready to go: I being in my new coloured silk suit, and coat trimmed with gold buttons and gold broad lace round my hands, very rich and fine."

Owing to delays they were late for the service: "though we drove hard with six horses, yet we found them gone from home; and going towards the church, met them coming from church, which troubled us. But, however, that trouble was soon over; hearing it was well done, they being both in their old clothes, my Lord Crewe giving her, there being three coach fulls of them. The young lady mighty sad, which troubled me; but yet I think it was only her gravity in a little greater degree than usual. All saluted her, but I did not till my Lady Sandwich did ask me whether I had saluted her or

no. So to dinner, and very merry we were; but in such a sober way as never almost anything was in so great families: but it was much better." Still it is impossible to help feeling that Pepys was a little depressed over the affair, just because he says, "the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial." Poor little Lady Jem who came from her wedding looking "mighty sad," remains in the memory as a victim of seventeenth-century customs.

But once Pepys had got over his momentary depression, he reviews the whole affair in its bearing upon his own fortunes with great satisfaction: "Myself having obliged both these families in this business very much; as both my lady and Sir G. Carteret and his lady do confess exceedingly, and the latter do also now call me cosen, which I am glad of."

Pepys attended many weddings in the course of his life, and his comment on one of them is: "To church in the morning, and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day; and the young people so merry one with another, and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them."

In the *Diary*, a year or two later, there is a reference to another seventeenth-century match of the same kind, made by Sir George Carteret between Lord Hinchingbroke and a daughter of Lord Burlington's, "where there is great alliance,

£10,000 portion . . . My Lord Hinchingbroke and the ladies know nothing yet of it." But, says Pepys, confidently, "it will, I think, be very happy."

Portions and position may have been the important matter among great families, but among his own relations, though he fully appreciated the value of money, Pepys also desired good looks. He says on one occasion: "Cosen Roger did acquaint me in private with an offer made of his marrying of Mrs. Elizabeth Wiles, whom I know; a kinswoman of Mr. Honiwood's, an ugly old maid, but good housewife, and is said to have £2,500 to her portion; though I am against it in my heart, she being not handsome at all: and it hath been the very bad fortune of the Pepyses that ever I knew, never to marry an handsome woman, excepting Ned Pepys." He might have made an exception in his own case, for his wife was an extremely pretty person.

His sister Paulina evidently was not, and Pepys' references to her are hardly courteous; but he evidently regarded it as part of his duty as a brother to provide her with a husband. In October 1667, he speaks to his father "about a husband for my sister, whereof there is at present no appearance; but we must endeavour to find her one now, for she grows old and ugly." Paulina at this time was twenty-seven. Within a few months from that writing the necessary husband was found—Pepys had some time earlier hoped that his sister might marry the friend of his Cambridge days, Richard Cumberland—"met my cosen Roger again, and Mr. Jackson, who is a plain young man, handsome enough for her, one of no education nor discourse,

but of few words, and one altogether that, I think, will please me well enough. . . . So there parted, my mind pretty well satisfied with this plain fellow for my sister; though I shall, I see, have no pleasure nor content in him, as if he had been a man of reading and parts, like Cumberland."

But if his comments were grudging and ungracious his actions were kind and generous—he gave Paulina £600 on her marriage and a jointure of £60 a year. It was to the son of his sister, John Jackson, that Pepys was to leave his famous library and collection of manuscripts, with the proviso that it was to go intact to Cambridge after his nephew's death.

It will be seen that Pepys' attitude towards marriage in general is not touched with any fine or elevated feeling—to him it is a business, like any other, fit subject for a jest or a sneer. Yet of his own marriage it is pleasant to find him writing in 1664 in a more worthy tone: "This day, by the blessing of God, my wife and I have been married nine years . . . bless God for our long lives and loves and health together, which the same God long continue, I wish, from my very heart!" But it is sad to have to add that he admits, "my head being full of business, I did not think of it to keep it in any extraordinary manner."

CHAPTER VI

WARS AND TUMULTS

In the *Diary*, as early as June 28, 1662, there is this entry as "prologue to the omen coming on" —"Great talk there is of a war with the Dutch; and we have order to pitch upon twenty ships to be forthwith set out; but I hope it is but a scare-crow to the world, to let them see we can be ready for them; though, God knows! the King is not able to set out five ships at this present without great difficulty, we neither having money, credit, nor stores." At the end of 1664 Pepys writes with candour: "Public matters are all in a hurry about a Dutch warr. Our preparations great; our provocations against them great; and after all our presumption, we are now afraid as much of them, as we lately contemned them."

But in spite of this statement of Pepys' the war in reality was popular with the English people. "What matters this or that reason?" Monk bluntly asked; "what we want is more of the trade which the Dutch now have." War was also an outlet for public discontent, which clamoured against many things at Court, and found in the sale of Dunkirk—one of the jewels in the late Lord Protector's crown—an additional cause of humiliation and anger. So

a war, as offering hopes of commercial advantage and national glory—for the triumphs of Cromwell and Blake were still fresh in the memories of men—was popular both with the people and the king, whose own private feeling was deeply hostile to the Dutch. The declaration of war in March 1665, was the only occasion during his reign in which Charles II's wishes and those of his people were genuinely agreed. The Dutch hostilities, which began with popular clamour, flags flying, and the voting of enormous sums of money—"Parliament men would pawne their estates to maintain a warre," it was said—ended in the violation of our shores, and the carrying off of an English first-rate from under the very eyes and guns of paralyzed Englishmen. It is curious to read in the *Diary* the growing respect and admiration of the references to Cromwell all through those troubled years, wherein Pepys was but reflecting the minds of thinking men about him—though to his credit be it said that even in the full glow of the Restoration Pepys was shocked at the cowardly outrage to Cromwell's corpse, "which (methinks) do trouble me," he said, "that a man of so great courage as he was, should have that dishonour." To Evelyn, on the other hand, the name of Cromwell was always dark.

At the opening of the second Dutch War the efficiency of the navy was greatly distracted by feuds between the genuine seaman, or tarpaulin, and the fine Court gentlemen who went to sea and owed their commands to wealth or favour, but rarely to ability. The roots of this trouble had been in the navy from the time of Elizabeth—though Sir

Francis Drake had stoutly stamped upon it by declaring that "the gentlemen should hale and draw with the mariners"—and it lasted so long as no particular training for sea life was considered necessary. Among the later reforms introduced by James II and Pepys was some method of sea-training, and in 1694 Halifax wisely urged that "gentlemen shall not be capable of bearing Office at Sea except they are so trained up by a continual Habit of living at Sea, that they may have a right to be admitted free Denizens of Wapping." At a dinner given by Pepys a few years earlier there was discourse on naval matters and Sir Anthony Deane spoke with contempt of "gentlemen commanders who must have all their effeminate accommodations and for pomp; and that it would be the ruin of our fleets if such persons were continued in command, they having neither experience nor being capable of learning, because they would not submit to the fatigue and inconvenience which those who were bred seamen would undergo." The insolence of some of the gentlemen officers is shown by the saying of Lord Bristol's son ("a young fellow that never was but one year, if that, in the fleet," says Pepys) that he hoped he "should not see a tarpaulin have the command of a ship." No wonder that the ships ran on to shoals, when the pilots declared they did not dare to do or go but as the officers (often quite ignorant of seamanship) would have them, "and if they offer to do otherwise, the Captains swear they will run them through."

Nan Clarges, the violent-tongued wife of the Duke of Albemarle, (whom Pepys on one occasion

called "a very ill-looking woman,") "cried out mightily," he says, "against the having of gentleman captains with feathers and ribbands, and wished the King would send her husband to sea with the old plain sea captains that he served with formerly, that would make their ships swim with blood, though they could not make legs as captains now-a-days can."

But in the first battle of the war fought off Lowestoft on June 3, 1665, there were several gentlemen commanders who acquitted themselves well, among them, to Pepys' great joy, his friends the Earl of Sandwich and Sir William Coventry. The Duke of York and Prince Rupert were also in the thick of the fight, though, as always, rumour told different tales as to who behaved with the most conduct and courage—courtly tongues exalting now the duke and now the prince, so that Pepys was at the first much disturbed at hearing "nothing said or done by my Lord Sandwich," though a few days later he was consoled by a letter of Captain Ferrers, "wherein he tells how my Lord was with his ship in all the heat of the day, and did most worthily." The English victory would have been more complete but for the Duke of York's failure to press the pursuit. Bishop Burnet tells a somewhat curious story about this, saying that the duchess had "given a strict charge to all the Duke's servant's to do all they could to hinder him to engage too far."

The second notable battle of the war was the famous Four Days' Fight of June 1st to 4th in the following year—the French having joined the Dutch, though the French fleet was not engaged in this

action—which by its name shows how stubborn yet indecisive it was, but the Dutch in the end justly claimed the victory as they made stout Albemarle and his ships retreat, though in good order.

It is strange and interesting to see the battle from on shore as it were, to realize the flying rumours, the uncertainties, the hopes and growing doubts, through the medium of Pepys' mind. On June 2, 1666, he writes: "Up, and to the Office, where certain news is brought us of a letter come to the King this morning from the Duke of Albemarle, dated yesterday at eleven o'clock, as they were sailing to the Gunfleete, that they were in sight of the Dutch fleet, and were fitting themselves to fight them; so that they are ere this certainly engaged: besides, several do averr they heard the guns yesterday in the afternoon. This put us at the Board into a tosse."

From the Navy Office he went down to Greenwich to see about sending a reinforcement of 200 soldiers to the fleet, when "having set all things in order against the next flood, I went on shore with Captain Erwin at Greenwich, and into the parke, and there we could hear the guns from the fleete most plainly." How the simple words bring back the time and that long-past day when the anxious yet incurably inquisitive Clerk of the Acts stood under the trees listening to the distant guns, where Englishmen and Dutchmen belaboured each other's heavy, curving wooden sides, where the shock of each discharge ran in ripples through the bellying sails, and the smoke twisted lazily through the complicated rigging, while men cursed or cheered as

they gave death and received it. How long ago it seems, for the sea has smoothed and stormed uncounted times over the place of the battle, and even the spot where Pepys stood to listen to the guns has been altered past all knowing—yet it is all still near and real because of the ever-living *Diary* and because of the valiant things done at that fight by Englishmen like Sir John Harman with his broken leg and his burning ship and his proud defiance of quarter—"It has not come to that yet."

All through the Four Days' Fight the guns were heard, even in London. "So walking through the Park," says Pepys on the fourth day, "we saw hundreds of people listening at the Gravell-pits, and to and again in the Park to hear the guns. I saw a letter, dated last night, from Strowd, Governor of Dover Castle, which says . . . that for the guns which we writ that we heard, it is only a mistake for thunder; and so far as to yesterday it is a miraculous thing that we all Friday, and Saturday and yesterday, did hear everywhere most plainly the guns go off, and yet at Deal and Dover to last night they did not hear one word of a fight, nor think they heard one gun. This, . . . makes room for a great dispute in philosophy, how we should hear it and they not, the same wind that brought it to us being the same that should bring it to them: but so it is."

Pepys tells vividly how the news of the battle came to London. He had no sooner reached home after having heard the sound of the guns in Hyde Park, than "news is brought me of a couple of men come to speak with me from the fleet; so I down, and who should it be but Mr. Daniel, all muffled up, and

his face as black as the chimney, and covered with dirt, pitch, and tar, and powder, and muffled with dirty clouts, and his right eye stopped with okum. He is come last night at five o'clock from the fleet, with a comrade of his that hath endangered another eye. They were set on shore at Harwich this morning, and at two o'clock, in a catch with about twenty more wounded men from the *Royall Charles.* They being able to ride, took post about three this morning, and were here between eleven and twelve. I went presently into the coach with them, and carried them to Somerset-House-stairs, and there took water (all the world gazing upon us, and concluding it to be news from the fleet, and everybody's face appeared expecting of news,) to the Privy-stairs, and left them at Mr. Coventry's lodgings (he, though, not being there); and so I into the Park to the King, and told him my Lord Generall was well the last night at five o'clock, and the Prince [Rupert] came with his fleet and joyned with his about seven. The King was mightily pleased with this news, and so took me by the hand and talked a little of it, giving him the best account I could; and then he bid me to fetch the two seamen to him, he walking into the house. So I went and fetched the seamen into the vane room to him, and there he heard the whole account."

Then the seamen told King Charles and the eager Clerk of the Acts the story: "How we found the Dutch fleet at anchor on Friday half seas over between Dunkirke and Ostend, and made them let slip their anchors. They about ninety, and we less than sixty. We fought them, and put them to the

run, till they met with about sixteen sail of fresh ships, and so bore up again. The fight continued till night, and then again the next morning from five till seven at night. And so, too, yesterday morning they begun again, and continued till about four o'clock, they chasing us for the most part of Saturday, and yesterday we flying from them." Later they could not carry the tale of the fight, having themselves been put ashore before that fierce and involved engagement was over. The king pulled twenty pieces of gold out of his pocket and gave them to Daniel for himself and his comrade, "and so parted, mightily pleased with the account he did give him of the fight . . . though it seems the Duke did give way again and again."

Pepys went away less pleased with the account than the King was, and at supper that night "all our discourse is of this fight at sea, and all are doubtful of the success."

From the *Diary* can be seen the fluctuations and the uncertainty of the news in that day. On the 6th of June it was all spread abroad that the battle was a glorious English victory, that the Dutch had fled, leaving most of their ships and flags behind them. It being a Fast-day Pepys went to church, where the news had been sent into the church in writing by Sir William Batten and was passed from pew to pew by the congregation. But, says the irrepressible Pepys suddenly in the midst of his talk about the great battle, "that which pleased me as much as the news, was, to have the fair Mrs. Middleton at our church, who indeed is a very beautiful lady." He spent most of the evening of that day up to midnight

watching the bonfires lit in the streets to celebrate the victory, and so home, "mightily pleased with this happy day's news."

But next day all this rejoicing fell to the ground, for then came the astonishing and unpleasant tidings "that we are beaten, lost many ships and good commanders; have not taken one ship of the enemy's; and so can only report ourselves a victory; nor is it certain that we were left masters of the field . . . This news do much trouble me, and the thought of the ill consequences of it, and the pride and presumption that brought us to it. At noon to the 'Change, and there find the discourse of town, and their countenances much changed." But the Clerk of the Acts had other work to do than moan over disaster; the Duke of York gave him the letters received from the ships, "for me to pick out some works to be done for the setting out the fleet again; and so I took them home with me, and was drawing out an abstract of them till midnight." It is a creditable fact that the battered English squadrons were refitted, reinforced, and sent again to sea with extraordinary quickness—some time before the Dutch themselves were recovered from the shocks of the encounter.

Another course of private congratulation to Pepys was the safe return of his brother-in-law, Balthazar St. Michel, to whom he seems to have been much attached, who had been in the very thick of danger on the quarter-deck of the *Henry*, with Harman. "Balty tells me the case of the *Henery*," says Pepys, "and it was, indeed, most extraordinary sad and desperate. After dinner, Balty and I to my

Office, and there talked a great deal of this fight; and I am mightily pleased in him, and have great content in, and hopes of his doing well."

Among the losses of the battle was the death from wounds, shortly afterwards, of the gallant Sir Christopher Mings. Pepys and Sir William Coventry went to his funeral, on the 13th of June, and there happened this touching little episode: "one of the most romantique that ever I heard in my life," says Pepys, "and could not have believed but that I did see it; which was this.—About a dozen able, lusty, proper men, come to the coach-side with tears in their eyes, and one of them that spoke for the rest, begun and said to Sir W. Coventry, 'We are here a dozen of us, that have long known and loved, and served our dead commander, Sir Christopher Mings, and have now done the last office of laying him in the ground. We would be glad we had any other to offer after him, and in revenge of him. All we have is our lives; if you will please to get His Royal Highness to give us a fire-ship among us all, here are a dozen of us, out of all which choose you one to be commander, and the rest of us, whoever he is, will serve him; and, if possible, do that which shall show our memory of our dead commander, and our revenge.' Sir W. Coventry was herewith much moved (as well as I, who could hardly abstain from weeping), and took their names, and so parted, telling me that he would move His Royal Highness as in a thing very extraordinary. The truth is, Sir Christopher Mings was a very stout man, and a man of great parts, and most excellent tongue among

ordinary men ; and, as Sir W. Coventry says, could have been the most useful man at such a pinch of time as this."

Pepys hardly realized how fine an epitaph he was writing for the sailor in that grasping age when he said that Mings "is dead poor rather than rich." Some time later, having a long talk with Pepys on the troubled state of naval affairs Sir William Coventry "do confess with me that the hearts of our seamen are much saddened ; and for that reason, among others, wishes Sir Christopher Mings was alive, who might inspire courage and spirit into them."

At this time the *Diary* is full of apprehension as to French and Dutch doings, uncertainties as to who had behaved well and who had behaved badly at the Four Days' Fight, complaints of shortage of money for the navy, and the "ill success of the guns made for the *Loyall London ;* which is, that in the trial every one of the great guns, the whole cannon of seven (as I take it), broke in pieces."

The *Loyal London* was a gift from the city to the king, to replace the ship of that name which blew up so suddenly and strangely at the Nore. This happened in March 1665, and Pepys' account of it is : "This morning is brought me to the Office the sad news of the *London*, in which Sir J. Lawson's men were all bringing her from Chatham to the Hope, and thence he was to go to sea in her, but a little on this side the buoy of the Nower she suddenly blew up. About twenty-four men and a woman that were in the round-house and coach saved, the rest, being about 300, drowned ; the ship breaking all in

pieces with eighty pieces of brass ordnance. She lies sunk, with her round-house above water."

On the 10th of March he writes: "Up, and to the Office all the morning. At noon to the 'Change, where very hot, people's proposal of the City giving the King another Ship for the *London*, that is lately blown up; which would be very handsome, and if well managed might be done; but I fear if it be put into ill hands or that the courtiers do solicit it, it will never be done."

The *Loyal London* was launched in June of the following year, a few days after the Four Days' Fight—or "The Four Days' Bloody Blunder" as the rough seamen truly called it. Pepys speaks of her as "the best ship in the world," and she certainly was a handsome vessel with her bright canary-yellow sides, striped from stem to stern with two double "strakes" of black, her bows supporting a big lion rampart, crowned and gilded, with the shield of the city; and the stem glorious with the Royal Arms of England painted in heraldic colours, with carved wreaths and gilded mouldings, with the stern and quarter-gallery lights to the "great cabin," with all the romantic elaboration of line that was slowly to fade out of the ships of the Royal Navy, leaving them straight and clean and bare. In his *Annus Mirabilis* Dryden pictured the *Loyal London*:

> "With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
> Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves;
> Deep in her draught and warlike in her length,
> She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves."

This poem, describing the events of 1666, was

published early in the following year, and Pepys at once read it: "I am very much pleased with reading the poem I brought home with me last night from Westminster Hall, of Dryden's upon the present war, a very good poem."

After the unsatisfactory Four Days' Fight a definite victory was much to be wished, and to get reinforcements and men for the fleet the press was in full force—a business that Pepys, who was naturally tender-hearted, found very distasteful. "To the Tower several times," he writes on July 1, 1666, "about the business of the pressed men, and late at it till twelve at night shipping of them. But, Lord! how some poor women did cry; and in my life I never did see such natural expression of passion as I did here in some women's bewailing themselves, and running to every parcel of men that were brought, one after another, to look for their husbands, and wept over every vessel that went off, thinking they might be there, and looking after the ship as far as ever they could by moonlight, that it grieved me to the heart to hear them. Besides, to see poor patient labouring men and housekeepers leaving poor wives and families, taken upon a sudden by strangers, was very hard, and that without press-money, but forced against all law to be gone. It is a great tyranny."

Pepys had sufficient imagination and feeling to be able to put himself in another's place.

The *Diary* of this time shows how generally distracted were the naval affairs of England. On the 4th of July Sir William Penn came to see Pepys and they had a serious discourse: "He says three things must be remedied," writes the Clerk of the

Acts, with his unfailing memory and endless interest in all that concerned the navy, "or else we shall be undone by this fleet. 1. That we must fight in a line, whereas we fight promiscuously, to our utter and demonstrable ruine: the Dutch fighting otherwise; and we, whenever we beat them.—2. We must not desert ships of our own in distress, as we did, for that makes a Captain desperate, and he will fling away his ship, when there are no hopes left him of succour.—3. That ships when they are a little shattered, must not take the liberty to come in of themselves, but refit themselves the best they can, and stay out—many of our ships coming in with very small disableness. He told me that our very commanders, nay, our very flag-officers, do stand in need of exercising among themselves, and discoursing the business of commanding a fleet: he telling me that even one of our flag-men in the fleet, did not know which tacke lost the wind, or kept it, in the last engagement."

As a curious instance of the different way the same events may be seen by different people, compare with that the praise of a French eyewitness of the Four Days' Fight, De Guiche,—"Nothing equals the beautiful order of the English at sea. Never was a line drawn straighter than that formed by their ships; thus they bring all their fire to bear upon those who draw near them."

But Pepys was listening to Penn and not to De Guiche, and the English Admiral's statements later bore fruit in the mind of the Clerk of the Acts, in his regulations for the better training of sea-officers. From Commissioner Pett a few days

later he heard a similar tale: "So that he fears, and I do no less, that God Almighty cannot bless us while we keep in this disorder that we are in: he observing to me too, that there is no man of counsel or advice in the fleet; and the truth is, that the gentleman captains will undo us, for they are not to be kept in order."

It was no use looking for remedies for this disturbing state of things at Court, for all they could do there, apparently, was to lie long in bed, it not being seemly for them to be found gaming and amusing themselves in the usual ways at this troubled period, and not knowing how otherwise to employ their time—"though there be work enough for their thoughts and councils and pains," says Pepys with bitter truth—the courtiers' only resort is slumber.

But slack Court and anxious country were alike heartened by the result of the next collision with the Dutch—the St. James's Fight, as it was called, owing to being fought on the 25th of July. It was a decisive English victory, the Dutch losing about twenty ships. After the disappointments of the Four Days' Fight, and on imperfect information, Pepys was inclined to be cautious, so on the 29th of July he wrote in his *Diary:* "All the town is full of a victory. By and by a letter from Sir W. Coventry tells me that we have the victory. Beat them into the Weelings: had taken two of their great ships; but by the orders of the Generalls they are burned. This being, methought, but a poor result after the fighting of two so great fleets, and four days having no tidings of them . . . This

is all, only we keep the sea, which denotes a victory, or at least that we are not beaten; but no great matters to brag of, God knows."

On the strength of this victory—for it was a real one, as Pepys admitted later on having fuller accounts—and the subsequent raids on the coast of Holland, Charles II thought he had thoroughly frightened the Dutch and could safely let down the strength of his navy. Both sides were tired of the war, and peace negotiations began towards the close of 1666, but the King, relying on the command of the sea, which he imagined he held securely—though Albemarle was always telling him it could only be held at the cost of having a ready and efficient fleet—was exacting in his demands. The result of this unwise combination of arrogance abroad and slackness at home was a sudden blow felt acutely by the whole country—Dutch ships burning and destroying in the Thames and the Medway. Never had English king so eloquent a lesson as to the truth of what Lord Halifax wrote: "It may be said now to England: 'Martha, Martha, thou art busy about many things, but one thing is necessary. To the question what shall we do to be saved in this world, there is no other answer than this, Look to your moat.'"

In 1667, in the very flush of her sea-success, England had failed to look to her moat, and the painful consequences of that failure may be read in the *Diary*, where they are written with rage and shame and fear, by one Englishman who cared for the honour of his country and the well-being of her navy. In the autumn of 1666 Pepys had got him-

VIEW OF THE DUTCH IN THE MEDWAY, FROM A CONTEMPORARY DUTCH ENGRAVING.

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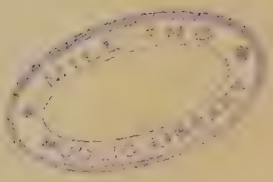


self into some disfavour by speaking boldly before King and Cabinet, "laying open the ill state of the navy: by the greatness of the debt; greatness of the work to do against next year; the time and materials it would take; and our incapacity, through a total want of money." He also said that the fleet had come in from sea in as bad a condition as the enemy or the weather could put it. Whereupon Prince Rupert rose up "in a heat" and declared that whatever Pepys might say he had brought back his fleet in as good a condition as ever any fleet was brought home. Pepys did not enjoy these encounters with the great, but he appears to have put aside his private fears in his devotion to his public duty, and to have behaved with a wise courage: "I therefore did only answer, that I was sorry for his Highness's offence, but that what I said was but the report we received from those entrusted in the fleet to inform us. He muttered and repeated what he had said; and so, after a long silence on all hands . . . we withdrew." Pepys was naturally "not a little troubled at this passage," especially as "after all this pains" the king would only supply them £5000 or £6000, when £100,000 "were at this time but absolutely necessary." Such ill-judged economy was to have its very swift result. Owing to the general laying up of the fleet England was driven to the defensive, and to the miserable device of chains and stakes in the Medway, "to keep the enemy from coming up to burn our ships; all our care being now to fortify ourselves against their invading us."

Even this poor object could not be attained, for

on the 3rd of June, 1667, Pepys discussed with "my good Mr. Evelyn" the "present posture of our affairs; which is that the Dutch are known to be abroad with eighty sail of ships of war, and twenty fire-ships . . . while we have not a ship at sea to do them any hurt with . . . and all this through the negligence of our Prince, who had power, if he would, to master all these with the money and men that he hath the command of, and may now have, if he would mind his business."

On the 10th of June the news was that the Dutch had come as high up as the Nore, and Pepys, with other members of the Navy Board, went down to Deptford to see what might be done. "But, Lord!" he writes despairingly, "to see how backwardly things move at this pinch . . . Yet partly ourselves, being used to be idle and in despair, and partly people that have been used to be deceived by us as to money won't believe us; and we know not, though we have it, how almost to promise it; and our wants such, and men out of the way, that it is an admirable thing to consider how much the King suffers, and how necessary it is in a State to keep the King's service always in a good posture and credit."

From Deptford he went to Gravesend, where he found the Duke of Albemarle doing all that was possible, and also, as he angrily remarks, "a great many idle lords and gentlemen, with their pistols and fooleries; and the bulworke not able to have stood half an hour had they [the Dutch] come up."

All preparations against the imminent enemy were in a state of backwardness. "There had been

discourse all that year," says Clarendon, "of erecting a fort at Sheerness for the defence of the river, and the King had made two journeys thither in the winter, and had given such orders to the commissioners of the ordnances for the overseeing and finishing the fortification that every body believed the work done . . . but whatever had been thought or directed, very little had been done."

On the 11th of June Pepys had the news that the Dutch had come up to Sheerness and burnt it, which, he says, "puts us into great fears of Chatham," where Commissioner Pett was in a sad state of agitation over the things he had left undone, and calling for help for God's and the King's and the kingdom's sake.

The next day the fears for Chatham were realized. The anxious Pepys records how he was "up very betimes to our business at the Office," and on going abroad he heard "that ill news is come to Court of the Dutch breaking the chaine at Chatham; which struck me to the heart. And to Whitehall to hear the truth of it; and there going up the Park-stairs I did hear some lacquies speaking of sad news come to Court, saying, there is hardly any body in the Court but do look as if he cried. . . . Home, where all our hearts do now ake; for the news is true that the Dutch have broke the chaine and burned our ships, and particularly *The Royal Charles:* other particulars I know not, but it is said to be so."

The "other particulars" were these: the Dutch squadron had broken through the chain, and attacked and captured or burned several English ships "negligently if not treacherously, left in the river," says Clarendon. Among these ships was

the *Royal Charles*, one of the finest first-rates in the navy. This ship, says Pepys, "Pett should have carried up higher by our several orders, and deserves therefore to be hanged for not doing it." The English could have made a better defence had it not been that owing to the principle of "saving" on the navy, most of the ships in the Medway were partially dismantled, none were fully manned, and some were even laid up in ordinary. In the deadly confusion ships that should have been sunk in the fairway to bar the Dutch advance were sunk in quite useless places; while valuable ships, loaded with stores or fully fitted as fire-ships, that were greatly needed, were sunk instead of old and worthless vessels. Pepys rages over this. As night fell on that day it shadowed a scene never seen on English shores since the fierce coming of Saxon and Dane, the enemy ravaging and burning, the river full of wreckage, the air full of dreadful noise, shouts, cries, roll of drums and shock of cannon, while over all hung a dark pall of smoke, lit sombrely by fitful flames and the flash of muskets.

No wonder Pepys' heart should ache, and he had private anxieties as well as public grief. "The truth is I do fear so much that the whole kingdom is undone, that I do this night resolve to study with my father and wife what to do with the little that I have in money by me, for I give all the rest that I have in the King's hands for Tangier for lost. So God help us! and God knows what disorders we may fall into, and whether any violence on this Office, or perhaps some severity on our persons, as being reckoned by the silly people, or perhaps may

by policy of State be thought fit to be condemned by the King and the Duke of York, and so put to trouble; though, God knows I have in my own person done my full duty, I am sure."

That day and the next the news from Chatham is somewhat swamped in Pepys' anxieties about his precious possessions. After talking things over with them he says: "I presently resolved of my father's and wife's going into the country; and at two hours' warning they did go by the coach this day, with about £1,300 in gold in their night-bag. Pray God give them good passage, and good care to hide it when they come home! but my heart is full of fear. They gone, I continued in frights and fears what to do with the rest. . . . In the evening I sent for my cousin Sarah and her husband, who come; and I did deliver them my chest of writings about Brampton, and my brother Tom's papers, and my journalls, which I value much: and did send my two silver flagons to Kate Joyce's: that so being scattered what I have, something might be saved. I have also made a girdle, by which with some trouble I do carry about me £300 in gold about my body, that I may not be without something in case I should be surprised; for I think, in any nation but our's, people that appear (for we are not indeed so) so faulty as we, would have their throats cut."

This comedy of money must be pursued to its conclusion. Several days later, when the most pressing danger from the Dutch was over, Pepys records: "My wife did give me so bad an account of her and my father's methods in burying of our gold, that

made me mad: and she herself is not pleased with it, she believing that my sister knows of it. My father and she did it on Sunday, when they were gone to church, in open daylight, in the midst of the garden; where, for ought they knew, many eyes might see them: which put me into trouble, and presently cast about how to have it back again to secure it here, the times being a little better now."

For some time he was not able to go to Brampton to look after his buried gold, but when he did so he gives a very full and particular and unconsciously funny account of the whole business; he played the man with the muck-rake in all seriousness. "My father and I with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But, Lord! what a tosse I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was: but by and by poking with a spit we found it, and then begun with a spudd to lift up the ground. But, good God! to see how sillily they did it, not half a foot under ground, and in the sight of the world from a hundred places, if anybody by accident were near hand, and within sight of a neighbour's window; only my father says that he saw them all gone to church before he began the work, when he laid the money. But I was out of my wits almost, and the more from that, upon my lifting up the earth with the spudd, I did discern that I had scattered the pieces of gold round about the ground among the grass and loose earth; and taking up the iron head-pieces wherein they were put, I perceived the earth was got among the gold,

and wet so that the bags were all rotten, and all the notes, that I could not tell what in the world to say to it, not knowing how to judge what was wanting, or what had been lost by Gibson in his coming down; which, all put together, did make me mad; and at last I was forced to take up the head-pieces, dirt and all, and as many of the scattered pieces as I could with the dirt discern by candle light, and carry them up into my brother's chamber, and there locke them up till I had eat a little supper; and then, all people going to bed, W. Hewer and I did all alone with several pails of water, and besoms at last wash the dirt off the pieces, and parted the pieces and the dirt, and then began to tell them by a note which I had of the value of the whole (in my pocket). And do find that there was short above a hundred pieces, which did make me mad; and considering that the neighbour's house was so near that we could not possibly speak one to another in the garden at that place where the gold lay (especially my father being deaf) but they must know what we had been doing, I feared that they might in the night come and gather some pieces and prevent us the next morning; so W. Hewer and I out again about midnight (for it was now grown so late) and there by candle-light did make shift to gather forty-five pieces more. And so in and to cleanse them, and by this time it was past two in the morning; and so to bed, and there lay in some disquiet all night, telling of the clock till it was daylight."

Next morning he gathered thirty pieces or so more, and there had to leave it. His natural

conclusion after these labours was "how painful it is sometimes to keep money, as well as to get it."

That Pepys' anxiety for his money should for a while eclipse the national peril is after all only human, and it must be remembered that in the *Diary* we see his private fears more clearly than his public courage. Nothing could be more characteristically Pepysian and candid than this little utterance: "The people that come hither to hear how things go, make me ashamed to be found unable to answer them for I am left alone here at the Office; and the truth is, I am glad my station is to be here, near my own home and out of danger, yet in a place of doing the King good service." There speaks the man who was not afraid of owning himself afraid, who shrank nervously from bodily danger, and yet had that in him which made him face it courageously when he was perforce brought right up against it in a most ghastly form. It was this man who wrote to Coventry at the time of the Plague: "You, sir, took your turn of the sword; I must not, therefore, grudge to take mine of the pestilence." Nor did he.

On the 13th of June the Dutch attacked the vessels lying above Upnor Castle—"made no more of Upner Castle's shooting than of a fly," says Pepys, wherein he was wrongly informed, for the Castle and the battery under Sir Edward Spragge on the opposite side of the river made a strong resistance to the enemy's advance. However, the Dutch succeeded in setting fire to the *Loyal London*, the *Royal Oak*, and the *Old James*, but after that, having only two fireships left, dared go no further, and next day retired

to the mouth of the Medway. From the Medway the Dutch ships sailed to the Thames, which they effectually blockaded for a time, raising the price of coal and other commodities in London, to the great distress of the people. The enemy reconnoitred up the Thames as far as the Hope, but found the channel had been too effectively blocked by means of sunken ships and heavy batteries erected on both banks, for them to venture further.

Not only Pepys' *Diary*, but all the records of the time show the panic and sense of shame into which the country was thrown. These extracts from the *Diary* of John Evelyn give a more detached view of the whole event than Pepys' more intimate and personal revelations: "June 18th. To London, alarm'd by the Dutch, who were fallen on our fleete at Chatham, by a most audacious enterprise entering the very river with part of their fleete, doing us not only disgrace, but incredible mischiefe in burning severall of our best men of warr lying at anker and moor'd there, and all this thro' our unaccountable negligence in not setting out our fleete in due time. This alarme caus'd me, fearing y^e^ enemie might venture up y^e^ Thames even to London, (which they might have don with ease, and fir'd all y^e^ vessells in y^e^ river too,) to send away my best goods, plate, &c., from my house to another place. The alarme was so greate that it put both Country and Citty into a paniq, feare and consternation, such as I hope I shall never see more; everybody was flying, none knew why or whither. Now there were land forces dispatch'd with the Duke of Albemarle, Lord Middleton, Prince Rupert, and the Duke, to hinder

ye Dutch coming to Chatham, fortifying Upn Castle, and laying chaines and booms; but resolute enemy brake through all, and set fire our ships, and retreated in spight, stopping up the Thames, the rest of their fleete lying before the mouth of it."

"28th. I went to Chatham, and thence to view not onely what mischiefe the Dutch had don, but how triumphantly the whole fleete lay within the very mouth of the Thames, all from ye North foreland, Margate, even to ye buoy of the Nore—a dreadful spectacle as ever English men saw, and a dishonour never to be wip'd off! Those who advis'd his Maty to prepare no fleete this spring deserv'd—I know what."

Truly, the Dutch in the Thames and Medway, burning our shipping, carrying off our *Royal Charles*, terrifying our people, and exposing our negligence, was a "dreadful spectacle" for all England. The "resolute enemy" hovered off our coasts for some little while longer, but before they had decided on any further assaults peace was signed at Breda, in which the Honour of the Flag—that is, the right to salute from the ships of other nations in the Narrow Seas—was confirmed to England, in spite of recent distresses. On August 24, 1667, "Peace with the States-General, France and Denmark, was this day proclaimed at London and Westminster," says that little contemporary publication, Crook's *Historian's Guide.*

CHAPTER VII

THE AFTERMATH OF INVASION

PEACE was signed at Breda—but there was little peace in the hearts of good Englishmen at home. In illustration of the general dissatisfaction and soreness Pepys tells how, "It was pleasantly said by a man in this City, a stranger, to one, that told him the peace was concluded, 'Well,' says he, 'and have you a peace?' 'Yes,' says the other. 'Why then,' says he, 'hold your peace!' Partly reproaching us with the disgracefulness of it, that it is not fit to be mentioned; and next, that we are not able to make the Dutch keep it, when they have a mind to break it."

Pepys was in much distress as to the state of affairs, and in the *Diary* alternates between contempt—"it is pretty odd to see how everybody, even at this high time of danger, puts business off of their own hands!"—and something approaching despair at Court incompetence and indifference, and the active disaffection in the navy itself. This had reached a serious pitch, for many of the seamen had revolted against their bad treatment and being paid by ticket instead of money, and the result of this was, as Pepys was told by a man lately come from Chatham, "that he himself (I think he said) did

hear many Englishmen on board the Dutch ships speaking to one another in English; and that they did cry and say, 'We did heretofore fight, for tickets; now we fight for dollars!' and did ask how such and such a one did, and would commend themselves to them: which is a sad consideration. And Mr. Lewes (who was present at this fellow's discourse to me) did tell me, that he is told that when they took *The Royal Charles*, they said that they had their tickets signed (and showed some), and that now they come to have them paid, and would have them paid before they parted. . . . And indeed the hearts as well as affections of the seamen are turned away; and in open streets in Wapping, and up and down, the wives have cried publickly, 'This comes of your not paying our husbands; and now your work is undone, or done by hands that understand it not.'"

"The dismay that is upon us all," says Pepys a little later, "in the business of the kingdom and Navy at this day, is not to be expressed." At the Council table "they were to fall together by the ears," accusing one another of being guilty of the disastrous advice of laying up the great ships, which brought about all the trouble. The people ran about the streets as confused as at the time of the Great Fire, crying out upon their rulers, smashing the windows of Lord Chancellor Clarendon's house, cutting down his trees, and chalking upon his door the words, "Three sights to be seen; Dunkirke, Tangier, and a barren queene." They declared they were bought and sold, governed by Papists—nothing was too mad or bad to say at that distracted time.

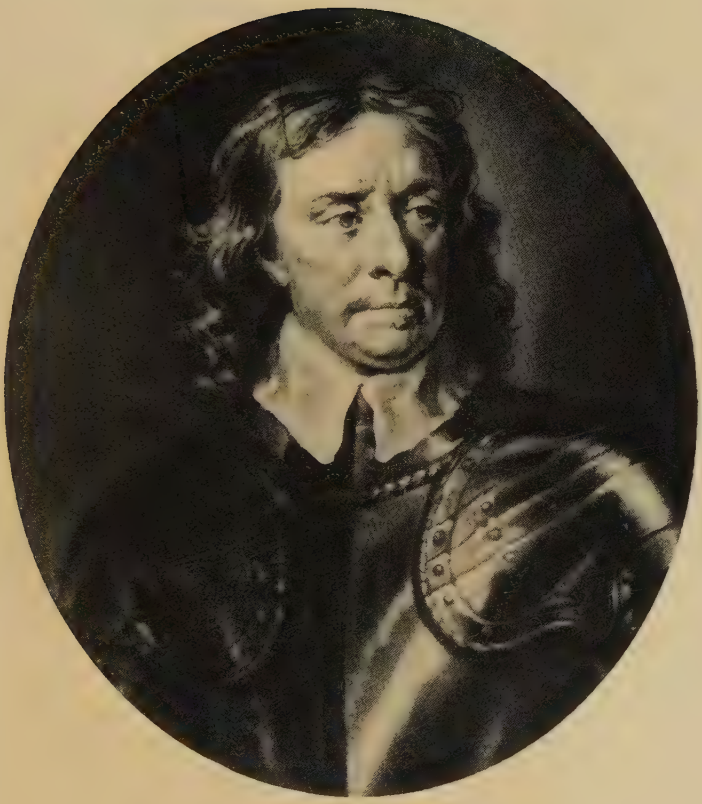
And the worst of all was that except in the very

first shock of it nothing, apparently, would induce the king to regard the state of affairs seriously. "Sir H. Cholmly come to me this day," writes Pepys on the 22nd of June, "and tells me the Court is as mad as ever ; and that the night the Dutch burned our ships the King did sup with my Lady Castlemaine, at the Duchesse of Monmouth's, and there were all mad in hunting of a poor moth." The state of England was truly bad, with "a lazy Prince, no Council, no money, no reputation at home or abroad." Another Court gossip, "speaking of the horrid effeminacy of the King," told Pepys "that the King hath taken ten times more care and pains in making friends between my Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart, when they have fallen out, than ever he did to save his kingdom."

Pepys' final conclusion on the war (and it was a bitter one to him) was that "in all things, in wisdom, courage, force, knowledge of our own streams, and success, the Dutch have the best of us." But though king and Court might be ready to pocket the Dutch shame—"they do begin already to damn the Dutch and call them cowards at Whitehall," says Pepys, "and think of them and their business no better than they used to do ; which is very sad,"—and turn again to the great business of amusement, the nation was not so ready to forget, the nation cried out for inquiry and the satisfaction of a scapegoat. The first offering was Peter Pett, the Navy Commissioner at Chatham, who was brought to the Tower, "which puts me into a fright," says Pepys, "lest they may do the same with us as they do with him."

On the 19th of June Pepys was told to attend the Council with all his books and papers "touching the Medway." He did so with an internal shiver, "I was ready to fear some mischief to myself, though it appears most reasonable that it is to inform them about Commissioner Pett." After he had explained to the Council what had been done—or left undone—for the safeguarding of Chatham and other places, "Then was Peter Pett called in, with the Lieutenant of the Tower. He was in his old clothes, and looked most sillily," says Pepys unkindly. "His charge was chiefly the not carrying up of the great ships, and the using of the boats in carrying away his goods; to which he answered very sillily, though his faults to me seem only great omissions."

But this more lenient view was not taken by the Council, the Navy Board must have some one on whom to lay the popular blame, and so, "Lord Arlington and Coventry very severe against him; the former saying that, if he was not guilty the world would think them all guilty." After some further discussion Pett was bidden to withdraw, and the Council broke up. "So I away back with my books and papers," says Pepys, "and when I got into the Court it was pretty to see how people gazed upon me, that I thought myself obliged to salute people and to smile, lest they should think I was a prisoner too," that little candid confession of a poor thought is characteristic of Pepys! He had some justification for the idea, as the next day the town gossip was that he and Peter Pett were both in the Tower together. But the naval disasters could not be laid at the door of the hard-working and able Clerk of



OLIVER CROMWELL, BY SIR P. LELY.

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the Acts : he carried a good conscience in the matter, though he, like all his colleagues, had been necessarily involved in the general insufficiency of preparation owing to shortage of money, many times as he had pointed out to his superiors the disastrous consequences of economizing on the safeguard of the nation. "The officers of the Navy are cried out upon," he says, meaning the officers of the Navy Board, "and a great many greater men ; but do think that I shall do well enough ; and I think, if I have justice, I shall."

At the time of all these troubles there is a significant entry in the *Diary* : "It is strange how everybody do now-a-days reflect upon Oliver, and command him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbour princes fear him ; while here a prince, come in with all the love and prayers and good liking of his people, who have given greater signs of loyalty and willingness to serve him with their estates than ever was done by any people, hath lost all so soon, that it is a miracle what way a man could devise to lose so much in so little time."

Not so strange, after all, that men should reflect upon Cromwell. Under his strong rule the Dutch did not burn English shipping, nor the King of France make mock and say that he knew no reason why his cousin of England should not be as willing to let him have his kingdom, as that the Dutch should take it from him. People did not scoff either at war or peace when made by Cromwell.

When Parliament met, Pepys' honest wish—not written, be it remembered, for effect—was "that they will fall foul upon the faults of the Government ;

and I pray God that they may be permitted to do it, for nothing else, I fear, will save the King and kingdom than the doing it betimes." In his speech in October the king promised Lords and Commons that they should "call to account what and whom they pleased." And promptly they fell to work and chose a committee "to inquire into the miscarriages of the war." On the 20th of that month Pepys writes: "This morning is brought to me an order for the presenting the Committee of Parliament to-morrow with a list of the commanders and ship's names of all the fleets set out since the war, and particularly of those ships which are divided from the fleet with Prince Rupert; which gives me occasion to see that they are busy after that business, and I am glad of it." Then even as he goes on to congratulate himself he suddenly drops to a level that in public affairs is not usual with him: "I am glad to hear that in the world I am as kindly spoke of as anybody; for, for aught I see, there is bloody work like to be, Sir W. Coventry having been forced to produce a letter in Parliament, wherein the Duke of Albemarle did from Sheernesse write in what good posture all things were at Chatham, and that they were so well placed that he feared no attempt of the enemy: so that, among other things, I do see everybody is upon his own defence, and spares not to blame another to defend himself; and the same course I shall take. But God knows where it will end!" Hearing after this that the Duchess of Albemarle had spoken well of him, he takes heart of grace: "She believed that I was safe, and hath done well; and so, I thank God, I hear everybody

speaks of me; and indeed I think, without vanity, I may expect to be profited rather than injured by this inquiry which the Parliament makes into business."

All these fluctuating entries are made under the same date.

The next day he went to Westminster, prepared to meet the Committee of Inquiry, but was only told to come again the following afternoon and bring his "fellow-officers" with him. As he left he ran across his cousin Roger Pepys and they walked in Westminster Hall together, talking over the troubled state of affairs. Pepys says that his cousin "bids me prepare to answer to everything; for they do seem to lay the business of Chatham upon the Commissioners of the Navy, and they are resolved to lay the fault heavy somewhere, and to punish it: and prays me to prepare to save myself, and gives me hints what to prepare against; which I am obliged to him for."

The 22nd of October dawned with some trepidation for the Clerk of the Acts. "Slept but ill all the last part of the night," he writes, "for fear of this day's success in Parliament: therefore up, and all of us all the morning close, till almost two o'clock, collecting all we had to say and had done from the beginning, touching the safety of the River Medway and Chatham." The story must be told in his own words: "I had a chair brought me to lean my books upon; and so did give them such an account, in a series of the whole business that had passed the Office touching the matter, and so answered all questions given me about it, that I did not perceive but they were fully satisfied with me and

the business as to our Office." Pepys discoursed at such length that candles had to be brought for him to read his papers by. Whatever effect his defence of the Navy Board might make upon the committee, he was not favourably impressed on his own side: "But, Lord! what a tumultuous thing this committee is, for all the reputation they have of a great Council, is a strange consideration; there being as impertinent questions, and as disorderly proposed, as any man could make."

Peter Pett was called on to answer for himself, after Pepys had set forth the case of the Navy Board, as with him it had lain to execute their orders: "But Commissioner Pett of all men living did make the weakest defence of himself: nothing to the purpose, nor to satisfaction, nor certain; but sometimes one thing and sometimes another, sometimes for himself and sometimes against him; and his greatest failure was (that I observed) from his considering whether the question propounded was his part to answer or no, and the thing to be done was his work to do: the want of which distinction will overthrow him."

But if Pett's answers failed to give satisfaction, the Clerk of the Acts saved the Navy Board for the time, "none of my brethren said anything but me there." When they were all dismissed by the House, "my cosen Roger Pepys did come out and joy me in my acquitting myself so well, and so did several others, and my fellow-officers all very briske to see themselves so well acquitted; which makes me a little proud, but yet not secure but we may yet meet with a back-blow which we see not."

No wonder he felt a little uneasy when, as he says, "I perceive the whole world is at work in blaming one another." But there was some little praise to be snatched out of it also, for the House passed a vote of thanks to Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle "for their care and conduct in the last year's war; which," says Pepys, "is a strange act: but, I know not how the blockhead Albemarle hath strange luck to be loved, though he be (and every man must know it) the heaviest man in the world, but stout and honest to his country."

For a time the Chatham inquiry blew over, public attention being absorbed in the greater matter of Lord Clarendon's impeachment. Towards the end of the year Pepys had another of his frequent discourses with Sir W. Coventry: "Our discourse was upon every thing: the unhappiness of having our matters examined by people that understood them not; that it is better for us in the Navy to have men that do understand the whole, and that are not passionate; that we that have taken the most pains are called upon to answer for all crimes, while those that, like Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, did sit and do nothing, do lie still without any trouble: that if it were to serve the King and kingdom again in a war, neither of us could do more, though upon this experience we might do better than we did: that the commanders, the gentlemen that could never be brought to order, but undid all, are now the men that find fault and abuse others . . . that the serving a prince that minds not his business is most unhappy for them that serve him well."

From which it will be seen that Pepys was in a

state of some soreness and indignation at the general miscarriage of public affairs. But he himself had fully earned the honourable reputation of being "a man of the old way of taking pains." Some while later he declared he was "become the hackney of this Office in perpetual trouble and vexation that need it least." Sir William Coventry said to him on one occasion that if ever there was another Dutch War they should not find a secretary in him; "Nor," Pepys answered, "a Clerk of the Acts, for I see the reward of it; and, thank God, I have enough of my own to buy me a book and a good fiddle, and I have a good wife." Whereupon Coventry replied, "I have enough to buy me a good book, and shall not need a fiddle because I have never a one of your good wives."

Early in the following year the delayed storm broke over the heads of the officers of the Navy Board—some members demanding in the House of Commons that the "principal officers," including, of course, the Clerk of the Acts, should be dismissed. It was presently decided that they should be heard at the Bar of the House upon their defence. Pepys was "mightily troubled" at this news, though as he says, "I have the least cause to be concerned in it." But he was warned by his friendly cousin, Roger Pepys, that there were many who desired to have them out of their places, and that "the House is so furious and passionate" that nobody can be secure, let him deserve never so well.

In the intervening days Pepys prepared the defence not of himself, but of the whole Navy Board, and he was spurred to do this well not only by the

natural desire to justify their acts before the country, but by a touch of wholesome anger against those who would save themselves at the cost of pushing their colleagues overboard into the sea of public indignation. March 3, 1667–68, he writes: "Up betimes to work again, and then met at the Office, where to our great business of this answer to the Parliament; where to my great vexation I find my Lord Brouncker prepared only to excuse himself, while I, that have least reason to trouble myself, am preparing with great pains to defend them all: and more, I perceive he would lodge the beginning of discharging ships by ticket upon me; but I care not, for I believe I shall get more honour by it when the Parliament against my will shall see how the whole business of the Office was done by me."

On the 5th of March he records the issues of the momentous day, which began nervously—it hardly being a happy occasion for any man to be summoned to the Bar of the House, no matter how clear his conscience—and ended to his great honour and satisfaction. "To Westminster; where I found myself come time enough, and my brethren all ready. But I full of thoughts and trouble touching the issue of this day: and to comfort myself did go to the Dog and drink half-a-pint of mulled sack, and in the hall did drink a dram of brandy at Mrs. Hewlett's; and with the warmth of this did find myself in better order as to courage, truly. So we all up to the lobby; and between eleven and twelve o'clock were called in, with the mace before us, into the House; where a mighty full House: and we stood at the bar, namely, Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, Sir T.

Harvey, and myself, W. Pen being in the House as a member. I perceive the whole House was full of expectation of our defence what it would be, and with great prejudice."

This was one of the many memorable scenes in St. Stephen's Chapel, the old House of Commons, when Samuel Pepys stood up at the Bar to speak before his countrymen of his and his colleagues' charge of the navy; the House in which he spoke, the rafters that echoed to his voice, have long since gone up in smoke, but the situation and dimensions of St. Stephen's Chapel are fairly represented by the gallery that connects the Strangers' Entrance of the present House of Commons with the Central Lobby. In that narrow space the Long Parliament of famous memory sat, there came Charles I in his attempted violation of the liberty of his subjects, and there too came Cromwell with thundering footsteps, and his exclamation of "Take away those baubles." In that old Parliament House there was a large Gothic window behind the Speaker's chair, and from it could be seen "sweete Thames" running softly, backed by the green Lambeth fields. Between St. Stephen's Chapel and the river was nothing but a small garden with its wall and the water-stairs at which Pepys and the men of his time so often landed when the Thames was still the great highway. To one side of the House of Commons was Westminster Hall, which yet survives in unaltered outline, with gabled houses lying between it and the river, while set yet further back was the beautiful Abbey, with high level roof line, unbroken by towers, with flying buttresses, and lovely Gothic windows—the Abbey

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that had passed unscathed through the time of the Great Fire.

So it is in that old Parliament House, on that floor of famous happenings, that Pepys must be pictured standing to answer the country's charges. "After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House, and read the report of the Committee," he says, "I began our defence most acceptably and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or losse, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that time till past three in the afternoon; and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker but we withdrew. And there all my fellow-officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congratulate me, and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard; and my fellow-officers were overjoyed in it. And we were called in again by and by to answer only one question touching our paying tickets to ticket-mongers; and so out. And we were in hopes to have had a vote this day in our favour, and so the generality of the House was; but my speech was so long, many had gone out to dinner and come in again half-drunk. . . . However, it is plain we have got great ground; and everybody says I have got the most honour that any could have had opportunity of getting: and so our hearts mightily overjoyed at this success."

Next day the Clerk of the Acts got many further congratulations on his fine and able speech. Sir William Coventry greeted him with "Good-morrow Mr. Pepys, that must be Speaker of Parliament House," and protested that he had "got honour for

ever." He was told by another that he would earn not less than £1000 a year if he would "put on a gown and plead at the Chancery-bar"; while the Solicitor-General declared he thought that Pepys "spoke the best of any man in England." After absorbing this grateful diet of compliments the Clerk of the Acts went to Whitehall, and there so soon as he saw him the Duke of York, says Pepys, "told me with great satisfaction that I had converted a great many yesterday, and did with great praise of me go on with the discourse with me." Then in Hyde Park he overtook the king, who graciously said, "Mr. Pepys, I am very glad of your success yesterday." For the whole of that day Pepys' walks about London were a sort of triumphal procession: "Everybody that saw me almost came to me, as Joseph Williamson and others, with such eulogys as cannot be expressed. From thence I went to Westminster Hall, where I met Mr. G. Montagu, who came to me and kissed me, and told me that he had often heretofore kissed my hands, but now he would kiss my lips, protesting that I was another Cicero, and said all the world said the same of me. Mr. Ashburnham, and every creature I met there of the Parliament, or that knew anything of the Parliament's actings, did salute me with this honour: Mr. Godolphin, Mr. Sands, who swore he would go twenty miles at any time to hear the like again, and that he never saw so many sit four hours together to hear any man in his life as there did to hear me. Mr. Chichly, Sir John Duncomb, and everybody do say that the kingdom will ring of my abilities, and that I have done myself right for my whole life; and so Captain

Cocke and others of my friends say that no man had ever such an opportunity of making his abilities known. And that I may cite all at once, Mr. Lieutenant of the Tower did tell me that Mr. Vaughan did protest to him, and that in his hearing he said so to the Duke of Albemarle, and afterwards to Sir W. Coventry, that he had sat twenty-six years in Parliament and never heard such a speech there before: for which the Lord God make me thankful; and that I may make use of it, not to pride and vain-glory, but that, now I have this esteem, I may do nothing that may lessen it!"

What a breathless and magnificent list! How carefully Pepys gathers up and treasures all the names and all the praises! But it was natural he should be a little exalted by the success of his great effort—he spoke three hours, and to such effect that nothing more was heard of the intention to dismiss the principal officers of the Navy Board. The Clerk of the Acts had saved them and himself, and out of all the froth of compliments emerges the solid fact of his ability and integrity—ability that will stand the test of any age, and integrity as that virtue was understood in the time of Charles II. That Pepys made money by the sale of contracts is undeniable, but it is also undeniable that his standard of honour in all that concerned the navy was far higher than the standard of his day. To rise to the heights of abstract and permanent morality requires the temper of the hero or the saint, and there was nothing of either in the heart of comfortable and industrious Samuel Pepys.

CHAPTER VIII

TOWN AND COUNTRY PLEASURES

In spite of the three terrific happenings of plague, fire, and war, life in Restoration London was very gay for sociable and popular people like Samuel Pepys and his pretty young wife. There never was any one born so fitted to enjoy it as Pepys himself—the minuteness of his observation, the richness of his interest, his curious compound of simplicity and worldliness, have overflowed into the pages of his *Diary*, and made it for all time a picture of the England of his day. It is almost impossible to imagine the London of the mid-seventeenth century without Pepys—many a greater figure could be better spared. There was hardly an interest of his time that did not touch him, whether it were the business of the Dutch War, the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral after the Great Fire, the affairs of the Royal Society, Prince Rupert's process of mezzo-tinto, the pleasures of the play, or the fashion of a patch or periwig. He is like a mirror faithfully reflecting all things both great and small.

The Clerk of the Acts (and later the Secretary of the Admiralty) was a responsible and important and most hard-working person with whom Samuel Pepys, Esquire (a form of address that had much pleased

him in his earlier years) had very little concern when he was setting forth to amuse himself. He took the most intense pleasure in fine clothes, pretty women, and the play. The references to clothes, his own or his wife's, in the *Diary*, are of a feminine frequency. He records the day in 1660 when he put on a silk suit, the first he ever wore in his life, and then a couple of years later writes, "Put on my first new lace-band; and so neat it is, that I am resolved my great expence shall be lace-bands, and it will set off any thing else the more." But if he liked to be fine he also liked to economize, and nothing could be more truly Pepysian than this, written at the time of the queen's serious illness in the winter of 1663: "This morning, hearing that the Queene grows worse again, I sent to stop the making of my velvet cloak, till I see whether she lives or dies." The simplicity of some of his remarks is charming, as when he says: "About ten o'clock I dressed myself, and so mounted upon a very pretty mare, sent me by Sir W. Warren, according to his promise yesterday. And so through the City, not a little proud, God knows, to be seen upon so pretty a beast."

Another thing that is charming about Pepys is his pride in his wife's looks and gowns—though he was inclined to treat her rather meanly about money at times. Mrs. Pepys was young and very attractive, and she thoroughly enjoyed adorning her person. Her husband, though so apt to follow the fashion, had certain prejudices against which she was inclined to rebel—he did not like her to add artificially to her abundant curls, or to dress them in certain ways; for a time he disapproved of her wearing patches,

but later he yielded this point, and writes, "My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch." When he took her to Court he says: "The Princesse Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her haire frized short up to her eares, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she." On a later occasion when he and his wife were at the playhouse and near the too-famous Lady Castlemaine, whose looks he greatly admired, he decided that his wife was "as pretty as any of them." She certainly sounds pretty from some of his descriptions: "My wife extraordinary fine to-day in her flower tabby suit . . . everybody in love with it, and indeed she is very fine and handsome in it." Like Herrick, Pepys could truly say—

> "When I behold another grace
> In the ascent of curious lace, . . .
> Next, when those lawny films I see
> Play with a wild civility,
> And all those airy silks to flow,
> Alluring me, and tempting so:
> I must confess mine eye and heart
> Dotes less on Nature than on Art."

Dress at the time of the Restoration was both rich and graceful. The stiff exaggerations of the Elizabethan age were past, the ruff and hoop and rigid stomacher had given place to the falling laces, the elbow ruffles, and the "tempestuous petticoat."

By 1668 Mrs. Pepys, who began as the wife of a

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poor man, had acquired a little store of jewellery, in which both she and her husband took much pride. One of the earliest allusions to jewels in the *Diary* is this, on September 5, 1660: "In the evening, my wife being a little impatient, I went along with her to buy her a necklace of pearl, which will cost £4 10*s*., which I am willing to comply with her for her encouragement." Then several years later Pepys writes: "This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewells, increased by the ring she hath made lately as my Valentine's gift this year, a Turkey stone set with diamonds: and with this, and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewells of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with."

Pepys was undoubtedly fond of money, he liked having it, he knew it was a bulwark against the things he disliked and had experienced—obscurity, discomfort, mean living. But he was not a miser, he valued money for what he could buy with it, he had better uses for it than hoarding. His hard early years had instilled into him some measure of caution which was perpetually clashing with his childlike delight in spending. In 1662 he wrote: "But though I am much against too much spending, yet I do think it best to enjoy some degree of pleasure now that we have health, money, and opportunity, rather than to leave pleasures to old age or poverty when we cannot have them so properly." He had a certain philosophy of his own, as when he said: "The truth is I do indulge myself

a little the more in pleasure, knowing that this is the proper age of my life to do it; and out of my observation that most men that do thrive in the world do forget to take pleasure during the time that they are getting their estate, but reserve that till they have got one, and when it is too late for them to enjoy it with any pleasure." He was thirty-four when he wrote that bit of true wisdom. On one occasion he was afraid lest "my too-much addiction to pleasure undo me."

One of the pleasures in which Pepys specially delighted was the play—indeed, so much was he given to this amusement that he was troubled about it, and (especially in the early years of the *Diary*) kept making vows against the habit of play-going as of wine-drinking, to which he was too much addicted. In 1662 he speaks of "making of my vowes against wine and plays, which keeps me most happily and contentfully to my business, which God continue!" But his resolution was perpetually breaking down, and he kept finding himself at the playhouse, much to his own surprise, as it were, and with a kind of feeling that if he kept quiet he would not notice he was there! But his natural liking for the stage was too strong to be suppressed, and later he gave up making and breaking vows and went as often as he had time. The list of plays he saw, mentioned in the *Diary*, is a very long and varied one, and ranges from Shakespeare to the most obscure Restoration rubbish. The comments on Shakespeare are curious; his works were tolerated, but not greatly admired. After seeing *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Pepys declared he would never see it again,

"for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." *Macbeth* he calls "a pretty good play," while he found that *The Tempest* "has no great wit, but yet good above ordinary plays." *The Taming of the Shrew* did not please him, it was "a silly play and an old one." He liked *Hamlet*, and especially admired Betterton in the title-part. *Othello* he had esteemed a "mighty good play" till he read *The Adventures of Five Hours* by the forgotten Colonel Tuke, but after that "it seems a mean thing"—an opinion that posterity has hardly endorsed.

His accounts of incidents and players on the stage are full of interest. He tells just the little things that history forgets. After the Great Fire, Pepys had some talk with Tom Killigrew, the stage-manager: "He tells me how the audience at his house is not above half so much as it used to be before the late fire . . . That the stage is now by his pains a thousand times better and more glorious than ever heretofore. Now wax-candles, and many of them; then not above 3 lbs. of tallow: now all things civil, no rudeness anywhere; then, as in a bear-garden: then two or three fiddlers, now nine or ten of the best: then nothing but rushes upon the ground, and everything else mean; now all otherwise: then the Queene seldom, and the King never would come; now, not the King only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any." In the Christmas week of 1667 Pepys writes: "To the King's House, and there saw *The Mad Couple*, which is but an ordinary play; but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts are

most excellent done, but especially her's: which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part, as the other day, just like a fool or a changeling; and, in a mad part, do beyond all imitation almost. It pleased me mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children brought on the stage: the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child and carried it away off of the stage from Hart."

There are several references to "pretty, witty Nell" Gynn in the *Diary*. On one occasion, after seeing Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*, Mrs. Knepp, says Pepys, "took us all in, and brought us to Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part Coelia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well: I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is."

Another time after having been to the theatre it is somewhat amusing to find Pepys moralizing as to the self-indulgence of the younger generation. "A mighty company of citizens, prentices, and others," he says, "and it makes me observe, that when I began first to be able to bestow a play on myself, I do not remember that I saw so many by half of the ordinary prentices and mean people in the pit at 2*s.* 6*d.* a-piece as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12*d.* and then the 18*d.* places, though I strained hard to go in then when I did: so much the vanity and prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular." To Pepys the first time he sat in a box was an occasion to be remembered—he went to the King's House to see a new play and

found that "though we came by two o'clock, yet there was no room in the pit, but were forced to go into one of the upper boxes, at 4*s.* a-piece, which is the first time I ever sat in a box in my life. . . . And this pleasure I had, that from this place the scenes do appear very fine indeed, and much better than in the pit." On this occasion there is also the characteristic little confession that "in the same box came by and by, behind me, my Lord Barkeley and his lady; but I did not turn my face to them to be known, so that I was excused from giving them my seat."

Pepys was a great admirer of pretty women—one of the reasons he so frequented the playhouse was that he might watch the beauties in the audience as well as on the stage. It added much to his happiness if the king and Lady Castlemaine were present, or the lovely Mrs. Stewart who sat as the model for Britannia on the Restoration coinage. Even in church he took an unabashed interest in the feminine portion of the congregation. On one occasion he went to the service at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and there, he says, "Did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done." He was a good deal disturbed at the plainness of the ladies who attended his own church, St. Olave's, Hart Street, "not one handsome face in all of them, as if, indeed, there was a curse, as Bishop Fuller heretofore said, upon our parish." Another time he went to Hackney Church: "A knight and his lady

very civil to me when they came, being Sir George Viner, and his lady in rich jewells, but most in beauty: almost the finest woman that ever I saw. That which I went chiefly to see was the young ladies of the schools, whereof there is great store, very pretty; and also the organ, which is handsome, and tunes the psalm and plays with the people; which is mighty pretty, and makes me mighty earnest to have a pair at our church, I having almost a mind to give them a pair if they would settle a maintenance on them for it."

So at Hackney Church he succeeded on that occasion in combining two of the things that pleased him most—pretty women to look at and music. His setting of several songs has already been mentioned, and he was always ready to experiment with a new instrument, to talk of music, or teach it to other people. Indeed his readiness in this respect was the cause of some jealousy on his wife's part in regard to her maid Mercer. "Thence home," says Pepys on July 30, 1666, "and to sing with my wife and Mercer in the garden; and coming in I find my wife plainly dissatisfied with me, that I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with her. Which I acknowledge; but it is because that the girl do take musick mighty readily, and she do not, and musick is the thing of the world that I love most." When he went with his wife to see a tragedy of Massinger's *The Virgin Martyr*, he did not think much of the play, "But that which pleased me beyond anything in the whole world, was the wind-musique when the angel comes down; which is so

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sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul . . . that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musique hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me; and makes me resolve to practise wind-musique, and to make my wife do the like."

The worldly prosperity of Pepys and his wife at this time was considerable, and because of it they were able to enjoy to the full all the luxuries of household furnishings, personal adornment, and general comfort and dignity that were offered by the London of their day. It would have been sad had Pepys continued poor, he got such a full-flavoured satisfaction from all his possessions. He delighted in inviting his friends to his house and displaying for their admiration his "good goods." But in the early half of the *Diary* he was still troubled with the fear of expense, the prudent side of his character pulling back the lavish and ostentatious one, as when he wrote early in 1664: "By discourse with my wife thought upon inviting my Lord Sandwich to a dinner shortly. It will cost me at least ten or twelve pounds; but, however, some arguments of prudence I have, which I shall think again upon before I proceed to that expense." But in later years there is no further talk of expense, and he records with pride how he had Lord Hinchingbroke, Sir Thomas Crewe, Mr. John Crewe, Mr. Carteret and Brisband to dinner with him: "I had six noble dishes for them, dressed by a man cook,

and commended, as indeed they deserved, for exceeding well done. We eat with great pleasure, and I enjoyed myself in it; eating in silver plates, and all things mighty rich and handsome about me." He gave a still handsomer dinner later on, when he had Lord Sandwich, Lord Peterborough, Lord Hinchingbroke, Sir Charles Harbord, and Sir William Godolphin, as his guests. He hired a man to come the day before to lay the cloth and fold the napkins, so anxious was he to have everything perfect. After welcoming his guests: "dinner was brought up, one dish after another, but a dish at a time; but all so good: but, above all things, the variety of wines and excellent of their kind I had for them, and all in so good order, that they were mightily pleased, and myself full of content at it; and indeed it was, of a dinner of about six or eight dishes, as noble as any man need to have, I think; at least, all was done in the noblest manner that ever I had any, and I have rarely seen in my life better anywhere else, even at the Court. After dinner my Lords to cards, and the rest of us sitting about them and talking, and looking on my books and pictures, and my wife's drawings, which they commended mightily; and mighty merry all day long with exceeding great content, and so till seven at night; and so took their leaves, it being dark and foul weather. Thus was this entertainment over, the best of its kind and the fullest of honour and content to me that ever I had in my life; and I shall not easily have so good again."

It is imaginable that even at Court the dinners were not always equal to Pepys' banquet, according

to this little story: once when Charles II was dining in state he bade the Count de Grammont notice that he was served upon the knee, an observance not common at other courts. "I thank your majesty for the explanation," said Grammont, "I thought they were begging pardon for giving you so bad a dinner."

The Duke of Albemarle, too, in spite of his wealth, had dinners that Pepys despised: "sorry company, some of his officers of the army; dirty dishes and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, of which I made but an ill dinner," he says petulantly, after having been to one of them.

When Pepys, on one occasion, takes account of his recent outlays it gives a good idea of the solid comfort of his establishment: "bless God, I find myself, notwithstanding great expenses of late; viz. £80 now to pay for a necklace; near £40 for a set of chairs and couch; near £40 for my three pictures: yet I do gather, and am worth £5,200. My wife comes home by and by, and hath pitched upon a necklace with three rows, which is a very good one, and £80 is the price. So ends this month with great layings-out. Good health and gettings and advanced well in the whole of my estate, for which God make me thankful!" Another recent expense was his new plate, which "sets off my cupboard very nobly." Some while later he had the panels of his dining-room adorned with "the four houses of the King," Whitehall, Hampton Court, Greenwich Palace, and Windsor.

Another cause of pride and importance as he became wealthy was a coach of his own, he no

longer finding a public vehicle fitting to one in his position. At the opening of the seventeenth century Stow had said, "Nowadays all the world goes upon wheels," but in reality it was only about 1634 that hackney coaches were first placed on hire at different centres of the town. The opening of the venture, which proved most successful and profitable, was four hackney coaches appointed to stand at the May-pole in the Strand, with drivers in livery who had instructions as to the rates at which they were to carry passengers to the several parts of London. In Pepys' day hackney coaches were in constant use and he frequently refers to them. In 1664 he began to think a public conveyance was not suited to his dignity and his exalted acquaintance. He describes how he went to Hyde Park and saw "many brave persons," and he was disturbed because "myself being in a hackney and full of people, was ashamed to be seen by the world, many of them knowing me."

After this it was only a matter of time and income before he had a coach of his own. Some while later he makes the first reference to the project: "I have a mind to buy enough ground to build a coach-house and stable; for I have had it much in my thoughts lately that it is not too much for me now in degree or cost to keep a coach, but contrarily, that I am almost ashamed to be seen in a hackney." He says he finds it "necessary for me, both in respect of honour and the profit of it also (my expense in hackney coaches being now so great), to keep a coach."

In October 1668, he bought his coach, and a

little later a fine pair of black horses. Thereafter the Pepys coach rides gaily through the pages of the *Diary*, to the immense satisfaction of its owner and the admiration of all onlookers. On the 30th of November he writes: "My wife after dinner went the first time abroad in her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs. Creed and my cosen Turner. Thus ended this month with very good content, but most expenseful to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet, and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I knew in the world; and I am put into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired." Then on the 2nd of December: "Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it." The next day the joy was just as fresh: "And so home, it being mighty pleasure to go alone with my poor wife in a coach of our own to a play, and makes us appear mighty great, I think, in the world; at least, greater than ever I could; or my friends for me, have once expected; or, I think, than ever any of my family ever yet lived in my memory, but my cosen Pepys in Salisbury Court."

In spite of his boasting there is something child-like and engaging in Pepys' delight in his new possession—he cannot suppress his conscious smiles, he gathers in the stares of passers-by and treasures them.

The coach makes one specially glorious appearance before the end of the *Diary*, on May-day,

1669: "Up betimes. My wife extraordinary fine with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now looked exceedingly pretty; and indeed was fine all over. And mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards thus gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all the day; the day being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain; and what made it worse, there were so many hackney coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's."

Long before he had a coach, when he was only thinking of the possibility, Pepys made a resolution "never to keep a country-house, but to keep a coach, and with my wife on the Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place, and then quit to another place; and there is more variety and as little charge, and no trouble, as there is in a country-house."

The *Diary* pleasantly records some of Pepys' little journeys with his wife. In October 1667: "Took coach to Audley-end, and did go all over the house and garden; and mighty merry we were. The house indeed do appear very fine, but not so fine as it hath heretofore to me; particularly the ceilings are not so good as I always took them to be, being nothing so well wrought as my Lord

Chancellor's are; and though the figure of the house without be very extraordinary good, yet the stayre-case is exceeding poor; and a great many pictures, and not one good one in the house but one of Harry the Eighth, done by Holben; and not one good suit of hangings in all the house, but all most ancient things, such as I would not give the hanging-up of in my house; and the other furniture, beds and other things, accordingly. Only the gallery is good, and above all things the cellars, where we went down and drank of much good liquor. And indeed the cellars are fine: and here my wife and I did sing to my great content. And then to the garden, and there eat many grapes, and took some with us: and so away thence exceeding well satisfied."

That night they went to Cambridge, and the next morning Pepys writes: "Up, and got ready, and eat our breakfast; and then took coach; and the poor, as they did yesterday, did stand at the coach to have something given them, as they do to all great persons; and I did give them something: and the town musick did also come and play; but, Lord! what sad musick they made!"

After the lapse of centuries we still can see that little picture of Samuel Pepys standing in the doorway of the "Rose" inn at Cambridge, his pretty wife peeping over his shoulder, waiting while his coach drew up, and distributing largesse, with much satisfaction to the beggars who regarded him as a "great person."

The next year, in June, he visited Oxford, which he calls "a very sweet place." From there he went

to Salisbury: "So all over the plain by the sight of the steeple (the plain high and low) to Salisbury by night; but before I come to the town, I saw a great fortification, and there light, and to it and in it; and find it prodigious, so as to fright me to be in it all alone at that time of night, it being dark. I understand since it to be that that is called Old Sarum." He also went to see Stonehenge, "over the plain and some great hills, even to fright us. Come thither, and find them as prodigious as any tales I ever heard of them, and worth going this journey to see. God knows what their use was: they are hard to tell, but yet may be told. Gave the shepherd-woman, for leading our horses, 4d." During this journey he saw another of those strange works that belong to the youth of the world. Pepys says: "Rode all day with some trouble, for fear of our being out of our way, over the Downes (where the life of the shepherd is, in fair weather only, pretty). In the afternoon come to Abury; where seeing great stones like those of Stonehenge standing up, I stopped and took a countryman of that town, and he carried me and showed me a place trenched in, like Old Sarum almost, with great stones pitched in it, some bigger than those at Stonehenge in figure, to my great admiration: and he told me that most people of learning coming by do come and view them, and that the King did so; and the mount cast hard by is called Selbury, from one King Seall buried there, as tradition says. I did give this man 1*s*. So took coach again, seeing one place with great high stones pitched round, which I believe was once some particular building, in some

measure like that of Stonehenge. But, about a mile off, it was prodigious to see how full the Downes are of great stones; and all along the vallies stones of considerable bigness, most of them growing certainly out of the ground, so thick as to cover the ground."

But the truth is that Pepys was too devoted a Londoner to be happy in the country for any length of time. He had a pretty taste for country pleasures, but his idea of the pastoral life was something like Touchstone's. "Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it is a good life, but in respect it is a shepherd's life, it is naught . . . in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious."

At the time of the Restoration, London and the country still went hand in hand, they were not divorced from all recognition of each other. The mention of the May-pole in the Strand shows how country pleasures came to town, and on May-day, as Herrick sings —

> "Each field turns a street; each street a park,
> Made green and trimmed with trees: see how
> Devotion gives each house a bough."

Stow, in the middle of his *Survey of London*, tells how on May-day, in the morning, every man, unless he were crippled, "would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds. . . . I find also, that in the month of May, the citizens of London of all estates, lightly in every parish, or

sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shows, with good archers, morris dancers, and other devices, for pastime all the day long; and towards the evening they had stage plays, and bonfires in the streets."

The Civil War and the shadow of the Puritans had a little dimmed these revelries in the reign of Charles II, but still the May-pole stood in the Strand, and on May-day it was the custom to rise early and fetch in greenery from the woods to deck the city houses. May-dew was still regarded as a miracle-worker for the complexion, and Mrs. Pepys would rise from her bed at four o'clock in the morning to go and bathe her face in it. On one occasion she went with her servant Jane and the faithful Will Hewer to Woolwich, "in order to a little ayre and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with; and I am contented with it," says her husband. On another May-day he unconsciously paints a pretty little picture: "To Westminster; in the way meeting many milk-maids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them."

Londoners then had not far to go for their country junketings. One June Pepys writes: "With my wife only to take the ayre, it being very warm and pleasant, to Bowe and Old Ford: and thence to Hackney. There light, and played at shuffle-board, eat cream and good cherries, and so with good refreshment home." Another time he writes: "I by

water to Fox-hall, and there walked in Spring-garden. A great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant, and it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will or nothing, all as one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and hear fiddles and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising."

There is also a very charming and simple account in the *Diary* of a discourse Pepys had with a shepherd upon the Epsom Downs: "So the women and W. Hewer and I walked upon the Downes, where a flock of sheep was, and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life—we found a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; so I made the boy read to me, which he did, with the forced tone that children do usually read, that was mighty pretty, and then I did give him something and went to the father, and talked with him; and I find he had been a servant in my cosen's house, and told me what was become of their old servants. He did content himself mightily in my liking his boy's reading, and did bless God for him the most like one of the old patriarchs that ever I saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world to my mind for two or three days after. We took notice of his woollen knit stockings of two colours mixed, and of his shoes shod with iron shoes, both at the toes and heels, and with great nails in the soles of his feet, which was mighty pretty; and taking notice of them, 'Why,' says the poor man, 'the downes you see are full of stones, and we are

faine to shoe ourselves thus: and these,' says he, 'will make the stones fly till they sing before me.' I did give the poor man something, for which he was mighty thankful; and I tried to cast stones with his horne crooke. He values his dog mightily, that would turn a sheep any way which he would have him, when he goes to fold them, told me there was about eighteen scoare sheep in his flock, and that he hath four shillings a week the year round for keeping of them; so we posted thence with mighty pleasure in the discourse we had with this poor man, and Mrs. Turner, in the common fields here, did gather one of the prettiest nosegays that ever I saw in my life."

Pepys shows an engaging side of himself in this account of his talk with the old shepherd—his kindliness and interest and simple pleasure in it all are worthy to be compared with a pretty passage about milkmaids in one of Dorothy Osborne's letters to Sir William Temple, or with the description of the delightful milkmaid and her mother that Piscator met in the *Compleat Angler:* "As I left the place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome Milkmaid that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale. Her voice was good, and with the ditty fitted for it; 'twas that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago, and the Milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

PROSPECT OF WHITEHALL.

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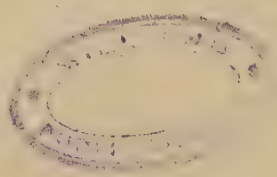
"They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age."

Surely it was the Golden Age when Pepys and Izaak Walton could meet shepherds who sat reading the Bible while they tended their sheep on the downs, and milkmaids who decked their pails with garlands, while Maudlin and her mother sang in turn, "If all the world and love were young," and that "smooth song"—

> "Come live with me and be my love,
> And we will all the pleasures prove
> That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
> Woods, or steepy mountain yields."

But to Pepys the country and all its pleasures was really only a diversion—his work, his interests, his amusements, all lay in London. He loved more to walk among his fellow men and women, to behold the coloured and moving pageant of life, than to court serenity under the bluest sky or in the greenest fields. Country happenings made a "most pleasant and innocent sight," upon which he gazed with great enjoyment and delicate appreciation—but when he had looked his fill he stepped into his coach and returned joyfully to "the quick forge and working-house of thought," where "London doth pour out her citizens."



CHAPTER IX

COURT AND KINGDOM

In the gravity of his courageous heart Cromwell said, "Let us all be not careful what men will make of these actings," continuing with the words, "they, will they, nill they, shall fulfil the good pleasure of God, and we shall serve our generation. Our rest we expect elsewhere: that will be durable."

With the latter half of this saying Charles II and his Court had neither concern nor understanding, but the first part they might have taken and twisted from its meaning to a motive for their conduct—to have done so was just the form of humour that appealed to Charles II; as when he solemnly told the Mayor of Dover on his being presented with a Bible on his landing, that it was "the thing that he loved above all things in the world," knowing that neither the good mayor nor the good people, enthusiastic for their new king, would perceive the sardonic little smile curving his dark cheek.

Another instance of Charles II's ironic humour was his saying, "It is my own fault that I had not come back sooner; for I find nobody who does not tell me he has always longed for my return."

But the glamour of the Restoration was wearing somewhat thin by 1667. The king had been so

little careful what men would make of his actings that the result was a certain restlessness and contempt among the more serious-minded of his subjects, a feeling emphasized by the disasters of the Dutch War, by religious dissensions, by fears of Catholic influence, by wild extravagance at Court and poverty and pinching in matters of State. The Puritan rule was gone, the Puritan ideals were scorned by the Comus' crew at Court, but the Puritan temper was deeply implanted in the mass of the people and in their representatives at St. Stephen's. The nation might masquerade in roses and revelry at the Restoration, because their king was young and had all the Stuart charm, they knew no ill of him, they were generously anxious to atone for his exile, to welcome him back from his travels, because more than all they were tired of uncertainties, and longed for the old government according to the Constitution of King, Lords and Commons. Never had monarch fairer prospects, and seldom, if ever, were such fair prospects flung away so idly as by that graceful cynic Charles II, who believed neither in men nor women, and who as a natural consequence found few men or women in whom it was possible to trust. The king set the model to the perfect courtier, who, according to a comedy of the time, must "dress well, dance well, fence well, have a talent for love-letters, an agreeable voice, be amorous and discreet—but not too constant."

It is neither necessary nor pleasant to describe life at Whitehall—the names of the famous ladies of the Court, and even more their faces, with the curiously bold and sleepy eyes, are sufficiently

eloquent. Nearly all that was good withered in that over-heated atmosphere. And what was not bad was flippant—the cut of the waistcoat, the style of the head-dress absorbing attention that had been better spent on better things. Evelyn wrote a little pamphlet, called *Tyrannus; or the Mode*, and on the 18th of October, 1666, he went to Court, where he saw the king attired for the first time in "the Eastern fashion of vest, changeing doublet, stiff collar bands and cloake, into a comely dress, after y^e^ Persian mode, with girdle or straps, and shoe strings and garters into bouckles, of which some were set with precious stones, resolving never to alter it, and to leave the French mode, which had hitherto obtain'd to our greate expence and reproch. Upon which divers courtiers and gentlemen gave his Majesty gold by way of wages that he would not persist in this revolution. I had sometime before presented an invective against that unconstancy, and our so much affecting the French fashion, to his Majesty, in which I tooke occasion to describe the comelinesse and usefulnesse of the Persian clothing, in y^e^ very same manner his Majesty now clad himselfe."

Pepys also constantly refers to the vagaries of the Court costume—it was a subject in which he took an immense interest.

The respective attitudes of Evelyn and Pepys towards the degradation of the Court are illuminating. Evelyn was a landed gentleman, sprung from a good family, and it was so simple and natural for him to go to Whitehall and Hampton Court, that he never thought about it. His ideal of a courtier

and a gentleman was based upon the examples of an earlier generation, grave and noble cavaliers like Lord Falkland and Lord Clarendon—men who had nothing in common with the Rochesters, the Buckinghams, and the Sedleys, who amused Charles II and horrified all decent-thinking people. Evelyn was so high-minded and also so imbued with respect for Royalty that he walked about the Court, and never saw the things that displeased him if he could avoid it. He drew out, so far as was possible, the better aspect of affairs. He speaks little of Lady Castlemaine, or the French King's paid emissary Louise de Querouaille, made Duchess of Portsmouth by the infatuated Charles; instead, he writes of the Royal Society, of chemical experiments, of art and literature, he introduces Grinling Gibbons and his marvellous carving to the king's notice. Occasionally some special scandal, some disgraceful gambling or other occurrence, forces itself upon his attention, and then he censures it in measured words, in which can be felt his moral distaste for all such happenings. But in general he refuses to either see or condemn the glaring follies of the Court. Such was Evelyn's dignified if somewhat ineffectual attitude.

The case of Pepys was different. He had not been born to Courts—he had all the middle-class admiration for titles. Whitehall excited him, he thrilled over glimpses of the great. Before he had any place or recognition at Court, he went to look on at the royal balls and masques, and came away hugging himself over the splendours he had beheld and the scandals he had picked up. It is not a nice attitude, though it is common enough. But under

all Pepys' meaner surface qualities, under his moth-like attraction to the gilded flame, lay something sounder and more lasting. By birth he belonged to the class which had been called the backbone of the English people, and deep in his heart he was really something of a Puritan. Again and again in the *Diary*, amid all his very evident passion for the good things of this world, speaks out the side of him that is sturdy and undazzled. "All may see," he says on one occasion, "how slippery places all courtiers stand in." Through his position as Clerk of the Acts he came to realize the way the affairs of the nation were let slip by a negligent king. In 1663 he speaks of "the unhappy posture of things at this time; that the King do mind nothing but pleasures, and hates the very sights or thoughts of business. If any of the sober counsellors give him good advice, and move him in anything that is to his good and honour, the other part, which are his counsellors of pleasure, take him when he is with my Lady Castlemaine, and in a humour of delight, and then persuade him that he ought not to hear or listen to the advice of those old dotards or counsellors that were heretofore his enemies: when, God knows! it is they that now-a-days do most study his honour." He regrets that Clarendon, the Lord Chancellor, in spite of long and faithful service, is put out of countenance by new favourites, and "he waits at Court attending to speak to the King as others do."

On another occasion a friend told Pepys, speaking of the Court, "of all places, if there be a hell, it is here. No faith, no truth, no love, nor any agree-

ment between man and wife, nor friends." And gradually from the badness of the times came regretful backward glances to the years when England really had a ruler: "At dinner, we talked much of Cromwell; all saying he was a brave fellow, and did owe his crowne he got to himself as much as any man that ever got one." When anything had to be done wise people were "fain to find out an old-fashioned man of Cromwell's to do their business for them." In Parliament after the Peace of Breda they remembered how England's safety was guarded by the Lord Protector: "Secretary Morrice did this day in the House, when they talked of intelligence, say that he was allowed but £700 a-year for intelligence; whereas in Cromwell's time he did allow £70,000 a-year for it: and was confirmed therein by Colonel Birch, who said that thereby Cromwell carried the secrets of all the princes of Europe at his girdle." The Puritans, says Pepys once, "being the people that at last will be found the wisest." So the pendulum that was swung out so wildly at Court swayed itself level in the mind of the nation.

Pepys has more personal comments than these to make upon Charles II: "To the Tennis Court," he says, "and there saw the King play at tennis and others: but to see how the King's play was extolled without any cause at all, was a loathsome sight, though sometimes, indeed, he did play very well and deserved to be commended: but such open flattery is beastly." Later on he says it is "to the King's everlasting shame to have so idle a rougue" as Rochester for his companion.

It will be seen that Pepys, though himself more

open to flattery, and in many respects a much smaller man than Evelyn, is the more honest and outspoken of the two.

But in spite of his faults Charles II was capable of the right and happy word upon occasion; capable, too, of generous feeling, though not of gratitude, that was too troublesome a virtue. Also he was a Stuart, which means he possessed some strange talisman of grace, which could blur many a mean impression with a glamour that caused men to lose lives and fortunes in his cause, as in that of his father before him. He might repay all sacrifices with no more than a gracious word, but (for the time at least) that word had the knack of seeming all sufficient. By an odd coincidence Pepys' and Evelyn's *Diaries* show the king speaking this word to each of them on two following days: this was in January 1665–66, after the Plague, when the Court had returned from Oxford to Hampton Court. Pepys writes, "Out comes the King, and I kissed his hand, and he grasped me very kindly by the hand . . . the King came to me of himself, and told me, 'Mr. Pepys,' says he, 'I do give you thanks, for your good service all this year, and I assure you I am very sensible of it.'"

Next day, the 29th of January, Evelyn tells a similar story: "I went to waite on his Majesty . . . he ran towards me, and in a most gracious manner gave me his hand to kisse, with many thanks for my care and faithfulnesse in his service in a time of such greate danger, when everybody fled their employments; he told me he was much oblig'd to me, and said he was severall times concern'd for

CHARLES II.

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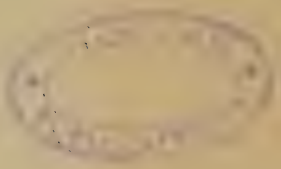

me, and the peril I underwent, and did receive my service most acceptably."

With empty heart and empty purse Charles Stuart had early learned the art of making a word and a smile pay his debts.

Charles II never stood by any one at any cost to himself, and never persisted in any plan if it met with the serious opposition of Parliament—he had learned one lesson from his father's death and had one fixed and firm determination, which was "not to set out on his travels again." His easy manners, his perpetual trifling and inordinate love of pleasure, concealed the fact that he had any purposes of his own. But the revelation of his correspondence and secret treaties with Louis XIV show Charles to have been not only a bad man, but a treacherous king, willing to aid his own schemes by the violation of his vows to the nation. But he cared for nothing and for nobody enough to fight in the open. When the storm of popular vengeance fell upon Clarendon, the companion of his exile, the king let it have its way. One of Charles I's last injunctions to his son—and the advice was freighted with the tragic memory of Strafford's death—had been "never to give way to the punishment of any for their faithful service to the crown upon whatsoever pretence or for whatsoever cause." But these words were quite forgotten. Evelyn says on August 27, 1667: "Visited the Lo. Chancellor, to whom his Maty has sent for the seales a few days before; I found him in his bed-chamber very sad. The Parliament had accus'd him, and he had enemies at Court, especialy the buffoones and ladys of pleasure, because he

thwarted some of them and stood in their way; I could name some of ye chiefe."

It was an ill thing to make enemies of the buffoons and ladies of pleasure at the Court of the Restoration.

A month or two later than this entry of Evelyn's Pepys met an old friend, "an understanding gentleman," he calls him, "and he and I walked an hour together talking of the bad prospect of the times. And the sum of what I learn from him is this: That the King is the most concerned in the world against the Chancellor. . . . That this Lord Vaughan that is so great against the Chancellor, is one of the lewdest fellows of the age, worse than Sir Charles Sedley; and that he was heard to swear he would do my Lord Clarendon's business. That he do find that my Lord Clarendon hath more friends in both Houses than he believes he would have, by reason that they do see what are the hands that pull him down; which they do not like. That Harry Coventry was scolded at by the King severely the other day; and that his answer was, that if he must not speak what he thought in this business in Parliament, he must not come thither. And he says that by this very business Harry Coventry hath got more fame and common esteem than any gentleman in England hath at this day, and is an excellent and able person. That the King, who not long ago did say of Bristoll, that he was a man able in three years to get himself a fortune in any kingdom in the world, and lose all again in three months, do now hug him and commend his parts everywhere, above all the world. How fickle is this man and how unhappy we like to be!"

That might well have been Clarendon's cry, but at least his downfall gave him the leisure in which to write that epic of the Great Rebellion with which he enriched his country's annals. Pepys has a philosophical reflection on histories when he says in regard to some contemporary happening, "which makes me mightily reflect on the uncertainty of all history, when in a business of this day's moment and of this day's growth, we cannot tell the truth."

However, the pursuit of abstract truth did not, as a rule, trouble him greatly. He had more comfortable employments. One of these was the gratification of his perpetual interest and curiosity about all fine, rare, or strange things. On one occasion he says: "In Whitehall; and Mr. Pierce showed me the Queen's bed-chamber, and her closet, where she had nothing but some pretty pious pictures, and books of devotion; and her holy water at her head as she sleeps, with a clock by her bed-side, wherein a lamp burns that tells her the time of the night at any time. . . . Thence he carried me to the King's closet; where such variety of pictures, and other things of value and variety, that I was properly confounded and enjoyed no pleasure in the sight of them; which is the only time in my life that ever I was so at a loss for pleasure, in the greatest plenty of objects to give it me."

A consuming curiosity about all things on the earth or under it, in the air or in the water, was the note of the age. This feeling found expression in the birth of the Royal Society. The ideas that Bacon had industriously sown had lain fallow while men were fighting for their political and religious

liberties and grappling with a king who upheld his "divine right" to rule against the wishes of his people. Life under the Commonwealth had been too stern and too much concerned with the affairs of another world to leave room for much curious inquiry into "carnal matters." But with the Restoration came an easier and wider age, which, while it resulted on the one hand in a moral laxness that disgraced most of the drama and much of the literature of the time, on the other produced the spirit of scientific curiosity that caused Bacon's ideas to spring up in renewed vitality.

On January 9, 1664–65, Pepys writes: "I saw the Royal Society bring their new book, wherein is nobly writ their charter and laws, and comes to be signed by the Duke as a Fellow; and all the Fellows' hands are to be entered there, and lie as a monument; and the King hath put his with the word Founder."

Bacon's name would have stood more fittingly as that of the Founder; but the king's interest in the Royal Society was genuine and his active patronage much to its advantage.

"The King," says Evelyn in 1662, "gave us the armes of England to be borne in a canton in our armes, and sent us a mace of silver gilt of y^e^ same fashion and bigness as those carried before his Ma^ty^, to be borne before our president on meeting daies." Charles II's intellectual pursuits were not many, but among them was that of chymistry and the science of navigation and shipbuilding. Anything connected with the sea pleased him, and he was fond of making experiments in his laboratory. Some of the Royal

Society's early experiments and demonstrations were of a curious and child-like description, and nothing came amiss, the Society took all knowledge for its province, and ranged from the grave to the ridiculous with a beautiful simplicity. Of experiments to amuse the king, Christopher Wren had said "the key that opens treasures is often plain and rusty but unless it be gilt 'twill make no show at Court." But out of even the most absurd experiments, which showed in what a tottering babyhood science then stood, came ideas and increase of wisdom.

Pepys gives an amusing account of a visit paid to the Royal Society by the eccentric Duchess of Newcastle, who had made herself the talk of the town by her extravagances: "I find very much company, in expectation of the Duchess of Newcastle, who had desired to be invited to the Society; and was; after much debate *pro* and *con*, it seems many being against it; and we do believe the town will be full of ballads of it. Anon comes the Duchess with her women attending her; among others the Ferabosco, of whom so much talk is that her lady would bid her show her face and kill the gallants. She is indeed black, and hath good black little eyes, but otherwise a very ordinary woman I do think, but they say sings well. The Duchess hath been a good comely woman; but her dress so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all, nor did I hear her say anything that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration, all admiration. Several fine experiments were shown her of colours, loadstones, microscopes, and of liquors: among others, of one that did while she was there turn a

piece of roasted mutton into pure blood, which was very rare. . . . After they had shown her many experiments, and she cried still she was full of admiration, she departed."

In 1667 Pepys records: "To Arundell House, to the election of officers (of the Royal Society) for the next year; where I was near being chosen of the Council, but am glad I was not, for I could not have attended, though above all things I could wish it; and do take it as a mighty respect to have been named there."

In later years both he and Evelyn were to have the honour of being President of the Royal Society.

Little has been said so far as to the friendship between these two men, whose names, by reason of their respective *Diaries*, are so inevitably linked together, in spite of striking differences of temperament and outlook. They were drawn together by many kindred interests; in one of his earliest references to him Pepys says: "Most excellent discourse with Mr. Evelyn touching all manner of learning; wherein I find him a very fine gentleman, and particularly of paynting, in which he tells me the beautiful Mrs. Middleton is rare, and his own wife do brave things." A month later (this was in November 1665) he made a pleasant visit to Evelyn at Sayes Court, who, says Pepys, "showed me most excellent painting in little; in distemper, Indian incke, water colours: graveing; and above all, the whole secret of mezzo-tinto and the manner of it, which is very pretty, and good things done with it. He read to me very much also of his discourse, he hath been many years and now is

about, about Gardenage; which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. He showed me his Hortus Hyematis; leaves laid up in a book of several plants kept dry, which preserve colour, however, and look very finely, better than an herbal. In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others. He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own that were not transcendant, yet one or two very pretty epigrams; among others, of a lady looking in at a grate, and being pecked at by an eagle that was there."

That makes a very interesting little picture of the two connoisseurs bending over their herbals and mezzo-tintos. Pepys has not the faintest wish to be spiteful, for he grew to admire Evelyn very much, but with what a light yet accurate touch he indicates Evelyn's little weaknesses and pomposities! "He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own that were not transcendent," is a perfect vignette of the poetaster in all times and countries.

At this time Evelyn would be forty-six years old and Pepys twelve years younger. The two friends must have been a sufficient contrast in appearance—Evelyn with his large and melancholy eyes, long nose, delicately cut mouth, and general air of the inward-brooding man; Pepys round, cheerful, wearing a look of prosperous assurance; a man of business, witness the beginning of that shrewd little

upright frown between the brows; a man of pleasure, see the comfortable curves of cheek and chin; his eyes gaze out with a self-contained alertness upon the world, there is no touch of the visionary in his face, but a solid, satisfied, and hearty look, with the lines of laughter round the eyes and lips most encouragingly defined. A thoroughly likable and friendly man, even if lacking in some of the finer perceptions. It was only in spiritual perception that Pepys failed—he had as quick an appreciation for the rare and beautiful, in spite of a much more imperfect training, as Evelyn himself. His interest in antiquities was just as great—even to the point of robbing the older connoisseur! Quite shamelessly he tells how he visited Mr. Evelyn, "where most excellent discourse with him; among other things he showed me a lieger of a Treasurer of the Navy, his great grandfather, just one hundred years old; which I seemed mighty fond of, and he did present me with it, which I take as a great rarity."

Pepys' and Evelyn's common interest in and concern for the Navy was one of the links between them. "Mr. Evelyn and I into my Lord Brouncker's coach," he says, "and rode together with excellent discourse till we come to Clapham. Talking of the vanity and vices of the Court, which makes it a most contemptible thing; and indeed in all discourse I find him a most worthy person. Particularly he entertained me with discourse of an infirmary, which he hath projected for the sick and wounded seamen against the next year; which I mightily approve of; and will endeavour to promote it, being a worthy

thing, and of use, and will save money." Another time he walked in Evelyn's garden at Deptford with him "with mighty pleasure, he being a very ingenious man; and the more I know him, the more I love him."

All this while there is no reference to Pepys in Evelyn's *Diary*, partly because it was not kept with anything like the minute faithfulness of Pepys' record, and also because the stately and self-contained Evelyn was probably not nearly so much interested in Pepys as Pepys was in him. He had not the wide-flung humanity of the younger man, his affections and his friendship were not nearly so accessible; in all aspects he was more stable and more reserved. There is only one reference to Pepys in Evelyn's *Diary* earlier than February 19, 1671 (when Pepys had over a year ago closed up his famous book), "This day din'd with me Mr. Surveyor Dr. Chrr. Wren, and Mr. Pepys, Cleark of the Acts, two extraordinary ingenious and knowing persons, and other friends."

But in the later life of both Pepys and Evelyn there was much intercourse—they had lived through troubled times together, as old men they had many mutual memories, and kept up a full and interesting correspondence which will be referred to in its due place.

Whitehall and Hampton Court were Charles II's principal places of residence, though the St. George's Day feast was often kept at Windsor. In 1666 Pepys visited Windsor and was much impressed with it, also with an anthem he heard sung in St. George's Chapel: "It is a noble place indeed," he says, "and

a good Quire of voices. Great bowing by all the people, the poor Knights in particularly, to the Altar. After prayers, we to see the plate of the chapel, and the robes of the Knights, and a man to show us the banners of the several Knights in being, which hung up over the stalls. And, so to other discourse very pretty, about the Order. Was shown where the late King is buried, and King Henry the Eighth, and my Lady Seymour. This being done, to the King's House, and to observe the neatness and contrivance of the house and gates: it is the most romantique castle that is in the world. But, Lord! the prospect that is in the balcone, in the Queen's Lodgings, and the terrace and walk, are strange things to consider, being the best in the world, sure."

But this "romantique castle" was too much out of the world for the King and Court. London was the centre of news and of life, and Whitehall was the centre of London. It was the rallying point for all who had ambitions or claims—for the embittered old Cavaliers who declared that the Bill of Oblivion and Indemnity which ushered in the Restoration was "a Bill of Indemnity for the King's enemies and of Oblivion for his friends"; for the new courtiers ready to sell their souls, had they possessed them, to the highest bidder; for the politicians ready to sell their country; and the ladies equally ready to make capital of their beauty. Lady Castlemaine regarded the national funds as her privy purse—money voted for ships went to buy jewels for her person or "massy silver" ornaments for her mantelshelf. She and Baptist May, Keeper of the Privy Purse, were hand-in-glove, and Pepys tells how

when asked to pay for some gold-plate she had purchased she said insolently to her woman, "Wilson, make a note for this and for that to the Privy Purse for money."

No wonder that the king was perpetually in debt, perpetually requesting his Parliament and people for money, perpetually dealing unjust favours to those who could pay for them, for Lady Castlemaine was but one among his costly favourites. Charles II was so shamelessly hardened that appeals to his honour and dignity glanced off him without the least effect. One brave man ventured to say boldly to him (Abraham Cowley was by at the time and heard it), "There is a good, honest, able man that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the Court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it." But the king would only smile at such a reproof—he seldom bore malice, because he took nothing to heart. One of the few occasions on which he was at all moved was by a Dutch cartoon at the time of the War depicting him standing between two women, each of whom had a hand in his pockets. He remembered this sufficiently to request Evelyn when he was writing a history of the Dutch War, to make his remarks "a little keen"—not because of the Dutch capture of the ship *Royal Charles*, but because the other Royal Charles was for once a little wounded in his feelings.

In general, however, he went his way entirely regardless of the straight sermons of his divines or the entreaties of his serious statesmen. Once another method was tried, and the attempt is usually credited to Andrew Marvell, poet, satirist, and member for Kingston-on-Hull. When Parliament met on April 13, 1675, a parody of the King's Speech was found scattered about the benches of the House of Commons, searching, humorous, plain-spoken, in which the king is made to give himself and his methods away most openly. It is so clever, so much to the point that some portions of it must be quoted—

"My Lords and Gentlemen, I can bear my own streights with patience, but My Lord Treasurer doth protest that the revenue as it now stands is too little for us both; one of us must pinch for it, if you do not help us out . . . I have a pretty good estate, I must confess, but Odd's fish, I have a charge on't . . . What then shall we do for ships? I only hint that to you, that's your business, not mine. I know by experience I can live without them; I lived twenty years abroad without ships and was never in better health in my life, but how well you can live without them, you had best try. I leave it to yourselves to judge, and therefore only mention it; I do not intend to insist upon that . . . I would have you believe of me as you always found me; and I do solemnly profess that, whatever you give me, it shall be managed with the same thrift, trust, conduct, and prudence and sincerity, that I have ever practised since my happy Restoration."

Marvell had most admirably caught the turn of the

king's peculiar humour, and his Majesty would laugh at it as heartily as any of his subjects.

Because he could laugh, because his manners were gracious, and his charm great, Charles II managed to retain the love of his ill-used queen and the affections of a large proportion of his subjects. He would discourse pleasantly on the hardships of his escape from Worcester to the country gentlemen who journeyed up through miry roads to kiss his hand at Whitehall, and had the wit to surround himself in his prosperity with all the glamour of an exile. Pepys heard this narrative often, and the first time he said: "It made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he . . . In another place at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fire-side, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying, that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless

him whither he was going." This place was the little fishing village of Brighthelmstone, and the inn was the "George." A later version of the story as Charles told it to Pepys was that when the innkeeper kissed his hand he said, "God bless you wheresoever you go! I do not doubt before I die, but to be a lord and my wife a lady."

The king dictated a full account of his escape after Worcester to Pepys, and that and a collection of papers relating to it, are now in the Pepysian Library.

Next in importance to Whitehall, in the estimation of those who would gather the news of the day, came the famous coffee-houses of Restoration London. They were club and newspaper in one—at the coffee-houses the news was circulated, discussions took place, political opinions were hammered into shape and hardness. The first coffee-house only dated back to the time of the Commonwealth and it had really originated for the drinking of coffee, but wherever men meet they will also talk, and the convenience and attraction of the first coffee-houses proved so considerable that they sprang up in great numbers. Different resorts became the head-quarters of differing political parties, of Puritan, or Court dandy, of the men of art and letters—Will's was the famous coffee-house frequented by Dryden—of the scientists and doctors, or of the Catholics. In these various coffee-houses simmered all the opinions and ideas of the day—for a time they were considered so dangerous as breeders of faction that an attempt was made to close them, but the outcry was too great: the Englishman of the 17th

century refused to be parted from his club, his gossip, his political tirade, and his tobacco. Pepys, as might be expected, was a frequenter of the coffee-house—of the famous house in Covent Garden he says on one occasion with a touch of mock-modesty unusual in the candid *Diary*, "Thence to the Coffee-house in Covent garden; but met with nobody but Sir Philip Howard who shamed me before the whole house there in commendation of my speech in Parliament."

In reality Pepys would have hurried to every coffee-house in London in quest of this sort of shaming—his own praises were particularly sweet in his ears. But it is easy to imagine he was popular enough with his associates and friends: he was a good talker, a great repository of news, for the meshes of the eager net he spread were so fine that they caught not only the big fishes but all the little fishes too, not one slipped through. It is this perpetual interest in life that makes the *Diary* so many sided, so oddly representative of the life of the age. Pepys was steeped to the lips in his own time, he absorbed it all, good and bad, he enjoyed it all—even when most irritated or most depressed, he is still interested. Moreover, his is the happy art of giving a little unconscious glimpse into himself when commenting on some extraneous matter. We see Pepys everywhere, and smile, more often than not, whenever we see him. Once he was shown some autograph letters of Queen Elizabeth's and the Queen of Scots', "very venerable names." "But, Lord!" is the truly Pepysian comment, "how poorly, methinks, they wrote in those days, and in what

plain uncut paper." He seemed to have some special feeling for Elizabeth, for on another occasion when he had seen a new play called *Queen Elizabeth's Troubles, and the History of Eighty eight*, he says, "I confess I have sucked in so much of the sad story of Queen Elizabeth from my cradle, that I was ready to weep for her sometimes." He was interested in dead queens, he was interested in living women, and when he could combine the two interests, as it were, he was not a little pleased. As the well-known story goes: "To Westminster Abbey, and there did see all the tombs very finely, having one with us alone (there being other company this day to see the tombs, it being Shrove Tuesday:) and here we did see, by particular favour, the body of Queen Katherine of Valois; and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a queen, and that this was my birthday, thirty-six years old, that I did kiss a queen."

That little tale has been often quoted to prove how bumptious and how vulgar Pepys was—but surely it bears another interpretation? In some respects the Clerk of the Acts, thirty-six years old, and man of affairs though he was, was also as simple and as exultant as a small inquisite child with eyes as round as saucers at the curious world he lived in. Without this inquisite and this childish quality the *Diary* as we know it could never have been written.

CHAPTER X

A DOMESTIC INTERIOR

In the privacy of his domestic heart Samuel Pepys displays a most curious mingling of qualities —he is at once mean and generous, untrustworthy, yet singularly patient and forbearing, secretly sly and genuinely candid, till the observer is quite bewildered, and can only cry with Hamlet, "What a piece of work is a man!"

Pepys and his wife Elizabeth began their life together in poverty in the little room under the roof at Lord Sandwich's, and gradually, and with many exclamations of satisfaction on Pepys' part, worked their way into more and more comfortable circumstances, till at last they were enjoying most of the luxuries of life—a good house, fine furniture, pictures, plate, several servants, handsome clothes, and a coach of their own. It is to be expected that Mrs. Pepys enjoyed these things as thoroughly as her husband, she was young and gay and fond of the world, full of the joy of living, though she also had a very passionate and excitable temper. So far as can be gathered from the references to her in her husband's *Diary* she was an impulsive, affectionate creature, much inclined to be jealous and petulant—she had good reason at

times—given to violent gusts of anger and tears, pretty, unreasonable, very feminine, just the sort of woman that Pepys might be expected to fall in love with and marry. They had great domestic squabbles, and made them up again with tears—and so minutely does Pepys detail these quarrels, and with such curious impartiality, that sympathy sways first to one side and then to the other, and judgment is left swinging with a provoking lack of equilibrium. It is difficult to condemn entirely such a candid sinner as Pepys. But in the quarrels between himself and his wife it is tolerably safe to say that in all the serious things he was the offender, in most of the little ones she was. Quite in the early years of their marriage Pepys discovered a paper on which his wife had written down all the "disagreeables" of her life, and he angrily burnt the little record in spite of her remonstrances.

Pepys was inclined to treat her rather as if she were a child (as she really was at the time of their marriage), and he refers to her little pursuits and talents with a slightly patronizing pride, as though she displayed precocity—"my wife lately busy in learning to paint, with great pleasure and success," he says once. It is not recorded that Mrs. Pepys ever achieved such results as Mrs. Evelyn, who presented one of her own pictures to Charles II, who received it with courteous delight, and ordered it to be put in his cabinet with his "best paintings." Another comment of Pepys' on his wife's efforts is—"saw some of her painting, which is very curious."

MRS. SAMUEL PEPYS, BY HALES.

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Probably Mrs. Pepys' artistic talents lay more in the direction of personal adornment—there are so many allusions to her clothes in the *Diary*: "With my wife, by coach, to the New Exchange, to buy her some things; where we saw some new-fashioned pettycoats of sarcenett, with a black broad lace printed round the bottom and before, very handsome, and my wife had a mind to one of them." The reference to buying her some things shows that Mrs. Pepys had not an allowance of her own, and this was a sore point with her. When they first married, Mrs. Pepys being so young, and her husband having hardly any money, it was natural that he should not make her an allowance—but he kept up this custom long after he could well have afforded to give her ample pin-money of her own. It was not till 1669 that Pepys yielded in the matter; on January 3rd, he writes: "So home; and to supper and read; and there my wife and I treating about coming to an allowance to my wife for clothes; and there I out of my natural backwardness, did hang off, which vexed her, and did occasion some discontented talk."

However Pepys might talk about his "natural backwardness," it was at least equally natural that Mrs. Pepys should wish to have some money of her own—especially remembering that earlier entry in the *Diary* wherein her husband sets down, quite unabashed, how he spent £55 on his own clothes and only £12 on hers, which is a very small sum for a pretty woman's dressing. But the next day he writes, "did of my own accord come to an allowance of her of £30 a-year for all expenses,

clothes and everything, which she was mightily pleased with, it being more than ever she asked or expected . . . and so home, and there with pleasure to read and talk, and so to supper, and put into writing, in merry terms, our agreement between my wife and me, about £30 a-year."

But Mrs. Pepys did not get her allowance till the closing year of the *Diary*, and it is necessary to go back and pick up one or two characteristic little touches relating to the Pepys' household. On one occasion they had a visit from Lord Brouncker, the first President of the Royal Society, and Mrs. Williams, who wished, says Pepys, to "see my house and my wife; which I showed them, and made them welcome with wine and China oranges (now a great rarity since the war, none to be had). My house happened to be mighty clean, and did me great honour, and they mightily pleased with it."

Pepys loved to show his house and his wife, and when he could afford it more easily was very hospitable. An account has been given of one of his big dinners, but he describes how at an earlier and simpler feast, "very merry we were with our pasty, very well baked, and a good dish of roasted chickens; pease, lobsters, and strawberries." Pepys did not, like one of his entertainers, have a venison pastry that "was palpable beef, which was not handsome"; nor treat his guests as he and his wife were once treated, "like strangers, quite according to the fashion—nothing to drink or eat, which is a thing that will spoil our ever having any acquaintance with them; for we do

continue the old freedom and kindness of England to all our friends."

As he became more wealthy Pepys also indulged his taste for pictures and house adornments —he was constantly having fresh hangings and upholsterings for his rooms: the references to household matters are inextricably woven in with national affairs in the *Diary*. He also had his own and his wife's portraits painted, and he was always wanting to buy pictures for his walls: "Called at Faythorne's to buy some prints for my wife to draw by this winter, and here did see my Lady Castlemaine's picture done by him from Lilly's [Lely's] in red chalke, and other colours, by which he hath cut it in copper to be printed. The picture in chalke is the finest thing I ever saw in my life, I think; and I did desire to buy it; but he says he must keep it awhile to correct his copper-plate by, and when that is done he will sell it me."

But his tastes naturally made inroads into his capital and at the close of 1666 he writes: "To my accounts, wherein at last I find them clear and right; but to my great discontent do find that my gettings this year have been £573 less than my last: it being this year in all but £2,986; whereas, the last, I got £3,560. And then again my spendings this year have exceeded my spendings the last by £644: my whole spendings last year being but £509; whereas this year it appears I have spent £1,154, which is a sum not fit to be said that ever I should spend in one year, before I am master of a better estate than I am."

Pepys' mother died in the spring of 1667: "Received from my brother the news of my mother's dying on Monday about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, and that the last time she spoke of her children was on Friday last, and her last words were, 'God bless my poor Sam!' The reading hereof did set me a-weeping heartily." With all his faults, Samuel Pepys was a tender-hearted man, good to his own family, good to his wife's impecunious parents and to her brother Balty. He writes in the *Diary*, "My wife this day hears from her father and mother; they are in France, at Paris; he, poor good man! thankful for my small charities to him."

Not content with having his portrait painted several times, Pepys also had a cast made of his head: "To the plaisterer's at Charing Cross that casts heads and bodies in plaister; and there I had my whole face done; but I was vexed first to be forced to daub all my face over with pomatum. Thus was the mold made; but when it came off there was little pleasure in it as it looks in the mold, nor any resemblance whatever there will be in the figure when I come to see it cast off." He had all a child's eagerness to see the finished result. Five days later he went again, "To the plaisterer's, and there saw the figure of my face taken from the mould; and it is most admirably like, and I will have another made before I take it away." He had his wife done a prettier way—by the brush of Samuel Cooper: "which he did to my great content, though not so great as I confess I expected, being not satisfied in the greatness of the resem-

blance, nor in the blue garment; but it is most certainly a most rare piece of work as to the painting. He hath £30 for his work, and the chrystal and case and gold case comes to £8 3*s.* 4*d.*"

So Pepys goes on his way through the *Diary*, contentedly adding one curious or beautiful object after another to his household treasures—and it is impossible to help feeling that even his gifts to his wife often took a form most pleasing to himself. Once he wished to make her a present, so he went "to the cabinet-shops, to look out, and did agree, for a cabinet to give my wife for a New Year's gift; and I did buy one costing me £11, which is very pretty, of walnut-tree, and will come home to-morrow."

But though he might give his wife walnut cabinets and a string of pearls and a "Turkey stone" ring set with diamonds, and other agreeable things, Pepys also gave her a great deal of unhappiness at one time by his behaviour to a maid of theirs called Deborah Willet. At all times he was inclined to be over-gallant, the age was not a scrupulous one, and he thought little harm in snatching a stray kiss. He has no hesitation in putting down in the *Diary* that when the widow of a naval officer came to see him in his capacity as Clerk of the Acts, he had "a kiss or two of her, and a most modest woman she is."

Mrs. Pepys, who probably knew her husband fairly well, was jealous of him and suspicious. She also seems to have been afflicted with a succession of pretty serving maids. It will be remembered that she had been jealous over Pepys' teaching one of them, Mercer, to sing. But that was a trifling

affair compared with the trouble she had over Deb Willet. The whole story is set down in the *Diary* with complete candour, and some attention must be paid to it, for though it is a common enough and sordid enough little tale, yet it throws an extraordinary light on Pepys' character: he behaved very badly, yet his genuine repentance (tinged as it was with hankerings after forbidden fruit), his prostration of spirit, and mental reservations, his patience under his wife's unending reproaches, and his doubt of the stability of his good resolutions—all make up a study, seldom surpassed in its minute faithfulness, of that curious complexity called the human mind. Pepys' very candour makes it difficult to condemn—he does not pose, he assumes no virtue that is not his, he tells the thing straight out, putting no gloss upor it, but standing by puzzled at his own badness, like a child confronted with his crime who cannot understand how he came to do such a thing. Man of the world though he might appear abroad, he did not adopt that attitude—the truly unpardonable one—in his own home, and that is the only redeeming feature of the story.

It all began simply enough. On October 15, 1667, he writes: "At noon home to dinner, and thence my wife and I and Willet to the Duke of York's house, where, after long stay, the King and Duke of York come, and there saw *The Coffee-house*, the most ridiculous, insipid play that ever I saw in my life, and glad we were that Betterton had no part in it. But here, before the play begun, my wife began to complain to me of Willet's confidence in sitting cheek by jowl by us, which

was a poor thing; but I perceive she is already jealous of my kindness to her, so that I begin to fear this girle is not likely to stay long with us."

Ten days later, his wife coming suddenly upon him, found him embracing Deb Willet: "I was at a wonderful loss upon it," says Pepys, "and the girle also, and I endeavoured to put it off, but my wife was struck mute and grew angry, and so her voice come to her, grew quite out of order, and I to say little . . . after her much crying and reproaching me with inconstancy and preferring a sorry girl before her, I did give her no provocation, but did promise all fair usage to her and love, and foreswore any hurt that I did her, till at last she seemed to be at ease again."

But naturally Elizabeth Pepys could not rest happily while the girl was in the house; she trusted her husband so little, in spite of his protestations, that, says he, "she will rise to see me out doors, telling me plainly that she dares not let me see the girle, and so I out to the Office." She was quite right, Pepys was not to be trusted—he appears to have become perfectly infatuated with Deb Willet for a time, and in spite of his wife's vigilance, threw her little notes and met her at every opportunity. One day in November when he returned home to dinner, "I found my wife mightily troubled again, more than ever, and she tells me that it is from her examining the girle and getting a confession now from her of all . . . which do mightily trouble me, as not being able to foresee the consequences of it, as to our future peace together. So my wife would not go down to dinner, but I would dine in

her chamber with her, and there after mollifying her as much as I could we were pretty quiet and eat, and by and by . . . we to talk again, and she to be troubled, reproaching me with my unkindness and perjury, I having denied my ever kissing her. As also with all her old kindness to me, and my ill-using of her from the beginning, and the many temptations she hath refused out of faithfulness to me . . . All which I did acknowledge and was troubled for, and wept, and at last pretty good friends again."

But this reconcilement only lasted a few hours, when the poor jealous young wife fell to tears and reproaches again, and could only be comforted by Pepys promising " that I would myself bid the girle be gone, and shew my dislike to her, which I will endeavour to perform, but with much trouble." So the next day : " I to my wife and to sit with her a little, and then called her and Willet to my chamber, and there did, with tears in my eyes, which I could not help, discharge her and advise her to be gone as soon as she could, and never to see me, or let me see her more while she was in the house, which she took with tears too, but I believe understands me to be her friend."

The departure of Deb Willet only brought a temporary peace, for Pepys was treacherous, "being in hopes to find Deb, and without trouble or the knowledge of my wife." He soon succeeded in his quest, and met her secretly on the 18th of November. The following day the *Diary's* record is : " Up, and at the Office all the morning, with my heart full of joy to think in what a safe condition all my matters

now stand between my wife and Deb and me, and at noon running upstairs to see the upholsters who are at work upon hanging my best room, I setting up my new bed, I find my wife sitting sad in the dining room, which enquiring into the reason of, she began to call me all the false, rotten-hearted rogues in the world, letting me understand that I was with Deb yesterday, which, thinking it impossible for her ever to understand, I did a while deny, but at last did, for the ease of my mind and hers, and for ever to discharge my heart of this wicked business, I did confess all, and above stairs in our bed-chamber there I did endure the sorrow of her threats and vows and curses all the afternoon, and, what was worse, she swore by all that was good that she would slit the nose of this girle, and be gone herself this very night from me, and did there demand 3 or £400 of me to buy my peace, that she might be gone without making any noise, or else protested that she would make all the world know of it. So with most perfect confusion of face and heart, and sorrow and shame, in the greatest agony in the world I did pass this afternoon, fearing that it will never have an end; but at last I did call for W. Hewer, who I was forced to make privy now to all, and the poor fellow did cry like a child [and] obtained what I could not, that she would be pacified upon condition that I would give it under my hand never to see or speak with Deb while I live, as I did before with Pierce and Knepp, and which I did also, God knows, promise for Deb too, but I have the confidence to deny it to the perjury of myself. So, before it was late, there was,

beyond my hopes as well as desert a durable peace."

Will Hewer, who was called in to take a part in this painful matter, appears to have been a most staunch and faithful person : beginning as half-clerk, half-servant to Pepys, and ending as his friend, his life-long friend—for it was in Hewer's house at Clapham that Pepys passed his last days. It says much for both Pepys and Hewer that he could have been admitted to knowledge of such an intimate affair and later set to keep a guard over his master's erring footsteps (as he was, at Mrs. Pepys' wish, and with Pepys' own consent), without the two men coming to dislike each other. Instead, the attachment between them increased from that time onwards.

Pepys seems to have been honestly wretched over his own conduct and his wife's grief: "being most absolutely resolved," he says, "If ever I can master this bout, never to give her occasion while I live or more trouble of this or any other kind, there being no curse in the world so great as this of the difference between myself and her, and therefore I do, by the Grace of God, promise never to offend her more, and did this night begin to pray God upon my knees alone in my chamber, which God knows I cannot yet do heartily ; but I hope God will give me the grace more and more every day to fear Him, and to be true to my poor wife. This night," he adds in childish fashion, "the upholsters did finish the hanging of my best chamber, but my sorrow and trouble is so great about this business, that it puts me out of all joy in looking upon it or minding how it was."

WILLIAM HEWER.

[*To face page* 186.

The next day he writes : " This morning up, with mighty kind words between my poor wife and I ; and so to White Hall by water, W. Hewer with me, who is to go with me everywhere, until my wife be in condition to go out along with me herself ; for she do plainly declare that she dares not trust me out alone, and therefore made it a piece of our league that I should always take somebody with me, or herself, which I am mighty willing to, being, by the grace of God, resolved never to do her wrong any more. We landed at the Temple, and there I bid him call at my cosen, Roger Pepys' lodging, and I staid in the street for him, and so took water again at the Strand stairs ; and so to White Hall, in my way I telling him plainly and truly my resolutions, if I can get over this evil, never to give new occasion for it. He is, I think, so honest and true a servant to us both, and one that loves us, that I was not much troubled at his being privy to all this, but rejoiced in my heart that I had him to assist in the making us friends, which he did truly and heartily, and with good success."

At the close of the day he says : " I did this night promise my wife never to go to bed without calling upon God upon my knees by prayer, and I begun this night, and hope I shall never forget to do the like all my life ; for I do find that it is much the best for my soul and body to live pleasing to God and my poor wife, and will ease me of much care as well as much expense."

After his grief, so that he even lost interest in the new hangings in his house, Pepys began to revive a little and take an interest in the things about him.

After talking to each other with "mighty content," Mrs. Pepys spent the whole of one day in looking to her adornment, which she had probably neglected during the miserable time past, and Pepys began with some cheerfulness, "knocking up nails and making little settlements in my house, till noon, and then eat a bit of meat in the kitchen, I all alone. And so to the Office, to set down my journall, for some days leaving it imperfect, the matter being mighty grievous to me, and my mind, from the nature of it; and so in, to solace myself with my wife, whom I got to read to me, and so W. Hewer and the boy; and so, after supper, to bed. This day my boy's livery is come home, the first I ever had, of green, lined with red; and it likes me well enough."

Pepys makes a very temperate comment on Will Hewer's constant supervision, which he evidently regarded as a just punishment for his sins; he says that Hewer "goes up and down with me like a jaylour, but yet with great love and to my great good liking it being my desire above all things to please my wife therein." He cheered both his wife and himself by going on a shopping expedition: "I took up my wife and boy at Unthank's, and from there to Hercules Pillars, and there dined, and thence to our upholster's about some things more to buy, and so to see our coach, and so to the looking-glass man's, by the new Exchange, and so to buy a picture for our blue chamber chimney, and so home; and there I made my boy to read to me most of the night, to get through the Life of the Archbishop of Canterbury. At supper comes Mary Batelier, and

with us all the evening prettily talking, and very innocent company she is."

The year closed, after that miserable November of 1668, in peace and contentment between husband and wife, "Blessed be God!" he writes, "the year ends, after some late very great sorrow with my wife by my folly, yet ends, I say, with great mutual peace and content, and likely to last so by my care, who am resolved to enjoy the sweet of it, which I now possess, by never giving her like cause of trouble."

But in spite of his care and good intentions little flickers of the past storm still played round his head. Mrs. Pepys was young and excitable and she found it difficult to forget her injuries or control her tongue. "Accidentally talking of our maids," writes Pepys on the 10th of January, "I said a little word that did give occasion to my wife to fall out; and she did most vexatiously, almost all the morning, but ended most perfect good friends; but the thoughts of the unquiet which her ripping up of old faults will give me, did make me melancholy all day long."

However great his original fault there is no doubt that Pepys displayed considerable patience and forbearance at this time, for as he says, "I do hate to be unquiet at home." He suffered a good deal under the lash of his wife's tongue, and the best he could say at the end of January is evidently written with a wry face: "And thus endeth this month, with many different days of sadness and mirth, from differences between me and my wife, from her remembrance of my late unkindness to her with

Willet, she not being able to forget it, but now and then hath her passionate remembrance of it as often as prompted to it by any occasion; but this night we are at present very kind"—evidently poor Pepys is uncertain how long the blessing will last.

When he took his wife to the theatre she returned in a "mighty ill humour," and he "found it to be from her observing Knepp to wink and smile on me, and she says I smiled on her; and, poor wretch! I did perceive that she did, and do all on such occasions, mind my eyes. I did, with much difficulty, pacify her and were friends."

Poor wretch, indeed. Her violent jealousy arose from her affection to her husband—and she was not wise enough or generous enough to forgive wholeheartedly and make the unhappy episode a stepping-stone to something better—instead she must "mind his eyes" and set a watch upon him, and make him and herself thoroughly miserable. It is to be feared that neither of them were big enough to look at the matter largely—yet after this Pepys was very kind to his wife, and paid her many tender little attentions, as this when she had toothache. "At noon, home and dined in my wife's chamber, she being much troubled with the tooth-ake and I staid till a surgeon of hers come, one Leeson, who hath formerly drawn her mouth, and he advised her to draw it; so I to the Office, and by-and-by word is come that she had drawn it, which pleased me, it being well done. So I home, to comfort her."

At this time Pepys was in need of some comfort himself in regard to his eyes. There are constant

references to his being read aloud to by his wife or Will Hewer, as he could neither endure to use his eyes much by candle-light nor to give up his reading. His first allusion to the trouble occurs quite early in the *Diary*, on the 5th of May, 1664; "my eyes beginning every day to grow less and less able to bear with long reading or writing, though it be by daylight; which I never observed till now." Four years later he complained that his eyes are very bad, but "I know not how in the world to abstain from reading." After that the references to his eyes are constant; a little later he says he is in much trouble for his eyes, "which are daily worse and worse, that I dare not write or read almost anything." On the 23rd of June, 1668, he went to a physician, "to Dr. Turberville about my eyes; whom I met with, and he did discourse, I thought, learnedly about them; and takes time, before he did prescribe me anything, to think of it." A few days later he went again to Dr. Turberville, "and there did receive a direction for some physic, and also a glass of something to drop into my eyes; he gives me hopes that I may do well." When he went to the theatre he was "in mighty pain to defend myself now from the light of the candles," and he constantly complains that writing up his *Diary* exhausts his eyes. As the *Diary* fills six volumes in shorthand and runs to upwards of three thousand pages in all, this is not surprising. Pepys was very secret about his *Diary*, and only once spoke of its existence and then at once regretted having done so. This was on a day in March 1669, when he found "Sir W. Coventry alone writing down his journall, which, he tells me,

he now keeps of the material things; upon which I told him (and he is the only man I ever told it to, I think), that I kept it most strictly these eight or ten years; and I am sorry almost that I told it him, it not being necessary, nor may be convenient, to have it known."

And then only two months later on the last day of May comes the closing entry of the *Diary*: "And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my journall, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand: and therefore, whatever comes of it I must forbear; and therefore resolve from this time forward to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or if there be anything, which can not be much, now my amours to Deb are past, and my eyes hindering me in almost all other pleasures, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add here and there a note in short-hand with my own hand.

"And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the Good God prepare me!"

It is a sad thing to say farewell to the Pepys of the *Diary*, to know there will be no more of those intimate self-revelations, those shrewd and candid and humorous asides, to see the smile fade from his mouth, the twinkle from his eye, and to know

that Pepys henceforward is a grave and decorous person, taking his part in big events like any other historical character. But we have this immense advantage—after living with him for eight years and a half we know him thoroughly, know how he thinks, and how he feels about all the things that make up human life: for though he has closed the *Diary* he has still a great many years to live and a great deal of work to do in the world. When he wrote that about "See myself go into my grave," he was only thirty-six.

Of course he did not go blind. Whether his alarm was unnecessary, and whether he might safely have continued the *Diary* which was as much a joy to him, its creator, as it has been to generations of readers, it is impossible to say. Perhaps had he continued his closely written pages of shorthand he might have permanently lost his sight. No one can tell—the only certain fact is that, whether through undue nervousness or timely precaution, he ended his *Diary* on the very verge of two most interesting decades, and thus the world lost a record of surpassing value.

Owing to the state of his eyes Pepys desired to take some rest from his work at the Navy Office, and on the 16th of May he had written in his *Diary:* "I all the afternoon drawing up a foul draught of my petition to the Duke of York about my eyes, for leave to spend three or four months out of the Office, drawing it so as to give occassion to a voyage abroad; which I did to my pretty good liking." On the 19th the Duke of York was pleased to approve Pepys' petition: "By and by the Duke

of York comes, and readily took me to his closet, and received my petition, and discoursed about my eyes, and pitied me, and with much kindness did give me his consent to be absent, and approved of my proposition to go into Holland to observe things there of the Navy; but would first ask the King's leave, which he anon did, and did tell me that the King would be a good master to me, (these were his words about my eyes,) and do like of my going into Holland, but do advise that nobody should know of my going thither, and that I should pretend to go into the country somewhere; which I liked well."

So Pepys began to settle his affairs for his journey, and the last entry in the *Diary*—preceding the farewell words already quoted — is: "Up very betimes, and continued all the morning with W. Hewer, upon examining and stating my accounts, in order to the fitting myself to go abroad beyond sea, which the ill-condition of my eyes and my neglect for a year or two hath kept me behind-hand in, and so as to render it very difficult now and troublesome to my mind to do it; but I this day made a satisfactory entrance therein."

He took his wife with him on this journey to Holland—where he had been before when he went with Sir Edward Montagu almost exactly nine years earlier to fetch back the exiled king. It is characteristic of Pepys that he made his holiday serve as a means of learning something about the Dutch Navy. The Clerk of the Acts was always alert to increase his knowledge of naval affairs. On his way home he and his wife visited Paris, and

while there he had a friendly letter from Evelyn sending him his *Rhapsodies* and advising him what to do and see, so that the memories of pictures, places, and gardens may "greatly refresh you in your study, and by y^e^ fire side, when you are many years returned."

But so soon as they reached home Mrs. Pepys fell ill, and her husband wrote in great distress to Evelyn on the 2nd of November, 1669: "I beg you to believe that I would not have been ten days returned into England without waiting on you, had it not pleased God to afflict mee by the sickness of my wife, who, from the first day of her coming back to London, hath layn under a fever so severe as at this hour to render her recoverie desperate; which affliction hath very much unfitted me for those acts of civilitie and respect which, amongst the first of my friends, I should have paid to yourselfe, as he to whom singly I owe y^e^ much greater part of y^e^ satisfaction I have met with in my late voyage."

Elizabeth Pepys died on the 10th of November, being only twenty-nine years old. She died at their house in Crutched Friars, and was buried in St. Olave's Church, Hart Street, where Pepys raised a tablet to her memory. He was full of grief at her loss, for in spite of his shortcomings he was of an affectionate nature, and truly fond and proud of his wife, as the *Diary* shows. It is noteworthy that though a comparatively young man at the time of his wife's death, and though living in an age much given to second and even to third marriages, Pepys never married again.

His continued goodness to his wife's relations is

shown by an interesting letter from her brother Balthazar St. Michel, dated August 14, 1672—

"Hon'd Sir,

"You dayly and howerly soe comble me with (not only expresions but allsoe) deeds of your worthyness and goodness, as well to my selfe as the rest of your most devoted humble creaturs heare, that I am as well as my poor drooping mother, (whoose continuall illness since the death of my father gives me but litell hopes shee will survive him longe,) only but to be something longer a living wittness of your dearness to her poore childe, your late deare consort, my beloved sister, by that your noble, worthy, and kinde expresions, and promices to be still her benefactor; for which shee hath only (saith shee) the capacity left her to bless God for your prosperity, and to continue still her prayers to the Almighty God to power upon you and yours multitude of heavenly blessings: these, Sir, are her owne expresions, and I am sure from the very botome of her harte and sowle. I am then, Sir, as I said, confuted in my selfe how I may ever strive to deserve the least of those your many-fould, gracious, good, kinde, fatherly, and deare (not only expresions) but effects, which I for ever shall owne.

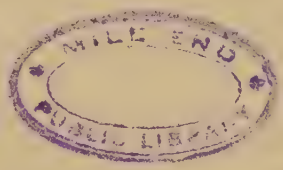
"Well, Sir, since I fear it will never lye in my power to serve you as I ought, (without devoteing my life and fortunes at your feete,) be pleased to acept and comande both upon all occasions, which you will finde with soe much zeale still, for you and your cause, that never man living will ever be

named more gratefull (as I am in duty bounde) to your favours, and more zealous for your consernes and interest, then him who is proude to be, Sir,

"Your most faithfull and obedient humble servt.

"B. St. Michel.

"Litell Samuel (whoe speakes now very pretely) desiers to have his most humble duty presented to his most hon^rd. Uncle and Godfather, which please to accept from your most humble little disiple."



CHAPTER XI

MAN OF AFFAIRS

HAVING left Pepys as Clerk of the Acts at the close of the Second Dutch War in 1667, when he had just made his great defence of the Navy Board in the House of Commons, it is necessary to go back a little and pick up some of the loose threads in the *Diary*. All the while that he was going to the play, buying pictures and fine clothes, and generally "indulging himself in pleasure," he was also working extremely hard and with great ardour at the affairs of the navy. He threw himself so whole-heartedly into whatever he was doing at the moment that there is danger of forgetting that his character had many aspects—the serious and the frivolous, the cynical and the sincere.

Pepys was very well pleased with his office as Clerk of the Acts, especially as he grew in influence and importance, and began to feel that instead of being "the servant of the Board," as one taunted him, he was in the way of becoming something like its master. In the autumn of 1667 Sir William Coventry gave up his post as Secretary to the Duke of York, and there was some talk of Pepys succeeding him. Sir William Batten and Sir William Penn, "told me both seriously that they had long

cut me out for Secretary to the Duke of York, if ever Sir W. Coventry left him; which agreeing with what I have heard from other hands heretofore, do make me not only think that something of that kind hath been thought, but do comfort me to see that the world hath such an esteem of my qualities as to think me fit for any such thing: though I am glad with all my heart that I am not so; for it would never please me to be forced to the attendance that that would require . . . thinking myself now in the best place that ever man was in to please his own mind in, and therefore I will take to preserve it."

A year later there were rumours of a change in the constitution of the Navy Board: "Captain Cocke tells me that he hears for certain the Duke of York will lose the authority of an Admirall, and be governed by a Committee: and all our Office changed; only they are in dispute whether I shall continue or no; which puts new thoughts in me, but I know not whether to be glad or sorry."

After the disasters of the Dutch War there was a genuine desire among the serious-minded men of the kingdom (and in connection with the navy the Duke of York may certainly be reckoned one of them), to reform abuses and put things on a better footing. The Comptroller's office was reorganized —hitherto his duties were so many that it was quite impossible for them to be efficiently performed, "and therefore to have such a title, and no performance of the duties, is but a mere shadow without a substance." So early in 1667, when the Comptroller's affairs were thrown into still greater confusion by the strain of the war, two assistant Comptrollers

were appointed, Lord Brouncker for the Treasurer's accounts, and Sir William Penn for the Victualler's and Purser's accounts. Both of them were already commissioners of the Navy Board. The Parliament, a good deal roused by happenings of the Dutch War, was constantly inquiring into naval affairs, and Pepys as constantly having to answer for his colleagues.

But how difficult it was to get to any good work accomplished under the heavy weight of Court inertia and indifference is shown by some words of Sir William Coventry's to Pepys in 1668. He deplored that at the Navy Office there were "now none left of the old stock but my Lord Brouncker, J. Minnes (who is ready to leave the world), and myself. But he tells me that he do foresee very great wants and great disorders by reason thereof; insomuch, as he is represented to the King by his enemies as a melancholy man, and one that is still prophecying ill events, so as the King called him Visionaire . . . whereas others that would please the King do make him believe that all is safe: and so he hath heard my Lord Chancellor openly say to the King, that he was now a glorious prince and in a glorious condition, because of some one accident that had happened, or some one rut that hath been removed; 'when,' says Sir W. Coventry, 'they reckoned their one good meal, without considering that there was nothing left in the cupboard for to-morrow.'"

Pepys himself was equally pessimistic at times about the condition of national affairs. He hears at the end of this same year "that the King of France

hath declared in print, that he do intend this next summer to forbid his commanders to strike to us, but that both we and the Dutch shall strike to him, and that he hath made his Captains swear it already that they will observe it: which is a great thing if he do it, and I know nothing to hinder him."

A little earlier there was a squabble at the Navy Office about a contract, unimportant in itself as principally affecting Pepys' clerk, Will Hewer, though Pepys declared that he was "sorry for to have any blemish laid upon me or mine at this time, though never so unjustly, for fear of getting occasion to my real discredit: and therefore I was not only all the rest of the morning vexed, but so went home to dinner." Pepys knew that neither he nor his clerk had any cause for self-blame in the matter, but he continued greatly troubled over it, "such is the weakness of my nature that I could not help it, which vexes me, showing me how unable I am to live with difficulties."

Under the assured and somewhat self-satisfied front that he showed the world, Pepys really carried a spirit distinctly sensitive for those brazen times—the other side of his love of flattery and lack of reticence as to his own merits, was the way he would grieve in secret over disapproval or any suggestion that he had failed in his duty. But with this sensitiveness he also combined enough of the time-server to make his own upward path in the world secure—thus proving once again how truly he represents the average man, who is neither good nor bad, neither above corruption nor inclined to stoop to it readily. Pepys' worldly fortunes and

his importance on the Navy Board were greatly increased by his intimacy with the Duke of York. When the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury made an attack on the administration of the Navy Board, the Duke of York, says Pepys, "did take me out to talk of our Treasurers, whom he is mighty angry with; and I perceive he is mighty desirous to bring in as many good motions of profit and reformation in the Navy as he can before the Treasurers do light upon them, they being desirous, it seems, to be thought the great reformers: and the Duke of York do well. But to my great joy he is mighty open to me in everything; and by this means I know his whole mind, and shall be able to secure myself if he stands."

Things were being made uncomfortable all round at this time for the dishonest and incapable. In order that he might take part in the Court-martial on the loss of the *Defiance*, Pepys was given a special commission as Captain of the *Jersey*, "which," he says, "do give me occasion of much mirth, and may be of some use to me, at least I shall get a little money for the time I have it; it being designed that I must really be a captain to be able to sit in this Court." At the Court-martial, which took place at Chatham, Pepys quickly made himself felt: "I did lay the law open to them, and rattle the Master-attendants out of their wits almost; and made the trial last till seven at night, not eating a bit all the day; only when he had done examination, and I given my thoughts that the neglect of the gunner of the ship was as great as I thought any neglect could be, which might by the law

deserve death." The new captain also for the first time tasted ship's rations: "the boatswain of the ship did bring us out of the kettle a piece of hot salt beef, and some brown bread, and brandy; and there we did make a little meal, but so good as I never would desire to eat better meat while I live, only I would have cleaner dishes."

Soon after this he attended another Court-martial which sat to "try the business of the purser's complaints" against the captain of his ship, the *Dartmouth*. Pepys appears to have again spoken his mind pretty freely, being disgusted with the injustice of it all. "But, Lord!" he says, "to see what wretched doings there were among all the commanders to ruin the purser, and defend the captain in all his rogueries, be it to the prejudice of the King or purser, no good man could bear! I confess I was pretty high, which the young gentlemen commanders did not like." The later proceedings of the Court-martial so angered him by their partiality that he "could endure it no longer" and went, being resolved to tell the Duke of York his mind about it. So he and Commissioner Middleton "did in plain terms acquaint the Duke of York what we thought and had observed in the late Court-martiall; which the Duke of York did give ear to, though he thinks not fit to revoke what is already done in this case by a Court-martiall, yet it shall bring forth some good laws in the behaviour of captains to their under-officers for the time to come."

By his upholding of justice Pepys brought upon himself the dislike of the captain of the *Dartmouth*,

who "do give it out every where that I did overrule the whole Court-martial against him so long as I was there. And perhaps I may receive at this time some wrong by it; but I care not, for what I did was out of my desire to do justice."

He was always endeavouring to improve one thing after another in the affairs of the navy: "After dinner all the afternoon within," he writes on the 8th of May, 1669, "with Mr. Hater, Gibson, and W. Hewer, reading over and drawing up new things in the Instructions of Commanders, which will be good, and I hope to get them confirmed by the Duke of York; though I perceive nothing will effectually perfect them but to look over the whole body of the Instructions of all the officers of a ship, and make them all perfect together." Pepys never shrank from undertaking voluntary and tiresome labours if thereby his own knowledge might be enlarged or the efficiency of the navy increased. Sir William Coventry was justified of his saying that it would cost the king £10,000 before he had made another Clerk of the Acts as fit to serve him and as valuable to the navy as Samuel Pepys. "Which," says Pepys calmly, "though I believe it is true, yet I am much pleased to have that character given me." He was no longer flattered by commendation as he had formerly been—he knew the labourer was worthy of his hire, and took approval of his work at the Navy Office as his due, as it was.

He had, indeed, ambitions towards a wider field of action. Ever since the success of his three hours' speech in defence of the Navy Board his thoughts had turned in the direction of standing for Parlia-

ment. On the 19th of February, 1668–69, he wrote in his *Diary*: "This morning among other things, talking with Sir W. Coventry, I did propose to him my putting in to serve in Parliament, if there should as the world begins to expect, be a new one chose. He likes it mightily, both, for the King's and service's sake, and the Duke of York's, and will propound it to the Duke of York: and I confess, if there be one, I would be glad to be in." In 1669 an opening occurred at Aldborough in Suffolk, but Pepys was unable to take part in the election himself owing to his wife's death, and the efforts of his supporters failed, though the Duke of York himself wrote to the voters of Aldborough: "I recommend to your favour in your future election, Samuel Pepys, Esq., one of the Commissioners of the Navy, who besides his general qualifications for that trust, will, I assure myself, be found on all occasions a useful servant to your town: and what kindness he shall receive from you in this matter I shall esteem as testimony of your respect to me. I am, your loving friend, James." But in spite of this royal request (perhaps because of it) the "free and independent electors" would have none of Samuel Pepys, Esq.

In November 1673, he attained his ambition by being elected member for Castle Rising, and six years later he sat for Harwich, and again was member for Harwich (having also been chosen member for Sandwich) in 1685. But Pepys' Parliamentary career is only a side issue in his life—it was not the work he was meant for. It is as Clerk of the Acts and later as Secretary of

the Admiralty that he has left his impress upon the annals of his country, not as Member of Parliament. Indeed, Andrew Marvell has cast the utmost scorn upon the Parliaments of Charles II's reign, finding as a small redeeming feature that at least there was "an handful of salt, a sparkle of soul that hath hitherto preserved this gross body from putrifaction, some gentlemen that are constant, invariable, indeed Englishmen." In all matters that concerned his country Pepys could justly claim to be one of those gentlemen.

In the Pepysian Library is an important MS. bearing the somewhat large title, "An Inquisition by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, when Lord High Admiral of England, into the Management of the Navy, 1668, with his regulations thereon." But behind the mask of the Duke of York it was really the voice of Pepys that spoke. On the 24th of July, 1668, Pepys says he was called to the Duke of York, and "I did long and largely show him the weakness of our Office, and did give him advice to call us to account for our duties; which he did take mighty well, and desired me to draw up what I would have him write to the Office. I did lay open the whole failings of the Office, and how it was his duty to fine them and find faults with them as Admiral, especially at this time; which he agreed to, and seemed much to rely on what I said." So Pepys proceeded to draw up a long and elaborate document in the form of a letter to the Navy Board, which he forwarded to the Duke of York, with a covering letter, in which he said that one of the causes of the failure of the naval administration

was the lack of money to which "may be rightfully imputed most of the ill husbandries and many of the other evils attending the late war;" and another cause was the neglect of the Lord High Admiral's Instructions of 1662, and if this continued it would be "delivering up the whole service to ruin." The indictment of the members of the Navy Board was both serious and detailed—the Comptroller was very severely handled, and neither the Treasurer nor the Surveyor escaped lightly. It was obvious that the charges could only have been brought by one extremely familiar with the working of the Board.

The Duke of York accepted Pepys' letter as it stood "in my very words, without alteration of a syllable," and signed it, and then he delivered it in person to the members of the Board, requesting them to answer the charges it contained, if they could. The officers of the Navy Board were unable to reply satisfactorily, with the exception of the Clerk of the Acts (who, though he was really responsible for the indictment, had of course to answer it like his colleagues). He alone was able to prove that he had not failed in his duty. In a private letter to the Duke Pepys said: "The pest of this Office has all along been an indifference in some of the principal members of it in seeing their work done, provided they found themselves furnished with any tolerable pretence for their personal failures in the doing it; whereas the value of the naval action has been such as to render every branch of it considerable, and every remiss performance thereof more chargeable to his Majesty than the wages of such an officer many times told."

Pepys also drew up the Duke of York's reply, and further instructions to the members of the Navy Board, but this was not accepted as it stood, the Duke's secretary "doubted whether it would be necessary for the Duke to write in so sharp a style to the Office," and so Pepys' downright words were somewhat softened. But some definite improvements and new regulations were insisted on by the Duke of York, guided by the Clerk of the Acts. Pepys himself was so little afraid of inquiry into his own doings, that he wrote later with a fine directness: "Among the many thousands under whose observations my employment must have placed me, I challenge any man to assign one day from my first admission to this service in July 1660 to the determination of the war, August 1667 . . . of which I am not this day able upon oath to give an account of the particular manner of my employing the same."

His colleagues had their suspicions as to the originator of the Duke of York's letter. "I met Lord Brouncker," says Pepys, "who, I perceive, and the rest, do smell that it comes from me, but dare not find fault with me; and I am glad of it, it being my glory and defence that I did occasion and write it."

The Duke of York's—or, rather, Pepys'—charges against the Navy Office were sustainable and based upon an intimate knowledge of facts. But in the following year there was a further attack upon the Board from the Commission of Public Accounts which was hardly so justified. Pepys, who had shown up his colleagues, was now called upon to

defend them, for they all felt that he was "best able to give an account of the actions of the Board in general." Pepys made out a full and careful defence, which may be found in manuscript in the Pepysian Library, under the title of "Mr. Pepys' defence of the Navy upon an Inquisition thereinto by Parliament, 1669." And later he wrote a "particular defence" of his "own single conduct." Pepys answered most of the charges brought by the Commission; he pointed out how lack of money was at the root of all their troubles, and that if the Board had bought goods for the navy at exorbitant rates, as the Commission complained, it was because the merchant "resolved to save himself in the uncertainty of his payments by the greatness of his price." No answer could have been more crushing to the Commission of Public Accounts.

But another indictment, that of favouritism in contracts, Pepys could not meet so satisfactorily. A certain Sir William Warren, who dealt in masts and "Norway stores," had, after the common fashion of the time, purchased his contracts by handsome gifts, proving himself, in Pepys' quaint phrase, a "thankful man." Pepys, on his own confession, had profited considerably from Warren's thankfulness. In the *Diary* of February 6, 1664–65, he wrote: "So to my Office, and among other things with Sir W. Warren, 4 hours or more till very late, talking of one thing or another, and have concluded a firm league with him in all just ways to serve him and myself all I can, and I think he will be a most useful and thankful man to me." That phrase "in all just ways" was not a mere little piece of hypocrisy, put

in as salve to his conscience, for Pepys would not obtain his own advantage at any serious cost to the navy—probably Warren's goods were as satisfactory, though maybe a trifle dearer, as those of any other merchant, and Pepys saw no hurt in putting a few hundred pounds in his own private pocket. It was the common custom, and he did not indulge in it nearly so much as was usual. He rose just enough above the ordinary level to be secretly ashamed, though not enough to refrain entirely. But when he became Secretary of the Admiralty, he acted upon his best convictions and would not be bribed.

Pepys had not only to defend the Navy Board with his capable and industrious pen, but also in person he was called before the Council Board in January and February, 1669–70, and there had to answer the charges to which he had already given a written reply. He did so with skill and effect, and in this prolonged debate, both the burden and the honours of the defence justly belong to the Clerk of the Acts, who was proving himself each year more indispensable—a man of courage, resource, ability, and integrity, as integrity was understood at the time of the Restoration.

The Third Dutch War trod soon upon the heels of these naval inquiries and reforms—and it was a war in which the heart of the English people was not engaged, a war against the nation's interest and wishes, waged by Charles II in pursuit of his private and Catholic aims. When in 1668 the Triple Alliance between England, Holland, and Sweden, was agreed upon, it brought supreme satisfaction to the people of England—"It is the

only good public thing that hath been done since the King came to England," said Pepys—and much chagrin to Louis of France, whose plans were thereby greatly upset. But that astute monarch nursed his schemes, and he had full and justifiable confidence in the perfidy of Charles II to his people. "The King," Shaftesbury said, with bitter truth, "who if he had been so happy as to have been born a private gentleman had certainly passed for a man of good parts, excellent breeding, and, well-natured, hath now, being a Prince, brought his affairs to that pass that there is not a person in the world, man or woman, that dares rely upon him or put any confidence in his word or friendship."

This unfaithful king now entered into a secret treaty with Louis, known as the Treaty of Dover, in which he asked for French "protection" in his "design of changing the present state of religion in England for a better," agreed to declare himself a Roman Catholic, and to join in the proposed attack on Holland, in return for the support of the French army in the event of any disturbance from his own subjects; and also demanded from France a very substantial yearly subsidy. The real nature of this treaty was covered by a sham treaty more presentable to his ministers, and then Charles—having in 1670 obtained a large subsidy for the fleet from Parliament under the pretext of upholding the popular Triple Alliance—dismissed his Parliament and, in concert with France, declared war on Holland. He also obtained further supplies by closing the Exchequer, "an action," says Evelyn, "which not onely lost the heart of his subjects, and ruined

many widdows and orphans whose stocks were lent him, but the reputation of his Exchequer for ever." Thus was the Third Dutch War begun. To quote Evelyn again: "Lord! what miseries are mortal men subject to, and what confusion and mischief do the avarice, anger, and ambition of Princes cause in the world!"

In magnificent contrast to the cowardly perfidy of the king stands out the valour and self-sacrifice of the seamen who fought for him in the two great battles of Sole Bay and the Texel. Whatever may be thought of the Duke of York as man or as monarch, he proved himself in the first of those encounters a courageous and able seaman, though he was deficient in De Ruyter's tactical insight. At the opening of the war the object of the English fleet—"Such a gallant and formidable navy never, I think, spread saile upon y^e^ seas," said Evelyn—was to join the French squadron before meeting the Dutch. On the other hand, the Dutch aim was to strike a blow at either the French or English fleets before they could unite their forces. Moreover, the Duke of York was extremely anxious to make the engagement a decisive one, not another of those uncertain affairs among the shoals, of the late war. He feared, too, as D'Estrées wrote, "that without extreme diligence he ran the risk of being shut in the Thames, while the Dutch, masters of the sea, would reap all the honour and advantage of the position . . . he thought he would leave something to fortune." So in pursuit of this bold and sailor-like chance the Duke and his ships left the Thames, effected his junction with the French fleet, and then

after some delays from contrary winds and fogs, the allies reached Sole Bay on the Suffolk coast, where the Dutch, under De Ruyter, descended on them. Of the ensuing battle a contemporary ballad called "A Song of the Duke's Late Glorious Success over the Dutch," says—

> "Of all the battles gained at sea
> This was the rarest victory
> Since Philip's Grand Armado."

But in sober truth it was nothing of the kind. Though both sides claimed a victory, it was in reality another drawn engagement, in which De Ruyter could most justly claim the honours. The courage, seamanship, and doggedness of the Dutch and the English were too evenly matched for either side to win a smashing victory.

In the battle of Sole Bay "that incomparable person" the Earl of Sandwich, Pepys' early patron and friend, lost his life most gallantly. Evelyn pays him an interesting tribute: when he took farewell of Lord Sandwich at Whitehall he said "he thought he should see me no more, and I saw to my thinking something boading in his countenance." He goes on to say: "I well remember that the Duke of Albemarle, and my now Lord Clifford, had, I know not why, no greate opinion of his courage, because in former conflicts, being an able and experienc'd seaman (which neither of them were), he always brought off his Ma$^{ty's}$ ships without losse, tho' not without as many markes of true courage as the stoutest of them; and I am a witness that in the late war his owne ship was pierc'd like a cullendar. But the businesse was, he was utterly against this

war from the beginning . . . nor was he so furious and confident as was the Duke of Albemarle, who believed he could vanquish the Hollanders with one squadron. My Lord Sandwich was prudent as well as valiant, and always govern'd his affairs with succesee and little losse; he was for deliberation and reason, they for action and slaughter without either, and for this, whisper'd as if my Lord Sandwich was not so gallant because he was not so rash, and knew how fatal it was to loose a fleete, such as was that under his conduct, and for which these very persons would have censur'd him on the other side. This it was I am confident, griev'd him and made him enter like a lion, and fight like one too, in the midst of the hottest service, where the stoutest of the rest seeing him engag'd and so many ships upon him, durst not, or would not, come to his succour, as some of them, whom I know, might have done. Thus this gallant person perish'd to gratify the pride and envy of some I nam'd.

"Deplorable was the loss of one of the best accomplished persons, not only of this nation but of any other. He was learned in sea affairs, in politics, in mathematics, and in musiq: he had been on divers embassies, was of a sweete and obliging temper, sober, chast, very ingenious, a true nobleman, an ornament to the Court and his Prince, nor has he left any behind him who approach his many virtues."

It is a matter for regret that Pepys' *Diary* being ended we have not his private tribute to his early friend. So Lord Sandwich passes in silence out of the story of Pepys' life—but he remains enshrined

EDWARD MONTAGU, EARL OF SANDWICH, BY SIR PETER LELY.

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in his portrait by Sir Peter Lely, wherein, delicate featured and slightly sullen as he looks, he appears more courtier than fighter ; and in his countrymen's memory of his heroic death at the battle of Sole Bay.

Before the second year of the War the Test Act had been passed, and the Duke of York was obliged to resign his appointments on declaring himself a Roman Catholic. So the English fleet that put to sea in 1673 to fight the battle with the Dutch off Schoneveldt and the battle of the Texel, was commanded by Prince Rupert, an "unlucky man," as he had been called in regard to the fortunes of war. Pepys once had a discussion with Sir William Coventry as to the varying kinds of courage. "He discoursed largely and bravely to me concerning the different sorts of valour, the active and passive valour. For the latter, he brought as an instance General Blake, who, in the defending of Taunton and Lime for the Parliament, did through his sober sort of valour defend it in the most opiniâstrement that ever any man did any thing: and yet never was the man that ever made an attaque by land or sea, but rather avoided it on all, even fair occasions. On the other side, Prince Rupert, the boldest attaquer in the world for personal courage ; and yet in the defending of Bristol no man did any thing worse, he wanting the patience and seasoned head to consult and advise for defence, and to bear with the evils of a siege."

In the sea battles of 1673 Rupert proved himself once more "wanting the patience and seasoned head" that distinguished his great opponent De

Ruyter. The French, moreover, showed themselves but half-hearted allies, by no means anxious to risk their ships. One of the Dutch seamen, after the battle of Texel, said to his comrades, who were wondering why the French hung back, "You fools! they have hired the English to fight for them, and all their business here is to see that they earn their wages." So once more the result was drawn between the Dutch and the English—De Ruyter, though he could not claim a definite victory, had kept the command of the sea in dispute and attained his object. It was a fortunate and just conclusion, for the Dutch, weak and attacked as they were by sea and land, were fighting with dogged tenacity and courage under a great leader for their religion and their national freedom; while the English had no real heart in the contest, and were led by a prince more distinguished for recklessness than wisdom. Charles II, who always bowed to public storms when they were sufficiently strong, had to yield to the clamour against his policy and his alliance with Catholic France, as he had been obliged to yield to the Test Act. And so ended the Third (and the last) Dutch War. Pepys had seen them all, and been intimately concerned in the administrative difficulties of the last two. He had suffered through the shame of the Dutch attack on the Medway and the Thames, while the light Court went on its way caring little. Pepys had to the full the Englishman's inherited pride in the navy, and therefore naval disasters were peculiarly bitter to him. He expressed this feeling with unusual passion to Evelyn, who, at the close of the

Second Dutch War, had sent him a "Prospect of Medway, while the Hollander rode master in it." The sight of it, said Pepys, "hath led me to such reflections on my particular interest (by my employment) in the reproach due to that miscarriage, as have given me little less disquiet than he is fancied to have, who found his face in Michael Angelo's Hell."

CHAPTER XII

MAN OF LETTERS

From wars and rumours of wars, from trouble at the Navy Office, and discontent in the kingdom, Samuel Pepys had one sure refuge in his love of books. He was a true bibliophile even more than he was a man of letters, and the dignified room at Magdalene College, Cambridge, where his books, excellently bound in calf and adorned with his coat of arms and crest stamped in gold upon their covers, repose in the original mahogany cases made for them, is a silent witness to the care and pride Pepys had in his library. He could not bear the thought of it being dispersed and scattered abroad by careless and unloving hands, so though he left it at his death to his sister's son, John Jackson, it was with very strict injunctions as to its future disposal. "Could I be sure," he said, "of a constant succession of heirs from my said nephew qualified like himself for the use of such a Library, I should not entertain a thought of its ever being Alienated from them." Such a security being impossible, Pepys goes on to say: "But this uncertainty considered with the infinite pains and time and cost employed in my collecting Methodizing and reducing the same to the State wherein it now is I cannot but be greatly

Solicitous that all possible provisions should be made for its unalterable preservacion and perpetual Security against the ordinary fate of such Collections falling into the hands of an incompetent heir and thereby of being sold dissipated and imbezelled." Therefore after his nephew's death, the Library, which was to be called Bibliotheca Pepysiana, was to be deposited in "one of our Universities and rather in that of Cambridge than Oxford," because he had been educated at Cambridge, and for the same reason he wished the Library to go to Magdalene College above all others, as that was his own College, and that "a faire room be provided therein on purpose, and that wholly and soly appropriated thereto."

All these wishes were exactly carried out. When Pepys set forth these careful conditions his old age was heavy upon him, and it is pathetic to see how he lingered in thought over his loved Library, unwilling to leave it incomplete and imperfect, though his own hands were no longer capable of giving those minute and tender finishing touches in which he had taken so much joy. He had no children of his own—in some sort his books had filled that gap. By his Will the following details were to be attended to: "The further volumes of my Lord Clarendon's History now under the press" were to be bought and added to the Library, also Gronovius's *Sett of Greek Antiquities*, while any other serious omissions were to be supplied, but after that was done no further additions were to be made; that his Arms or Crest was to be stamped in gold on the covers of the books; that they were to be arranged in the cases

"soe as to be neither too much crowded nor stand too loose," also to be nicely adjusted in regard to height; when this was done they were to be numbered and the number stamped on a piece of red leather at the back of every book, in place of the gilt paper numbering Pepys had himself affixed; "Lastly, that as far as any room shall be left for further improvements or embellishments to my books by Ruling, Elegant writing or Indexing the same be done at the discretion and convenience of my said nephew."

Poor Pepys! It was a sad thought to him that he had to leave to other hands those embellishments of ruling, elegant writing, and numbering in which he had taken such unceasing satisfaction. But it is deeply interesting to those who stand in the Pepysian Library to know that they look not only upon the books Pepys himself bought and used, but upon those books arranged, catalogued, and housed as Pepys in his last years wished and beheld them in his minute imagination.

But the Bibliotheca Pepysiana is the completed thing, the end of the story. We must go back to the beginnings, when Pepys was poor, and the purchase of a new book a matter to be chronicled with careful pride. He was a great reader, but not a specially discriminating one, all was fish that came to his net; he would read a trivial play or a theological treatise with apparently equal avidity. He had so many and such miscellaneous literary tastes that the fineness of his palate must have been impaired. But as he was never set or scholastic in his opinions, he was always open to conviction—

which probably was the reason he remained young and eager in his mind long after the age at which most men settle down to solidity. On one occasion he got up at four o'clock in the morning in order to read "Cicero's Second Oration against Catilene, which pleased me exceedingly," he says, "and more I discern therein than ever I thought was to be found in him; but I perceived it was my ignorance, and that he is as good a writer as ever I read in my life." Though he was not sufficiently scholarly to speak of Bacon by his proper style and title, he could appreciate his works, which was more important. "To walk all alone in the fields behind Grayes Inne," he writes in the *Diary*, "making an end of reading over my dear 'Faber fortunæ,' of my Lord Bacon's."

When it came to buying books he was drawn this way and that by the variety of his tastes. On one occasion in December 1663, he writes: "To St. Paul's Church Yard, to my bookseller's, and could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's History of Paul's, Stow's London, Gesner, History of Trent, besides Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's Worthys, the Cabbala of Collections of Letters of State, and a little book, *Delices de Hollande*, with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure; and *Hudibras*, both parts, the book now in the greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies. My mind being thus settled, I went by link home."

Hudibras bothered Pepys a good deal. When it

first appeared he met a friend with whom he fell into discourse "of a new book of drollery in use, called *Hudebras*." He became so interested that with his usual child-like impetuosity, "I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2*s*. 6*d*. But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warrs, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr. Tounsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18*d*." However, soon afterwards, finding the book so praised, he bought another copy at a bookseller's in the Strand; "it being certainly some ill humour," he says modestly, "to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit; for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no." He did not succeed; later on he wrote, "it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried but twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty." So it cannot be said his failure was through lack of good intention.

As might be expected, poetry was not the form of literature that most appealed to Pepys—he was lacking in both the spiritual and romantic sense that is needed for its just appreciation. Still, among the books in the Pepysian Library is a copy of Speght's 1602 edition of Chaucer, and the *Diary* records that on July 8, 1664, he went to his binder's about the binding of this identical volume in calf, "and thence to the clasp-maker's, to have it clasped and bossed." Pepys once quotes a line from Chaucer in the *Diary*, and says that "without doubt he is a very fine poet." But of a still finer poet,

Shakespeare, he shows little appreciation, though he frequently saw the plays acted. The tragedy of *Macbeth*, the delicate poetry of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the matured philosophy of *The Tempest*, had all little appeal to him. In that he reflected the temper of the Restoration.

But if Pepys sometimes failed in appreciation of the insides of certain of his books, he lavished both time and money on their exteriors. There are many entries in the *Diary* such as, "Comes the bookbinder to gild the backs of my books"; or, "Spent the evening in fitting my books, to have the number set upon each, in order to my having an alphabet of my whole, which will be a great ease to me." He made the most elaborate indexes and catalogues to his books, and here is an example of the minuteness of his method: "A chronological Deductions of the Variations of Style (to be corrected from y^e^ Alphabet of my books) in y^e^ language of England between ann. 700 and y^e^ attempt last made, towards its refinement by Sir Philp Sidney in his *Arcadia*, between 1580 and 1590." His wife and Will Hewer were often called upon to help Pepys in the numbering or arranging of his books —he lavished the most patient care upon them, though he had one habit which would horrify the modern bibliophile, and that was his liking to replace a first edition by a later one. Still, as might be expected from the man who made it and the time in which it was made, the Pepysian Library contains many most rare volumes—Caxtons, Wynkyn de Wordes, and Pynsons. Besides these Pepys was a collector of things which were of little monetary

value in his day but which, owing to the lapse of time, have become curious and interesting, such as the four little volumes named, Penny Merriments; Penny Witticisms; Penny Compliments; Penny Godlinesses. Also he collected five folio volumes of old English broadside ballads, most of which are in black letter, the largest collection of the kind existing; four quarto volumes of Sea Tracts; and the News-Pamphlets for the six years from 1660 to 1666. This is only to mention a few of the treasures of the Pepysian Library.

The Great Fire, of course, wrought sad destruction among the booksellers of London. Many of them had stored their books in St. Faith's Chapel—for the booksellers congregated in St. Paul's Churchyard—and when the roof fell in, everything was burned. Pepys heard that his bookseller was "wholly undone," and that "there is above £150,000 of books burned; all the great booksellers almost undone: not only these, but their warehouses at their Hall and under Christ Church, and elsewhere, being all burned. A great want thereof there will be of books, specially Latin books and foreign books; and among others, the Polyglottes and new Bible which he believes will be presently worth £40 a-piece."

Pepys was a well-known and valued customer to the booksellers of his day, and he often set them hunting for some scarce volume to fill up a gap in his Library. A letter from one of his booksellers is interesting as showing the good feeling that existed and how safe he felt himself in appealing to Pepys' well-known passion for rare books—

"*June* 30, 1688.

"SIR,

"Having at length procured Campion, Hanmer, and Spencer's *Hist. of Ireland*, fol. (which I think you formerly desired), I here send itt you, with 2 very scarce bookes besides, viz.: *Pricæi Defensio Hist. of Britt.* 40. and old Harding's *Chronicle*, as alsoe the Old *Ships of Fooles* in old verse, by Alex. Berkley, priest; which last, though nott scarce, yett soe very fayre and perfect, that seldome comes such another: the Priceus you will find deare, yett I never sold it under 10*s.*, and att this tyme can have it of a person of quality; butt, without flattery, I love to find a rare book for you, and hope shortly to procure for you a perfect Hall's *Chronicle*.

"I am, Sir, your Servant to command,

"ROBERT SCOTT."

Being in latter life so well known both as Secretary of the Admiralty and as a famous bibliophile and collector, it was to be expected that Pepys should have many books dedicated to him in flattering terms. But very early in his career he had a book dedicated to him by Payne Fisher, for on July 14, 1660, he wrote: "Comes in Mr. Pagan Fisher, the poet, and promises me what he had long ago done, a book in praise of the King of France, with my armes, and a dedication to me very handsome." Pepys was just the man to value the compliment of a dedication. But he was also capable of writing with extreme severity in rebuking what he regarded as presumption or ignorance, even though

it was coupled with flattery to himself. In December 1684, Edward Battine, an official at Portsmouth, presented to Mr. Secretary Pepys a work of his own entitled *The Method of Building, Rigging, Apparelling, and Furnishing His Majesty's Ships of War* (what is only a very small portion of the title), and in the dedication he says: "The government of the navy (which has been exquisitely framed by his Royal Highness) is a subject too great for one of my capacity to discourse of, and should I offer it to your honour, it would be to light a candle to the sun; nor do I think hereby, or in the following collection (which I have drawn from the experience and practice of the most ingenious), to inform your honour in anything which you know not already, but to let your honour know with what respect I am your honour's most obliged and faithful servant." Surely this was most conciliatory, but Pepys was not pleased, and wrote to Battine: "I am entirely a friend to your industry, and so would not say anything in discouragement to it, but, on the contrary, cherish it all I am able. This only in truth of friendship I must take the liberty of saying to you, that by the time you shall have conversed in the world and business as long as I have done, you'll find it of much more use to you rather to distrust than presume too easily upon the sufficiency and unanswerableness (as you term it) of your own conceptions; the errors visible in your collection of tables . . . being such and so many as (though I say again I would not in any wise discourage your seeming zeal and industry in it) would have required your committing them to the overlooking of some

friend (and particularly Mr. Surveyor, your master, whom I doubt you omitted among those most knowing officers you speak of) before you had exposed them, especially with so much self-satisfaction as you appear to raise to yourself from them, as I may hereafter have opportunity between ourselves of showing you."

All of which was fairly crushing!

But Pepys' genuine kindliness to those whom he thought worthy is shown by his conduct towards a seaman, Thomas Phelps, who had escaped from captivity with the Moors, and who published *A True Account* of his adventures. Pepys had introduced him to the notice of James II and Phelps dedicated his book to his kind patron, saying: "I thought I should be very far wanting to myself, if I should not implore the Patronage of your ever-Honoured Name, for none ever will dare to dispute the truth of any matter of Fact here delivered, when they shall understand that it has stood the test of your sagacity. Sir, Your eminent and Steady Loyalty, whereby you asserted his Majesties just Rights, and the true Privileges of your Country in the worst of times, gives me confidence to expect, that you will vouchsafe this condescension to a poor, yet honest sea-man, who have devoted my Life to the Service of His Sacred Majesty and my Country."

This dedication was written in 1685, when James II was king.

Narborough's *Voyages* was also dedicated to Pepys nearly ten years later, when he was quite old and retired from public life, with a most handsome

tribute to his "noble endowments of Mind" which had rendered him "most worthy of those High Stations," wherein he had been eminent, "and the same will preserve you through all ages in the good esteem of the best part of mankind. No revolution, no storm, no time, can shake such foundations."

Another dedication of a little essay by Dr. Richard Cumberland is interesting, as it shows that Pepys was capable of a sustained and enduring friendship. Cumberland and he had been friends in their college days—Pepys, indeed, had hoped that his friend might marry his sister Paulina —and Dr. Cumberland in his dedication, speaks of Pepys' "constant love" to himself: "For that good affection," he goes on, "being begun in your youth thirty years ago in Magdalene College in Cambridge, you have continued to this day, while you have gradually risen higher in the favour of our two great monarchs successively, and I may justly reckon that nothing can break that friendship, which so great advantages of preferment on your side doth not abate."

Two of the most prominent literary figures of Pepys' day were John Milton and John Dryden—with the first and the incomparably greater poet, Pepys, as might be expected from his Restoration tastes, had no connection and no sympathy, and he did not add Milton's works to his Library till after the Revolution—indeed it was the part of worldly wisdom at the Court of Charles and James to have nothing to do with the great Puritan. But to know Dryden in that day was a distinction; the Coffee-house that he frequented was the resort of those

who thought to gain a spurious culture by exchanging a word with him. In Pepys' later years he and Dryden were on friendly terms and the poet dined with him on at least one occasion, when Pepys suggested that he should take Chaucer's *Good Parson* as a subject for his pen. This Dryden did, for as he told Pepys in a polite letter, "Any desire of yours is a command to me, and accordingly I have put it into my English, with such additions and alterations as I thought fit." He says that he has translated as many fables from Ovid, novels from Boccaccio and tales from Chaucer, "as will make an indifferent large volume in folio," he intends shortly to publish them, but "in the meantime my Parson desired the favour of being known to you, and promises if you find any fault in his character, he will reform it. Whenever you please, he shall wait on you, and for the safer conveyance I will carry him in my pocket."

The words bring up a pleasant little picture of Dryden with his manuscript in his pocket going to York Buildings to read and discuss it with Pepys, who would not be slow to avail himself of such an agreeable offer. Pepys answered the very day he got Dryden's letter: "You truly have obliged me, and, possibly, in saying so, I am more in earnest than you can readily think, as verily hoping from this your copy of one *Good Parson* to fancy some amends made me for the hourly offence I bear with from the sight of so many lewd originals."

Pepys, as has been earlier said, was a collector of all sorts of ballads, news-sheets, and manuscripts (including seventeen letters from Henry VIII to

Anne Boleyn, copied from the originals in the Vatican); as well as of maps and prints illustrating the topographical history of London—but great as was the interest he took in all these things, it is probable that no one of them appealed so strongly to him as did his naval collections. He was one of the happy men whose public lifework was not simply the more or less tiresome means of earning money or fame, it was also his private interest—a matter of which both in and out of office hours he was never weary. It is an odd and fitting little coincidence that for many years of his life the Navy Office was also his home and his home the Navy Office. He drew no hard line between his work hours and his play hours, they merged into each other, and he was playing just as heartily in compiling his laborious lists of ships as when he went proudly riding in his new coach—which is perhaps the reason why what the world regards as his work was so very good. Pepys would lavish both his private money and his private time over any matter that concerned the Navy, as when he wrote in his *Diary* on the 30th of January, 1662–63: "My manuscript is brought home handsomely bound to my full content; and now I think I have a better collection in reference to the Navy, and shall have by the time I have filled it, than any of my predecessors."

Pepys' vast collection of ballads is particularly valuable because of the many Naval ballads it contains which give, in all their varieties of pride, grumbling, and courage, a rudely limned naval history of the time—especially as it was seen by the seamen on the lower-deck, the men who were so incredibly

rough, so incredibly brave, and so incredibly ill-treated. Pepys was perhaps the first who ever thought these ballads, wherein the unlettered tarpaulin spoke out his primitive and stormy heart, worth preserving. The title of one of them in the Pepysian Collection is: *The Sea Martyrs; or the Seamens Sad Lamentation for their Faithful Service, Bad Pay, and Cruel Usage.* The street ballad, which would be taken up and carried from mouth to mouth, was the only way in which the sailors who had fought and bled in the Dutch Wars could hope to speak to their countrymen on shore—and little as the majority of these ballads may appeal as literary compositions, under the rough-hewn lines throbs both sincerity and force.

The Pepysian Library also contains three singularly interesting naval treasures—the pocket book of James II which Pepys describes as: "My Royal master K. James y^e^ 2*d.* Pocket Book of Rates and Memorandums during y^e^ whole time of his serving at y^e^ Seas as Lord High Admiral of England, vizt, from May, 1663, to his laying down his commission, May, 1673;" also a pocket book used constantly by that great Seaman Sir Francis Drake; and in direct connection with this is the original "Libro de Cargos as to Provisions and Munič̣ons of the Proveedor of the Spanish Armada, 1588," which has a hole right through, for the purpose of hanging it up in the ship. It must be remembered that Pepys, when he was writing the *Diary*, lived in times when the coming of the Armada was no very remote event, but alluded to in ordinary conversation as '88. The Popish Plot showed to what a fury of fear a spark could fire the mob.

So far Pepys has been considered more in his aspect of bibliophile and collector than as, strictly speaking, man of letters. Apart from the incomparable *Diary*, which can hardly rank as literature —being at once so much more and so much less— his published work is only one comparatively short treatise, and that, as is fitting is concerned with Naval affairs, being, to give it the full Pepysian title, *Memoires Relating to the State of the Royal Navy of England, for Ten Years Determin'd December* 1688. This little work was published in 1690, and Copies, as it said on the title pages, "are to be sold by Sam. Keble at the Great Turks-Head in Fleet-street over against Fetter-Lane." Its merits are more naval and administrative than literary, but one or two quotations from the "Conclusion" will serve to show that Pepys, upon occasion, was master of a style of writing at once characteristic and rather fine :

"And having thus summarily brought this *Deduction* of the last *Ten* years *Home—Transactions* of our *Navy* to the day I first set out for its *Period*, as it also (most wellcomely) proves to my own (now 30 *Years*) Relation to't; wherein (as an *Englishman*, and in a *Service* purely *English*) I have ever with all simplicity of mind contended, to render this humble *Province* of mine useful to my *Country:* I close this Paper.

"Which amounting to little more than the *Contents* of one *Chapter* of a greater Number, wherewith the *World* may some time or other be more largely entertain'd upon the general Subject of the *Navalia* of *England;* I have (for preventing either others or my own being misled, to the *believing* or *reporting*

ought herein needing *Animadversion*) chosen to expose what is here said, Now, while so many are surviving, whose *Memories* (joyn'd with the easie Recourse to be still had to the *Original Registers* thereof in the *Offices* of the *Admiralty* and *Navy*) may enable them to do right to the *Publick*, *Themselves*, and *Me*, by a timely rectifying of any Errors, or Improvement of any Truths, which *Time* may otherwise render in themselves less discoverable, or us less solicitous in the looking after them . . . well knowing how far from *infallible* his best endeavours must be, that has to do with a *Subject* so extensive, various, and complicate, as that of a *Navy*."

Then in good words he sets forth what he calls "three truths" of "Sea Œconomy"—

"1.—That *Integrity*, and general (but unpractic'd) *Knowledge*, are not alone sufficient to conduct and support a *Navy*, so as to prevent its *Declension* into a *State* little less unhappy, than the worst that can befall it under the *want* of both.

"2.—That not much more (neither) is to be depended on, even from *Experience* alone and *Integrity*; unaccompany'd with *Vigour* of *Application*, *Assiduity*, *Affection*, *Strictness* of *Discipline*, and *Method*.

"3.—That it was a strenuous *Conjunction* of all these (and that *Conjunction* only) that within half the *Time*, and less than half the *Charge* it cost the *Crown* in the exposing it, had (at the very instant of its unfortunate *Lord's* Withdrawing from it) rais'd the *Navy* of *England* from the lowest state of *Impotence*, to the most advanced step towards a lasting and solid *Prosperity*, that (all *Circumstances* consider'd) this *Nation* had ever seen it at.

"And yet not such; but that (even at this its *Zenith*) it both did and suffer'd sufficient to *teach* us, that there is Something above both *That* and *Us*, that Governs the *World*. To which (*Incomprehensible*) alone be *Glory*."

In that last paragraph Pepys speaks with a sense of solemnity and mystery that was rare with him. Yet it is to understand Pepys imperfectly if it is not realized that deep in his nature, almost hidden under the prosperous and worldly qualities that were uppermost and evident, lay a strain of Puritan religious feeling, of sincerity and fear before the thought of the Four Last Things—though it was seldom indeed that Samuel Pepys gave himself time to think of them.

Evelyn read the *Memoires* and wrote to Pepys of the "great improvement" the navy had received "by integrity, prudence, courage and industry, of the person who has written it."

As Pepys himself said, his *Memoires of the Navy* was only one chapter, as it were, of a larger work with which "the world may some time or other be more largely entertained upon the general Subject of the *Navalia* of England." To the loss of his country this work never got beyond the preliminary stages, though for many years of his industrious life he was engaged in collecting materials—for he had planned it on spacious lines. No single Englishman of his time could have been better fitted to write this work, and its non-completion is the more deeply to be regretted as Pepys, for all his knowledge and ability, had a certain ardour and simplicity which would have given a unique quality

to his *Navalia.* Evelyn greatly encouraged him in the design, telling him it was his duty to give "his prince, his country, and his friends" the knowledge he had been acquiring. In return Pepys appealed to Evelyn for information to help him in the undertaking, sending him rather a quaint list of questions to be answered, the first of which was: "Instances of any national mistakes, either new or old, whether at home or abroad, in y^e^ over-valuing their own knowledge or force, or under-valuing those of other countries, and may not y^e^ ill success of y^e^ Spaniards in 88 bee in some measure charg'd upon a mistake of this kind in reference to us." Among other things he asked the somewhat baffling question why other nations "more ancient in their naval actions than wee be thought less inventive and improved than us in Navigaceon while they are found so much to outdo us in all other arts."

But this was really just the kind of controversy and discussion that Evelyn loved, and there were few provinces of human knowledge on which he was not prepared to sit down and write sheets of correspondence to Pepys—constantly describing his letters as "impertinences," though long and somewhat pedantic as they are, they yet show the older man in an attractive light. In their later years Pepys and Evelyn drew together in a very close and equal friendship in which the slight trace of patronage on the one hand and of scoffing on the other, that had marked its earlier stages, entirely disappeared. Community of taste is the basis of friendship, and Evelyn was as pleased to see as Pepys was to show "a large folio containing the

whole mechanic part and art of building royal ships and men of warr, made by Sr. Anth. Deane." They would both "esteeme this book as an extraordinary jewell."

Evelyn's generosity in aiding his friend with his *Navalia* was considerable. At King Charles' express wish he had, some years earlier, begun to write a history of the Dutch War, and he put his own materials at the disposal of Pepys. In December 1681 he sent him from Sayes Court a great many papers, letters, discourses, journals, maps, together with "the sheetes I have long since blotted with y^e^ Dutch Warr." As to the compiler's part, he says "'tis not easy to imagine the infinite fardles of papers, treaties, declarations, relations, journals, original letters, &c., which I was obliged to reade and peruse." In a postscript to the same letter he adds: "These papers, mapps, lett^rs^, books and particulars, when you have don with, be pleas'd to take your owne time in returning." Pepys took his own time to such a leisurely extent that he never returned them in his life-time, and all that "vast treasure of papers" now reposes in the Pepysian Library.

In the spring of the following year Evelyn wrote to Pepys again on the same subject: "Considering how far your laudable zeal still extends to all things that any way concern the actions of this nation at sea, and that you despise not the least things that may possibly be of use, I make no scruple of sending you all my blotted fragments, which yet with no small pains you will find I had collected in order to a further progress in the History of the Dutch War. I should be perfectly ashamed of the farrago, when

I reflect upon the more precious materials you have amassed; but you know where Virgil found gold, and you will consider that these were only minute and tumultuary hints relating to ampler pieces, infirm and unfit to be put into the building, but prepared to work on. It is not imaginable to those who have not tried, what labours an historian that would be exact is condemned to; he must read all, good and bad, and remove a world of rubbish before he can lay the foundation." But neither Evelyn with his History of the Dutch War, nor Pepys with his larger History of the Navy of England, ever did more than lay the foundations. That they dug most industriously is shown by Pepys' minute queries and Evelyn's lengthy and learned answers. In one of these letters he said: "I am both dispos'd & esteem myselfe very happy in serving you, tho' but as a pioneer to dig materials for a more skillful hand to square & polish & set in work, so if in my desultory course of reading, & among the rubbish, I lite on anything which is worthy your notice, & may contribute to it, reckon that you have in me a ready and faithfull servant: acquired by many obligations, but (I assure you) by none more than that singular love of virtue, & things worthy an excellent person, which I discover & highly honour in you."

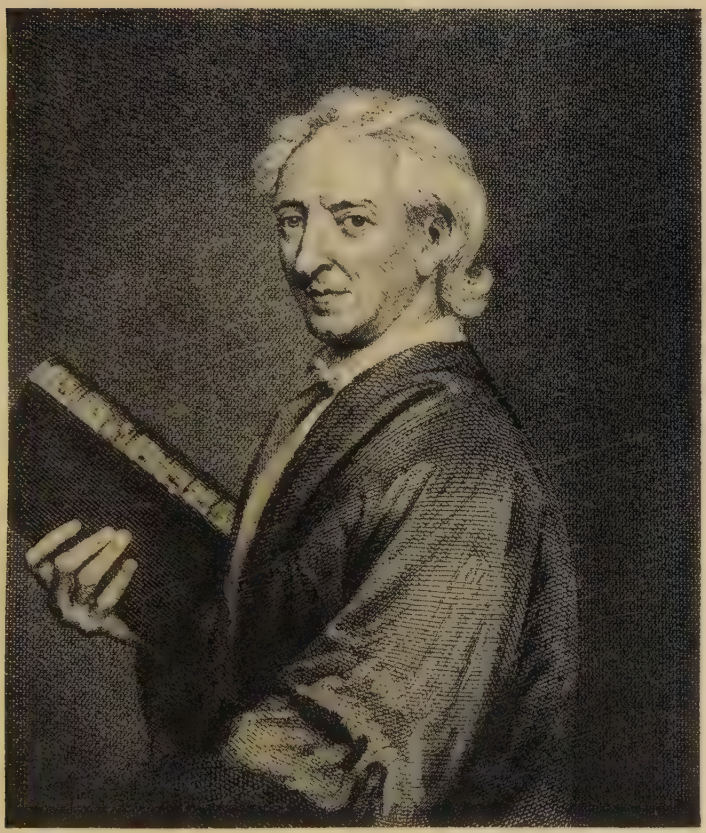
On Pepys' side the admiring friendship was at least equal, and as he had a wish to adorn his library with portraits of learned and celebrated persons he desired to add Evelyn's head to his collection. Evelyn was (or professed to be) overcome at the suggestion. "I did not," he wrote, "in the least suspect your intention of placing my

shallow head amongst those heroes, who, knowing my unworthynesse of that honour, will in spight of your good opinion of Mr. Kneller for his skill of drawing to the life, either condemne his colouring, that he made me not blush; or me for impudence that I did not. But this is not all: for men will question your judgment, or suspect you of flattery, if you take it not downe; for in good earnest, when I seriously consider how unfit I am to appeare in the classes of those learned gentlemen, I am perfectly asham'd."

This is the portrait of which Evelyn wrote in his *Diary:* "I sat for my picture to Mr. Kneller for Mr. Pepys, late Secretary to the Admiralty, holding my *Sylva* in my right hand. It was on his long and earnest request, and is plac'd in his library. Kneller never painted in a more masterly manner."

As Pepys had told him he was having portraits of "the Boyles, the Gales and the Newtons of our nation," Evelyn said, "what, in God's name, should a planter of colewort do amongst such worthies?"

Then at great length Evelyn discourses of Lord Clarendon's library and the paintings that adorned it, giving Pepys much sound advice as to how best to improve his own at smaller expense, adding prints instead of "greate persons paynted in oyle," for "this were a cheape and so much a more useful curiosity." "Your library," he continues, "being by this accession made suitable to your generous mind and steady virtue, I know none living master of more happiness, since besides the possession of soe many curiosities, you understand to use and improve them likewise." He laments the lack of any worthy



JOHN EVELYN, BY SIR G. KNELLER (PAINTED IN 1689 AS A PRESENT FOR PEPYS).

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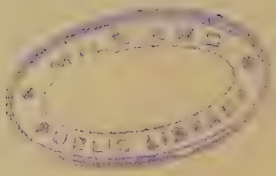

library for the use of the learned in London, "But this we are to expect when kings are philosophers, or philosophers kings, which I think may happen not in this but in Plato's revolution."

In answer to this letter Pepys wrote that he would endeavour "to leave no one syllable unpractis'd of what you have had the goodnesse to teach me in it, and lyes within ye reach of my pate and purse to execute." He goes on: "For though I could hardly find time to take breath till I had gone through it, yet I won't promise to have done reading it this month. One word only I would now say to you upon your first words, about ye place I have been bold in dooming your picture to, namely, that besides forty other reasons I had (founded upon gratitude, affection, and esteem), to covet that in effigie which I most truly value in the original, I had this one more, that I take it for ye only head living I can hope to invite most by after it, of those few whose memories (when dead) I find myself wishing I could do aught to perpetuate."

These letters, so lengthy, leisurely, and minute, show that those were still the "spacious days" in which men like Evelyn and Pepys, who played their parts on the world's crowded stage, could also write letters and treatises and study all the curiosities of learning with as much serenity as though their horizons were bounded by the walls of a library. There is never a suggestion of the urgency of that thought of Marvell's—

> "But at my back I always hear
> Time's winged chariot hurrying near."

PUBLIC LIBRARY

CHAPTER XIII

SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY

The Test Act deprived James, Duke of York, of all his offices at sea and at the Navy Board. His office as Lord High Admiral was placed in commission—for Monson's well-sounding advice that, "The way to settle things is to appoint an Admiral, young, heroical, and of a great Blood: his experience in sea affairs is not so much to be requir'd at first, as his sincerity, honour, and wisdom; for his daily practice in his Office, with conference of able and experienced men, will quickly instruct him," had only worked with fitful satisfaction, as has been seen. But if the control of Naval affairs had slipped largely out of the hands of the Duke of York (though "behind the throne" he still exercised a good deal of influence), the king so arranged matters as to retain much power to himself, as well as the Admiralty dues which were to be collected for his "only use and behoof." In Pepys' words, "His Majesty was pleased to put several parts of the said office into commission, retaining the rest in his own hands." "The right honourable the lords Commissioners for executing the office of Lord high admiral of England," to give them their full title, were the great officers of State, with Prince Rupert

at their head; while "his Majesty was pleased" to call Samuel Pepys, "the only survivor of the first . . . set of officers of the Navy at his restoration, from his charge of clerk of the Acts, to that of Secretary to himself, and the said commission in the affairs of his admiralty of England."

These changes took place in the summer of 1673. Pepys' appointment was inevitable and just, he was not merely "the only survivor," but the one man in England who knew most of the working of the administrative side of Naval affairs. And both the Duke of York and the King appreciated his powers. The post of Secretary to the Admiralty was a more influential one than that of Clerk of the Acts (it is interesting to observe that under the new order of things two men were appointed jointly to the office which Pepys had fulfilled single-handed), but Charles II was so determined to keep the administration of patronage in his own hands that Pepys declared he was but "the King's remembrancer"—though he told an absent and anxious lieutenant that he performed this duty "no less in behalf of the absent than those that are daily soliciting, as you will find by the majority of those whom his Majesty hath been pleased of late to bestow employment upon, showing that not the importunity of those who daily solicit him, but his regard to the qualifications of the persons, upon the view of the list of pretenders by me shown him upon occasion of every vacancy, hath governed him in his choice."

But as "King's remembrancer" Pepys had much indirect patronage—a few judicious words from Mr. Secretary Pepys would help many a deserving

officer up the ladder of promotion, and so soon as he had entered upon his new post Sir William Coventry was asking his favour. "You may reasonably imagine, when you see a letter from me," he writes on the 25th of June, "that it is to congratulate your new employment, which I persuade myselfe you will as easily beleeve mee to rejoyce at, as any man whatsoever; and should have acquiesced in that persuasion, without giving you the trouble of telling you soe, had I not bin sollicited by a servant of mine to entreat yr favour to a brother of his, whose name is Robert Krewstub: my servant tells mee hee hath, during this and the last warre, bin employed as steward in the Navy; his ambition is to become a purser, of which hee doubts not to make his capacity evident, and to give good security. I know you, and the place you execute, too well to think it fitt for mee to recommend an unfit man to you; but if hee appears fitt for it, I doe very seriously entreat your favour to him. I am very unlikely ever to make you a return, unless you have occasion to keepe a running horse at Burford, in which case I offer you my dilligence to over looke him; therefore you have it in your power to lay an obligation upon mee, without the least prospect of interest to sully it."

Indeed, as it was to prove, there was little to sully Pepys' record as Secretary of the Admiralty—the greater dignity of his post brought with it greater dignity of carriage, and though the Clerk of the Acts had upon occasion accepted bribes, the Secretary of the Admiralty kept his hands clean. Of course the temptation was lessened as his private

fortunes were so much improved from the early days of the *Diary*, but there is little doubt that Pepys' own character was shaping, under the pressure of national responsibility and intercourse with upright and learned gentlemen like Evelyn and Sir William Coventry, into a worthier mould than is shadowed forth by many passages in the *Diary*. The mere pressure of his daily work was in itself sufficient to drive out some of his less admirable qualities—for Pepys never slipped through his duties, whatsoever his hand found to do he did it with all his might.

If proof of this were needed it might be found in fourteen vellum-bound folios in the Pepysian Library entitled *S.P.'s Letters, Admiralty*, which contain copies of the letters written by Pepys on Admiralty business. Apart from their elaborate detail and the light they throw on naval administration, these letters are specially interesting because of their freshness and their lack of red-tape formalism—they are the letters of a man who always had personal enthusiasm or anger or congratulation to spare for his correspondents, a man who had not succumbed to the deadness of routine ; they reveal a rare vitality. From June to December, 1673, the first half-year of Pepys' Secretaryship, he wrote nearly a thousand official letters—but though official, they are many of them touched with little humours and quaintnesses that recall the *Diary*, as when he wrote to Sir Thomas Allin after the battle of the Texel, "here let me take notice of the good ears of your neighbours of Blackney, and Wells, that could hear the guns so plainly all Tuesday, on which there was

not one shot." Pepys writes to Commissioner Deane saying he will support not only him, but everybody else "in their endeavours of detecting the misdoings of any persons employed in his Majesty's service," and prays him to be "under no constraint in his proceedings." He desires that Captain Langley will "prefer the serving his Majesty before the gratifying of any man's capriciousness." He refers to Commissioner Beach's observations "about the intemperate use of brandy in the king's ships," which seem "very seasonable, and too justly grounded." He tells Captain Willshaw that reflecting upon the many months his ship has spent in refitting, to hear at the end of that time that she is unable to carry sail is the most surprising to him of anything he had ever met with in his whole life. He writes to Captain Killigrew saying he has received his character from Mr. Clinton, but "I should very willingly have found it to have mentioned the other qualifications of a good sea officer besides that of valour, his Majesty being enough satisfied that that without sobriety and seamanship is lost, and too often proves rather fatal to the service than truly useful."

It will be seen even from these short extracts how Pepys' regulating hand and observing eye were everywhere—no detail too small for his attention, no matter too large for his grasp. But apart from the Secretary, the new Commissioners were mostly men of ability, and determined efforts were made to get the naval affairs of the nation on a better footing. More serious attempts were made to deal with the sick and wounded after the war, Pepys assured Sir

William Doyley that he had omitted no opportunity of pressing their condition upon the Lords. John Evelyn was one of the Commissioners for the care of the sick and wounded, and he was much harassed about them, being in continual need of further sums of money for their pressing necessities. He had to complain of arrears of "near £15,000" in his single district of Kent.

But want of money was the constant cry of the Admiralty Commissioners, as of the Navy Board. On the 13th of August the Lords of the Admiralty wrote to the Lord Treasurer, saying that various necessities constrain them "to become very earnest solicitors to your lordship," for "we do almost daily receive fresh instances of what his Majesty suffers in the delays (and in some cases total stops) of his works through the want of money." They find the old impossibility of making bricks without straw; and without money, they point out to the Lord High Treasurer, "we have no ground of expecting his Majesty's service can be supported by us as it ought to be, and as his Majesty seems to expect." The lack of money to pay debts and discharge ships and seamen no longer engaged in active service, resulted in an appalling accumulation of monetary responsibilities. At the close of the war it became, fortunately, possible to retrench a little. Pepys was torn between his desire to get naval affairs out of debt and his fear, lest in so doing, the strength in ships should be let down unduly and dangerously. He shows this very plainly in a letter to Deane, dated 17th March, 1673–74: of the King he says, "I find him so full of the thoughts he is

now under of stopping of all things that look like occasions of laying out money, that I perceive he is more thoughtful of getting out of debt for what is past (wherein God bless his endeavours), than willing to entertain any proposition that may tend to the increasing of it. In which resolution of his, though no man I hope doth more heartily wish his continuing nor have longer prayed for his coming to it than myself, yet such are my apprehensions of the moment it is of to the public to have no time lost that can be saved in the providing a set of new ships that may enable us without the help of France or any other neighbour to contend alone with the Dutch as we have heretofore done (which with sorrow we must acknowledge ourselves unfit to do at this day)."

A month later he wrote again to Deane (who was urging upon him the importance of shipbuilding) that he was not yet able to overcome the objections of the King and the Treasurer "to the undertaking any new works till his Majesty hath in some measure got over the debt which remains on him upon the old," though both of them "do well agree to the importance it is of to his Majesty that no time be lost in the supplying our present want of naval force by the building of more ships. Nor have I spared to urge the easiness of the terms upon which you seem ready to embrace the undertaking as to what concerns your payments, but neither will that do (at least at present) though I hope so soon as the present growing charge is a little further cut off (in which, blessed be God, a good step hath been in a little time made by the paying off of so many ships), our prospect of things in the Navy will become a little

more pleasant, and his Majesty be in condition to entertain with more satisfaction the discourse of building of ships."

Apart from the shortage of ships, and shortage of money, the discipline of the Navy was in a bad way—it could hardly be otherwise, the men pressed into the service so roughly were often utterly untrained and unfitted for the sailor's life, they were too often the scum and dregs of the population; while the officers themselves and the dockyard officials were frequently guilty of peculation and of neglect of every interest of the King's service. It is one of Samuel Pepys' quiet and little heeded claims to honour that by strenuous and unremitting effort he did much to improve the discipline and dignity of the Navy. He wrote in January 1673–74, of "it being matter of much trouble to consider how all discipline and obedience seems at this day to be laid aside." A month later he told Captain Rooth: "It is with great affliction that I read what you observe concerning the universal loss of discipline amongst the seamen of England, to the degree of their making no difference between his Majesty's service, where the want of payment of their wages may in some measure give excuse for it, and that of the merchants, where they not only have their pay certain but their wages excessive. A vice which I pray God grant I may see rectified before it prove too fatal, not only to his Majesty's service, but the whole navigation of our country."

There was lack of due regard for discipline among the officers as well as among the seamen. One of the articles of the Lord High Admiral's Instructions

was that no commander was to sleep out of his ship without special permission to do so. This rule was constantly ignored, so that in October 1673, the Lords of the Admiralty gave orders to the Navy Board that in future the commanders of ships were to be subject to the musters of the Muster Masters and their absence noted in the books in the same manner as the absences of the rest of the ship's company, their pay was also to be stopped till they could justify themselves by showing that they had acted under orders. In another letter the Lords refer to the "ill consequences of that liberty which we find universally taken by commanders of neglecting their duties."

But something over a year later Pepys was lamenting that the late resolutions "are already forgotten." One July day in 1675 he himself "spied" the captain of the *Lark* "at a distance sauntering up and down Covent Garden, as I have too often heretofore observed him spending his time when the King's service required his attendance on shipboard, as it doth at this day—a practice which shall never pass my knowledge in any commander (be he who he will) without my taking notice of it to his Majesty and my lords of the admiralty." The evil continued to grow, in spite of Pepys' efforts. "I would to God," he wrote to Sir Thomas Allin in June 1678, "you could offer me something that may be an effectual cure to the liberty taken by commanders of leaving their ships upon pretence of private occasions, and staying long in town, to the great dishonour of his Majesty's service, and corrupting the discipline of the navy by their example; . . . it seeming

impossible as well as unreasonable to keep the doors constantly barred against commanders' desires of coming to town upon just and pressing occasions of their families, and on the other hand no less hard upon the King that his gracious nature as well as his service should be always liable to be imposed upon by commanders, as often as their humours, pleasures, or (it may be) vices shall incline them to come ashore. Pray think of it and help me herein, for, as I shall never be guilty of withstanding any gentleman's just occasions, and desires in this matter, so shall I never be able to sit still and silent under the scandalous liberties that I see every day taken by commanders of playing with his Majesty's service, as if it were an indifferent matter whether they give any attendance on board their ships, so as they have their wages as if they did."

He continued to fight against this evil, and in 1679 the Lords of the Admiralty agreed, on Pepys' advice, that in future leave should only be granted under their own hand or that of the King himself: "I having shown them," said Pepys, "that whatever is less than that is too little."

As Secretary of the Admiralty Pepys displayed firmness of will combined with an absence of petty tyranny—he never exercised his authority in needless provocation. When he had to rebuke he did so with all the instincts of a gentleman—and this is a matter for which he has not been given due credit. A small man elevated to power always displays his smallness, but Pepys grew to the dignity of his position—his natural aptitude for affairs, his patriotic pride and almost passionate interest in the navy,

and the steadiness of increasing years, largely elimated from his public career and private character the more unworthy qualities upon which attention has unfairly fastened. As an instance of his wise and restrained method with subordinates whom he had to rebuke take this letter to the Clerk of the Check at Woolwich, who had been guilty of certain "liberties." After dealing with these Pepys goes on: "I suppose that letter of mine may have given rise to this discourse you have met with, which you may be confident was not meant by me with any particular ill-will to you, who are wholly a stranger to me and one to whom I can have no reason to bear any discourtesy, but out of the general care which by my place I ought to have to the benefiting of his Majesty's service as far as my little experience enables me. Therefore pray be under no jealousy concerning it, but expect and be ready to conform to what advice you shall, with the rest of the clerks of the check, at some time or other receive from the Navy Board on this subject."

But Pepys could be high-handed upon occasion, as when, in May 1678, the King sent a verbal message to Parliament to quicken the supply, and Pepys got up and spoke, saying: "When I promised that the ships should be ready by the 30th of May, it was upon the supposition of the money for 90 ships proposed by the King and voted by you, their sizes and rates, and I doubt not by that time to have 90 ships, and if they fall short it will be only from the failing of the Streights ships coming home:" Upon this Sir Robert Howard rose and

said testily, "Pepys here speaks rather like an Admiral than a Secretary, 'I' and 'we.' I wish he knows half as much of the navy as he pretends."

But Pepys did know—more than he ever pretended! He not only knew, he cared, with a personal passion and feeling for his official work that is rare, and as valuable as it is rare. It was no idle boasting when he wrote in April 1679: "I will discharge my part towards his Majesty and my lords of the admiralty in the preservation of the good discipline of the navy, as long as I shall have the honour of serving them in it, by making due representations of any violence I see offered to it, whereof (God knows) few days together escape without some fresh instances, and as few of them without giving me fresh censure and disquiet from my non-compliance with them, even to the rendering my employment as truly burdensome to me as others (who know not this) make it the subject of their envy."

The path of the reformer is inevitably an uphill one; he disturbs too many comfortable and custom-graced abuses. Pepys' reforms and inquiries were frequently resented by highly placed officers, and to one of these the Secretary of the Admiralty wrote with justifiable severity in January 1678–79, that it was "very little to be hoped that sobriety and good discipline should ever be supported in a fleet where those in chiefest trust are either unwilling or afraid of detecting even their inferiors in their misdoings." He plainly warned his correspondent that "it goes a great way with me towards the lessening the credits

of persons in their certifying for the virtues and to the benefit of those they would advance, when I find them in other cases desirous to conceal the vices of those that are already in employments."

On most aspects of naval policy Pepys is well worth hearing, and not least on the old question of Gentlemen versus Tarpaulins, and the need for officers being trained to the sea-service—a self-evident need, it might be thought, but one that was only dimly visible to a generation finding nothing incongruous in the term "General at Sea." Pepys tells Sir John Holmes that certain officers whom he had reprimanded were uttering "no small menaces" against him "as an enemy to gentleman captains." He protests that is not true, though in a later letter he is disturbed by "that distinction so much laboured to be kept up by some between gentleman and tarpaulin commanders, and the liberty taken by the first of thinking themselves above the necessity of obeying orders, and conforming themselves to the rates and discipline of the navy, in reliance upon the protection secured to them therein through the quality of their friends at court."

That Pepys was no enemy to the gentleman officer merely because of his supposed breeding but simply owing to his usual complete lack of seamanship, is shown by some very interesting remarks on this subject to Sir John Kempthorne. "The general ignorance and dulness of our lieutenants of ships," he says, is a "great evil." He would find remedy for this: "I submit it to you to bethink

yourself what sort of captains the honour and safety of the crown and government will have to rely upon for support at sea, when the few commanders (for God knows they are but few) that are now surviving of the true breed shall be worn out; which being our case, and that as it is not only likely that younger sons of gentlemen will still be put forward in sea employments, but very desirable also with respect to his Majesty's service that they should be so, provided they would but set themselves earlily to it, and pass through the same necessary methods of knowledge and practice which the true bred seaman doth."

It was largely, if not entirely, owing to Pepys' efforts that formal means were taken "for ascertaining the duty of a sea-lieutenant, and for examining persons pretending to that office." *The Naval Precedents* contains full and detailed particulars as to the instruction and examination of lieutenants. This was a great reform. "I thank God," said Pepys, with justifiable pride in his achievement, "we have not half the throng of those of the bastard breed pressing for employments which we heretofore used to be troubled with, they being conscious of their inability to pass this examination, and know it to be to no purpose now to solicit for employment till they have done it."

From Pepys also originated a reform in the manner of supplying chaplains to the fleet, in the hope that they might encourage "the honour of God Almighty and the preservation of sobriety and good discipline in his Majesty's fleet." There is a

touch of delicate comedy imparted to this matter when the admiral of one of these new chaplains forwarded a sermon he had preached to Pepys, for presentation to the Bishop of London. This opened up a somewhat alarming prospect of naval sermons streaming to the Admiralty Office, and Pepys took up his pen to stem the threatened tide—his eyes certainly twinkled as he wrote his diplomatic letter: "As for your chaplain's sermon, were it fit for me to give him advice, it should be that he would not have it exposed to my lord bishop's perusal and censure till it were fairer writ, and writ more correctly, this being done so slightly as to its manner of writing, and with so many blots, interlineations, false spellings, and wrong pointings, that I doubt, besides the prejudice the author may receive to his credit, the bishop may think himself a little neglected in his having it presented to him in no better dress, and with so many errata's. Upon which consideration I shall, in friendship to him and out of respect to you, respite the offering of it to my lord bishop until upon conferring with your chaplain I hear again from you about it."

It will be seen that in small affairs as in large ones Pepys had an admirable discretion. But chaplain's sermons were mere asides in the important routine of his office. A matter in which the seamen were much more anxiously concerned than in the quality of their chaplains' sermons, was the quality of the victuals served out to them. "Englishmen," wrote Pepys in his *Naval Minutes*, "and more especially seamen, love their bellies

above anything else, and therefore it must always be remembered, in the management of the victualling of the navy, that to make any abatement from them in the quantity or agreableness of the victuals, is to discourage and provoke them in the tenderest point, and will sooner render them disgusted with the King's service than any one other hardship that can be put upon them." But the poor seaman's victuals have never been celebrated for "agreableness," though Pepys did what he could to reform the system. "I was the first that took the pains to bring the victualling contract to what it now is," he claims. In spite, however, of the most minute and careful instructions, the victuallers still continued more or less unchecked on their wicked way. Pepys grieved to hear of "the serving of the King's ships with shanks, which, (as I remember) have always been excepted against, and yet if my information be true no less than 21 legs was found in 58 pieces of beef lately delivered on board the *Cambridge*, and bread so mouldy as that within five or six days' time the poor men were forced to cut away above one-third of it before it was fit to be eaten, by reason of its mouldiness." Pepys found the delay and dishonesty of the victuallers a "matter of mighty affliction" to himself. But he had not time to deal effectively with the question before he was forced into resigning his Secretaryship.

Another matter in which he was deeply interested was the question of timber for the Navy. No doubt his attention had been early drawn to the subject by Evelyn's *Sylva: or a Discourse of Forest*

Trees. The growth of the navy and the constant and heedless felling of trees had resulted in a scarcity of timber in England, so that many of the new ships had to be built with foreign timber. In his *Naval Minutes* Pepys writes: "We have suffered ourselves to come to want of our own growth almost everything that goes to the building and equipping of a ship . . . whereas a naval nation that could have done it ought to have encouraged the having everything within itself." At his instance the drafts of a bill for the preservation and increase of English timber was drawn up in 1675, owing to the "spoils, wastes, and great destruction that hath of late years been made of wood and timber within this nation." In the years when Pepys lived, as for more than a century after his death, the connection between forestry and sea power was close and immediate, for

> "They shall ride
> Over ocean wide
> With hempen bridle and horse of tree."

The New Forest and the Forest of Dean were where most of the timber for the King's ships was grown. It will be remembered that early in his career as Clerk of the Acts, Pepys had visited several of the royal forests and learned the mysteries of measuring timber, so as to detect cheating. The meanest and the smallest shifts were resorted to in the dockyards for the sake of a little illegitimate gain. One of these shifts was that connected with chips; the workmen were entitled by tradition to "lawful hewed chips that fell from the axe," but the abuse of this privilege became so considerable that

the attention of the Navy Board had to be drawn to "the great charge his Majesty is daily put to by the liberty taken by workmen in everyone of his Majesty's yards of spending much of their time and his Majesty's timber in a wasteful cutting of chips."

To study the Pepysian Papers and Letters is to realize the infinite minuteness of the details that went to that large subject the upkeep of the navy. Not more surely is a stately full-sailed ship the aggregate of many small and apparently unimportant parts. The Parliament might demand more ships, and wisely so, but it was only men like Anthony Deane and Samuel Pepys who knew what went to the building of them. Pepys of course did not understand the technical side of ship-building like Deane, who was a master of his trade, but he was shrewdly interested in the question and had studied it so that he could speak with some authority —he was not affrighted by technical details. He urges the necessity of "our building ships more burdensome, stronger, and giving them more breadth," for this would "make them bear sail better, our great ships being generally crank-sided," also "make them carry their guns better—that is, higher—our great ships failing therein." He was also in favour of ships built by the State, not by private contractors, for "the King works with better materials, and works stronger," while it was cheaper, as "In the King's yards there is one use or other for all materials that is left, whereas the contract-builder must buy no more than just the ships in building useth, it lying dead upon his hands."

Pepys was twice called upon to give the House of Commons an account of the state of the navy, and his second speech seems to have made a considerable impression. "I doubt not," he writes to the Navy Board on February 23, 1676–77, "but ere this you may have heard the issue of this morning's debates in the House of Commons touching the navy, wherein I thank God the account they received from me of the past and present state thereof, compared first with one another and then with the naval force of our neighbours as it now is, different from what it ever heretofore has been, was so received as that the debates arising therefrom terminated in a vote for the supplying his Majesty with a sum of money for building ships not exceeding £600,000." So that Pepys' and Deane's wishes were fulfilled, and by the Act of 1677 thirty new ships were to be built. They were built; but were allowed to fall into decay during the five lean years of Pepys' absence from the Admiralty.

Throughout his career at the Navy Board and the Admiralty Pepys had been closely connected with the Duke of York—whom he admired not for his Catholic proclivities, but for his naval ability. But when the clamours of the Popish Plot drove London frantic this connection was enough to injure Pepys. Some years earlier he had been baselessly charged with Catholic tendencies. Shaftesbury (though he afterwards denied it) declared he had seen an altar with a crucifix upon it in Pepys' house. Pepys stood up in his place in Parliament and denied that he had ever had an altar, crucifix, or the image

of any saint in his abode. He explained, as a possible ground for the accusation, that as he could not go much abroad he had made his home as pleasant to himself as he could, embellishing it with painting. He had "a small table in his closet, with a Bible and Common Prayer-book upon it, and *The Whole Duty of Man*, a bason and an ewer, and his wife's picture over, done by Lombard. This is the whole thing talked of for an altar." Unjustifiable as the charge had been, no doubt it would be remembered against Pepys during the frenzied excitement caused by Titus Oates' so-called revelations and the murder of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey. An attempt, a shameful attempt, was even made to incriminate Pepys in this murder through his clerk, Samuel Atkins. Of course the charge completely broke down—but on the strength of certain depositions of Colonel John Scott, Pepys was accused of betraying naval secrets to the French King, and also of a design to dethrone Charles II, and destroy the Protestant religion. So he and Sir Anthony Deane were committed to the Tower—which had received many another faithful and unfortunate servant of the Crown within its tragic shelter—on the 22nd of May, 1679. In his last letter as Secretary of the Admiralty, written the day before he went to the Tower, Pepys quietly refers to the "reproach" which he is "no less unjustly than unfortunately fallen under in Parliament." But he was able to console himself for unmerited misfortune by the thought: "That though I am one, who could never think any room left for a Subject's

Supererogating in the honest service of his Prince; yet cannot I but own so much content in the contemplation of that little Part I had born in the rendering it, such as may reasonably arise from the not being conscious of any one Instance to be shewn me through the whole Marine History of England, of a time wherein its Navy had been ever before recorded in a better."

CHAPTER XIV

VARIOUS VICISSITUDES

THE Tower was a strange lodging for men like Anthony Deane, the great shipbuilder and good Englishman, and Samuel Pepys. But idle tongues had attacked their fair fames—Deane had been called an Atheist, though, as Pepys said of him, "he had too much wit to be an Atheist; it being the fool only that Solomon tells us says in his heart, 'There is no God,'" while Pepys himself had been attacked as a Papist, but those who would examine the records of the controversy would, he said, "find such a trial and proof of my Protestancy, as I doubt no private man in England can show but myself upon record in Parliament."

Pepys' enemies, however, were not concerned about the truth of their accusations, their object was injury. Andrew Marvell is supposed to have been responsible for a publication called "A List of the principal labourers in the great design of Popery and arbitrary Power," which contains this entry: "Samuel Pepys Esquire, once a taylor, then a serving man to Lord Sandwich, now Secretary to the Admiralty, got by passes and other illegal wages £40,000." The "once a taylor" sufficiently gauges the quality of the rest of that fabrication.

Shortly before he was forced to resign his Secretaryship and sent to the Tower, Pepys wrote a long letter to the Duke of York at the Hague in which he sets forth his own position with dignity and pride. "Whether I will or not," said Pepys to his royal and Catholic patron, "a Papist I must be, because favoured by your Royal Highness, and found endeavouring, on all fitting occasions to express, in the best manner I can, the duty and gratitude due to your Highness from me. But how injuriously soever some would make those just endeavours of mine towards your Highness inconsistent with Protestancy, neither they, nor any ill usage I can receive from them, shall (by the grace of God) make me any more quit the one, than I suspect your Royal Highness will ever take offence at my perseverance in the other." Pepys felt that his position was precarious, and says of some of his covert enemies, "however fairly some of these gentlemen seem disposed towards my continuance in this Secretaryship, yet that compliance of theirs I well know to be grounded upon some opinion they have of the necessaryness of my service to them till they have obtained a stock of knowledge of their own; and then farewell!" He concludes his letter by praying that God may "put some timely bounds to your misfortunes, whatever becomes of mine."

When he was in the Tower soon after this Pepys displayed his political courage as well as his loyalty to a benefactor by continuing to correspond with the Duke of York—though it was partly to association with him that he owed his present troubles. In a letter dated from the Tower, June 9, 1679, Pepys

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says: "I should not have thought it in any wise becoming me to trouble your Royal Highness with the notice of anything relating to the present difficulties I lie under, otherwise than as they serve for the necessary excuse of my no earlier owning the favour of your Royal Highness's by Captain Sanders, which found me the custody under which I, with Anthony Deane, do now remain, upon no less suggestions than those of popery, felony, piracy, and treason, but so grounded as to render it hard for me to tell your Royal Highness which of the two enjoys the greater pleasure; whether Mr. Harbord in public, from the contemplation of the conquest his malice has obtained over me, or I in private, from what my innocence tells me I shall sometime or other (if any justice may be hoped for) obtain against him. Hardships, however, I do and shall suffer contentedly, and the more in that I had the honour of having my duty to your Royal Highness assigned for the real cause of what my adversaries are pleased artificially to pretend, of Popery, and other like chimeras: for, begging your Royal Highness to believe that, as your Royal Highness shall never receive any dishonour from the favour you have been observed to incline towards me, so neither shall any of the hard usages which the malignity of some, or want of information in others, can subject me to, render me either less zealous in my duty and allegiance to my Royal Master, or less forward in the payment of that gratitude, which even that Protestancy of mine the world would be thought so doubtful of, exacts from me towards your Highness, and shall have it to the last point of my fortune and life."

Pepys no longer fronted misfortune with that anxious readiness he had sometimes earlier displayed to slip out of it into favour, even at the cost of his dignity. He had proved his worth and his manhood, and he regarded the charges brought against him with no fear, but with a good deal of quiet contempt and private bitterness. When Pepys and Deane were brought to the bar of the King's Bench, bail was at first refused, though later it was allowed. But it was not till the early spring of 1679–80 that Colonel John Scott's depositions were found to be utterly worthless and untrue, and the two prisoners were relieved from their bail. While he was in the Tower Pepys had been obliged to borrow a hundred pounds from his friends to pay his fees and defray his expenses. But though he was free once more this first was not to be Pepys' last experience of durance, and many of his later years were troubled by the fear of unjustified attacks.

While he still held the Secretaryship of the Admiralty Pepys had again had his portrait painted, and a friend wrote to him about it, saying: "The picture is beyond praise; but causes admiration in all that see it. Its posture is so stately and magnificent, and it hits so naturally your proportion and the noble air of your face, that I remain immovable before it hours together." This picture is by an anonymous painter. The reference to it is interesting, in spite of the somewhat extravagant phrases, as showing the air of dignity and self-control that years and responsibility had brought to the volatile and somewhat impertinent Pepys of an earlier time.

In Christ's Hospital there is a picture by Verrio of James II receiving the mathematical pupils of the school, which contains a portrait of Pepys in an Alderman's scarlet robe. This gown he borrowed from Sir Thomas Beckford, saying in a little note dated February 17, 1681–82, "I entreat you to send it me in its bag by the bearer, and will be accountable to you for its speedy return without injury."

After his experience of the Tower Pepys found himself once more high in the Royal favour. He accompanied the King to Newmarket in June 1681, where he took down his Majesty's account of his escape from Worcester, and as he told the Duke of York, who had inquired for a copy, "my covetousness of rendering it as perfect as the memory of any of the survivors (interested in any part of that memorable story) can enable me to make it, has led me into so many distant inquiries relating thereto, as have kept me out of a capacity of putting it together as I would, and it ought, and shall be, as soon as ever I can possess myself of all the memorials I am in expectation of towards it."

Consistently throughout his life Pepys displays the same ardour towards the completion and perfection of any subject he has taken up, whether it is a large or small matter. He is always the hater of loose ends, of the unfinished or imperfect piece of work. The idea that anything is too much trouble never even occurs to him.

In the early spring of the following year Pepys was again at Newmarket in company with the King, and in May he went by sea with the Duke of York to Scotland—narrowly escaping sharing the ship-

wreck which James suffered. The Duke's ship, the *Gloucester*, struck upon the Lemon and Oar sands, and shortly sank with much loss of life. Before this happened Pepys had received "abundant invitation to have gone on board the Duke," but he had chosen "for room's sake and accommodation," to stay where he was in one of the accompanying yachts. From Edinburgh he wrote an account of the disaster to Will Hewer:

"Our fortune was, and the rest of the yachts, to be near the *Gloucester* when she struck; between which and her final sinking, there passed not (I believe) a full hour; the Duke and all about him being in bed, and (to show his serenity) the pilot himself, till waking by her knocks.

"The Duke himself, by the single care of Col. Legg, was first sent off in a boat, with none but Mr. Churchill in her to prevent his being oppressed with men labouring their escapes; some two or three, however, did fling themselves after him into her, and my Lord President of Scotland, by the Duke's advice, endeavoured it, but falling short, was taken up out of the water by him. . . .

"Had this fallen out but two hours sooner in the morning, or the yachts at the usual distance they had all the time before been, the Duke himself and every soul had perished; nor ought I to be less sensible of God's immediate mercy to myself, in directing me (contrary to my purpose at my first coming out, and the Duke's kind welcome to me when on board him in the River) to keep to the yacht; for many will (I doubt) be found lost, as well or better qualified for saving themselves, by

swimming and otherwise, than I might have been."

In answer to this letter the faithful and attached Will Hewer wrote, saying it was "the welcomest newes I ever received in my life," to hear of his friend's safety. "You cannot imagine," he goes on, "in what consternation all your friends in general were, upon the reporte of your being cast away, but more especially those at Crutched Fryars, Winchester Street, and Portugal Rowe, to whom I communicated your letter, which was matter of noe small joy and satisfaction to them: they all joyne with me in returning God Almighty thanks for his great mercy in directing you in your passage as he did."

Hewer gives him the news of the town, among other items that "*our friend* Colonel Scott," as he calls him with scornful italics (this being the man who had accused Pepys of Popery and treason), was "fledd for killing a coachman, the Coroner having found it wilful murther."

On hearing of his enemy's downfall Pepys says that "God is pleased to take [him] out of our hands into his own for justice."

When Evelyn had the news of his friend's narrow escape from shipwreck he wrote, saying he had heard nothing till "the dismal and astonishing accident was over, which gave me apprehensions and a mixture of passions not realy to be express'd 'til I was assur'd of your safety, and I gave God thanks for it with as much sincerity as any friend you have alive. 'Tis sadly true there were a greate many poore creatures lost, and some gallant persons with them; but there are others worth hundreds

saved, and Mr. Pepys was to me the second of those some."

While he was in the North Pepys visited several Scottish towns, and admired Glasgow for its "beauty and trade." But his remarks on the people show how deep was the river of prejudice that still ran between England and Scotland. "The truth is," said Pepys, setting forth his untruth with all the air of finality, "there is so universal a rooted nastiness hangs about the person of every Scot (man or woman) that renders the finest show they can make nauseous, even among those of the first quality."

He also went to Berwick-on-Tweed, to Newcastle, to Durham—where the Bishop, he says, "seems to live more like a prince of this, than a preacher of the other world,"—to Scarborough, and to Hull.

After having explored a small portion of that very wild and uncivilized country Scotland (as it seemed to seventeenth-century eyes) Pepys' travels were to take him yet further afield. In August 1683, he was commanded by the King to go to Portsmouth—it is interesting to observe, by the way, that with the close of the Dutch wars the Eastern ports and harbours diminished in importance, and as France loomed more and more as the enemy upon the gaze of the watchers across the "ruffled strip of salt," Portsmouth and Plymouth rose to the prominence they have since retained. Pepys was given little warning and no reason as to why he was wanted till he arrived, but then he was very well content with his errand, which was, as he told Evelyn, "to accompany my L^{d} of Dartmouth (and therewth to have

some service assigned me for His Maty) in his present expedition, wth a very fayre squadron of ships, to Tangier."

At the time of writing Pepys was ignorant as to the object of the expedition, but he was not inclined to "make griefes" of that. "This only I am sure of, that over and above ye satisfaction of being thought fitt for some use or other ('tis no matter what), I shall go in a good ship, with a good fleet, under a very worthy leader, in a conversation as delightfull as companions of ye first forme in divinity, law, physick, and ye usefullest parts of mathematics can render it . . . wh ye additionall pleasure of concerts (much above ye ordinary) of voices, flutes, and violins; and to fill up all (if anything can do't where Mr. Evelyn is wanting), good humour, good cheere, some good books, ye company of my nearest friend Mr. Hewer, and a reasonable prospect of being home againe in lesse than two months. But, after all, Mr. Evelyn is not here, who alone would have beene all this and without whom all this would be much lesse than it is, were it not that, leaving him behind, I have something in reserve (and safe) to returne to."

In the same stately key Mr. Evelyn replied to Mr. Pepys: "Sir," he said, "I find myselfe surpris'd and over-joy'd together: the one, by so unexpected an occasion of your absence from us; the other, for abundance of reasons, and that you are come into the publique againe, and do not wholly resigne yourselfe to speculation, nor withdraw your industrious and steady hand from the helme of that greate vessel in which we are all imbarked with you. . . .

Methinke when you recount to me all the circumstances of your voyage, your noble and choyce companie, such useful as well as delightful conversation, you leave us so naked at home, that 'till your returne from *Barbarie* we are in danger of becoming barbarians. The heroes are all embark'd with my Lord Dartmouth and Mr. Pepys; nay, they seem to carry along with them not a colonie only, but a college, nay, an whole universitie—all the sciences, all the arts, and all the professors of them too. What shall I say! You seeme to be in the ship that Athenaeus speakes of, was so furnished with all that the land afforded, as it more resembled an imperial city than the floating and artificial fabric of a carpenter."

Tangier had come into the English possession as part of the dowry of Queen Catherine of Braganza, and a Tangier Commission was formed for the purpose of its government. Almost from the first Pepys had been connected with this Commission. It is another instance of his extraordinary energy that in spite of his work as Clerk of the Acts he took over the Treasurership of the Tangier Commission in the spring of 1665, as the then Treasurer, Thomas Povey, had got his accounts into a complete muddle. Pepys managed things very differently, for he writes in the *Diary* of August 20, 1666, "All the afternoon upon my Tangier accounts . . . and I find myself right to a farthing in an account of £127,000." It had been early decided to build a mole or breakwater at Tangier for the accommodation of shipping, but none of the commissioners had any practical knowledge of the place, or of the

extent of the expense upon which they were so lightly embarking, and Pepys signed the contract for the building of the mole with a very reluctant hand, for he did not know whether they were paying too much. So the Tangier affairs drifted and were mismanaged for a term of years, till in 1683 Lord Dartmouth was sent out with secret orders, which he did not impart to Pepys till they were at sea, to destroy the harbour, blow up the costly mole, bring home the garrison, and abandon the place to the Moors. Pepys kept a *Tangier Journal* in which he recorded all the happenings of the expedition. When he landed at Tangier, the first time he had set foot in the place with whose affairs he had been so long connected, he was amazed at its entire uselessness. In a letter to his friend Mr. Houblon he says: "at no time there needed any more than the walking once round it by day light to convince any man (no better sighted than I) of the impossibility of our ever making it, under our circumstances of government, either tenable by, or useful to, the crown of England." Remembering the past expense it had been, he adds: "Therefore it seems to me a matter much more unaccountable how the King was led to the reception, and, afterwards, to so long and chargeable a maintaining, than, at this day, to the deserting and extinguishing it."

The mole, which had been expensive to build, was found difficult to destroy, and it took six months to blow it up, so that it was not till March 1684 that Lord Dartmouth sailed out of Tangier Bay, bringing Pepys back to England, where he had a most important piece of naval work still to accomplish.

When Pepys was deprived of his first Secretaryship of the Admiralty in 1673 the office of the Lord High Admiral was placed in commission, and the result was that for five disastrous years the navy administration was in the hands of men without either experience or ability. Between bewilderment and anger Pepys wrote in his *Naval Minutes:* "No King ever did so unaccountable a thing to oblige his people, as to dissolve a commission of the Admiralty then in his own hand, who best understands the business of the sea of any prince the world ever had, and things never better done, and put it into hands which he knew were wholly ignorant thereof, sporting himself with their ignorance."

Nothing could be more characteristic of Charles's sardonic humour. He loved the sea and was a good sailor, and in his earlier years it had amused him to take out those of his courtiers who were not, in small boats, and sport himself with their discomforts. He cared more about the navy than any other of the serious concerns of his kingdom, and during the period of Pepys' first Secretaryship he had really devoted time and some of that ability which in general he so carefully concealed, to naval administration—yet at the end of a few years he suddenly grew tired of being serious and flung it all up, tossing the affairs of the navy into incompetent hands and "sporting himself with their ignorance."

The King's peculiar form of humour cost the country dear. The state of affairs in the dockyards was almost past description. Money obtained for repairs disappeared into private pockets, and the

ships simply rotted as they lay. "I have with my own hands," wrote the horrified Pepys, "gathered toad-stools growing in the most considerable of them as big as my fists." Navy stores of all kinds were pilfered, till the dockyard storehouses were left empty; certain officials drew double salaries for doing worse than nothing; confidential documents disappeared, including the plans for the thirty new ships ordered in 1677, which were stolen and sold in Paris to the French Minister of Marine, but it appeared to be nobody's business to put a stop to these things. The years between 1679 and 1684 were black ones for the Navy, for though little or nothing was done that was not ill done, and the effective strength of ships in sea pay dwindled from seventy-six ships at the beginning of that period to twenty-four ships at the end, yet the cost of the Navy to the country was not in any way diminished. The Admiralty received £400,000 a year (equal to two million pounds in the present day), but what became of that money is unknown, though easily guessed, for the Admiralty officials were sufficiently wise to keep no account. Therefore they cannot be called upon by posterity to explain how they wasted two millions yearly and added also a sum of £400,000 (in the modern value of money) to the Standing Debt of the Navy. Truly the King's "sport" was on a colossal scale.

The bitterness with which Pepys would view this disastrous state of affairs may be imagined. He had been turned out of his post to make way for a set of dishonest muddlers—men who were simply gamblers with the national honour and security.

Lest it should be thought that Pepys' condemnations were tinged with not unnatural prejudice, it is well to remember that his report is confirmed in all its details by a contemporary French naval authority. "Times of peace," says Pepys in his *Memoires of the Royal Navy* (which is hereafter quoted in a modernized version as to spelling and capitals for greater convenience in reading), "used evermore to be improved to the making up the wasteful effects of war." But this peace appears "to have brought the Navy into a state, more deplorable in its ships and less reliable from its stores, than can be shown to have happened (either in the one or the other) at the close of the most expenceful war within all that time, or in forty years before."

The case of the thirty new ships voted by Parliament during his first Secretaryship rouses him to great though well-restrained indignation—the thing is too bad for invective. On these thirty ships rested the greater part of the effective sea strength of England: "The greatest part nevertheless of these thirty ships," says Pepys, "(without having ever yet looked out of harbour) were let to sink into such distress, through decays . . . to the rendering them unable with safety to admit of being breemed, for fear of taking fire; and their whole sides more disguised by shot-boards nailed, and plasters of canvas pitched thereon (for hiding their defects, and keeping them above water) than has been usually seen upon the coming in of a fleet after a battle; that several of them had been newly reported by the Navy Board itself, to lie in danger of sinking at their very moorings."

Without the expenditure of many words Pepys has succeeded in drawing a sufficiently disgraceful little picture. He refers to the money that has been wasted, and says: "While the Navy (under this five years' uninterrupted peace) was suffered to sink into this calamitous estate, even to the rendering some of its number wholly irrepairable, and reducing others (the most considerable in quality) to a condition of being with difficulty kept above water; the Navy (as his Majesty was then assured by the Lord Treasurer) had been all that while supplied (one year with another) with four hundred thousand pounds per annum."

The case is complete; but heavy work lay before those who would right the naval wrongs wrought in those five years of Pepys' absence from the Admiralty.

CHAPTER XV

THE NAVAL REFORMATION

King Charles had played long enough with the navy—the disastrous results of his combination of cynical amusement and contemptuous indifference began to be visible even to his careless eyes. Struggling between his loyalty and his disgust Pepys refers to the King's "unconcernment" at the bad state of the navy, though "at the same time his transcendent mastery in all maritime knowledge, could not (upon the least reflection) but bring into his view, the serious reckoning the same must soon or late end in, to his purse and Government. As at the five years end it proved to do."

Pepys tells how he was brought back to the service of the navy by his Majesty, who at last "being self-convinced of the inexpediency of his longer continuing the Navy under that management," was "pleased to come to a sudden determination, of resuming the business of it into his own hands, assisted by his Royal Brother then come back, and by his commands, (neither sought for, nor forseen, but brought me expressly from Windsor by the Lord Dartmouth) to require my immediate return to the post I had formerly had the honour of serving him at, therein."

Though Pepys is generally and usually called Secretary of the Admiralty in both his holdings of the post, the office of "Secretary for the affairs of the Admiralty of England" was really constituted for the first time by letters patent under the Great Seal in June 1684. The office that Pepys had earlier held had been the more informal one of Secretary to the Lord High Admiral. As Secretary of the Admiralty he had "full power and authority to administer an oath to any person or persons concerning any of our affairs of our Admiralty of England."

Pepys' first business was to acquaint himself with the condition of the navy, for during his five years' withdrawal from the Admiralty he speaks of "being myselfe wholly sequestred from that and all other publick affairs," so that "those of the Navy became foreign to me." But he admits that he had a shrewd idea of the deplorable state of things from "what too often occurr'd in common conversation."

A less resolute man might well have stood appalled at what lay before him if naval affairs were to be redeemed from the results of five years of dishonest incompetence. A less patriotic man might well have been too disgusted at the large undoing of his past work to care to start again. Not so Pepys —a few moans, a few exclamations, he does permit himself, but all the while he is preparing for action. The spectacle of Pepys at this time is worthy of no little admiration: he was fifty-two years old (men grew old earlier then); he had worked hard and almost unceasingly all the years of his life; he had flourished in an atmosphere of favour and prosperity,

and then in his middle age he had suddenly tasted the ingratitude of princes and the hatred of the mob; he had seen a large part of his good and arduous work undone, from something that must have appeared to him like wicked capriciousness, and then he was suddenly called upon to pick up the pieces and make them into a sound whole again. And he did it—though it cost millions of money and all the best remaining years of his life to make good the damage and restore the navy of England from a few rotting hulks to a fleet in being.

The man who could do this needed certain qualities and abilities that in combination are not common. He needed humour, for one thing, to save him from heartbreak; shrewdness, to save him from being outwitted; courage, to face the foes his reforms were bound to bring him; a remarkable capacity for work; and the power of getting work out of reluctant subordinates, as of instilling wholesome fear into dockyard officials; also he needed an endless patience with detail; and a mind that was never befogged by it, but could always keep its grasp upon the larger issues. It is no exaggeration to say that Pepys had all these qualities.

At the Admiralty in Whitehall hangs a portrait of Pepys, painted by an unknown artist just at this very time of his second Secretaryship, and peculiarly interesting as showing him at a later date than any other portrait, in the very fullness of his maturity and power. The background of the picture is dark, the wig and surroundings almost merge together, so that the face and the touch of white ruffle under the chin stand out in a striking manner. The eyes

PORTRAIT OF PEPYS BY AN UNKNOWN PAINTER (AT THE ADMIRALTY).

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are the arresting feature of the face, dark, bright, full-lidded, observant, and direct, the eyes of a masterful man. The rest of the face falls into comfortable curves, suggesting the love of pleasure and good living that characterized one side of Pepys' nature—but it was one side only, for the impression made by this face as a whole is that of a man accustomed to authority, not lightly to be swerved aside from any path he wished to follow; a man who knew his own value and could make others feel it; who had found his right niche in the world and settled into it with a solid satisfaction; while behind the eyes lurks that touch of sly and unquenchable humour which was to save Samuel Pepys from ever becoming dull or pompous.

It was his task to find out the full extent of the damage done to the navy before he could set himself to remedy it. This he at once proceeded to do by visiting the dockyards, rowing round the ships in the harbour, poking into magazines and storehouses —that quick eye of his a very terror to evil-doers. He writes of "the effects of inexperience, daily discovering themselves," of "general and habitual supineness, wastefulness, and neglect of order." He went to Chatham on the 23rd of August, 1684, on what he describes as a "melancholy visit" to inspect "the deplorable state" of the thirty new ships. Those who wanted to defend the past Commission urged upon him that the decay of the ships was really due to "want of care in the choice of their materials, as being built either of East Country goods or doted and decayed English timber." But Pepys was not deceived by specious excuses: "After all the inquiries

I have been able to make, and the divers other grounds assigned for this general rot of the new ships, I cannot see it chargeable upon anything in the world but their being ill looked after since they were built"—it was nothing wrong with East Country plank, it was simply "the plain omission of the necessary and ordinary cautions used for the preserving of new-built ships." More than this he had learned a year or two before he came back to the Admiralty, "that the establishment of men and guns, which I took so much pains to procure, is now broken into."

Altogether a heart-breaking piece of work lay before him, but with characteristic energy and thoroughness he embarked upon his labours. Charles II, whose indifference had wrought such havoc with the Navy, lived too short a time after reinstating Pepys at the Admiralty to see any of the good results of his tardy action. Indeed, it is true and not unduly harsh to say that Charles's death in February 1684–85 was a blessing wearing no disguise to the navy, for it brought a monarch to the throne who, whatever his other shortcomings, was at least truly concerned for the welfare of his fleet and sincerely anxious for the reform of naval affairs. The conjunction of the King who cared and the Secretary who really understood his work may be justly considered the salvation of the navy, which was at the lowest ebb of prosperity and dignity, stranded upon the dingy mud banks of incompetence and dishonesty. To float that good ship again into the waters of success was an undertaking worthy a king and an Englishman.

At first neither James II nor Pepys was particularly successful. The effects of the disastrous years clung about them and impeded their intentions, so that Pepys, in a rare moment of despair, was driven to say that things had "declined to a yet more deplorable degree of Calamity." It became increasingly evident that some sweeping change was necessary if any good was to follow, for as Pepys says in the invaluable *Memoires of the Royal Navy*, wherein he tells the story of all these happenings: "After the utmost proofs of the procedures of this Board, assisted by money to the height of their demands it seemed manifest to His Majesty, that the Fleet's decays outgrew their cure; and that should no other course be found for the remedying it, than what was now stirring among the Navy Officers (whose estimates of the very same date were found sometimes to differ not less than double, nay even treble, in the charge of the repairs of the very same ship) no time could be assigned, within which (if ever) their decays (even as they then stood, without ought allowed for their greatnings by delay) could have their repairs depended on."

This being the state of affairs some remedy must be found, and the first glimmering of light is seen in the following characteristic Pepysian paragraph: "From whence, and from the King's being in an especial manner convinced, that no part of these evils sprang from the want of money, hands, materials or time, but from other imperfections obvious enough, but uneasie to be now rectified in the persons principally accountable for them; and considering likewise the necessity of having some instant and

effectual remedy provided, ere the mischiefs attending this management became (what one year's delay more must, at least as to the new ships, have rendered them) insuperable: he was pleased (in subsurviency to his own) to require my thoughts touching the methods most likely to compass his royal aim herein, and how far that (with the other standing and indispensable charges of his Navy at sea and in harbour) might be together answered with £400,000 per annum; the sum the then Lord Treasurer first proposed the way of providing, and the King his readiness to have set entirely apart for it."

James II showed his wisdom in trusting so largely to Pepys' advice, for he was not only the fittest man in the kingdom to ask, but such asking, from such a quarter, would spur him to extraordinary efforts—pride, inclination, and ability would all point the same way to Pepys.

On first resuming the Secretaryship of the Admiralty, while King Charles was yet living, Pepys had instituted an inquiry into the state of the navy and its "disorders and distresses," and he presented the result of his researches "in a book fairly written and sealed up" to Charles on New Year's Day, 1684–85, "opening to him at the same time the general contents of it for his present satisfaction by discourse." But this discourse, says Pepys, "partly from his own sickness soon after following, was all the knowledge he ever had of it, as continuing with him unopened to the day of his death." But when James became King he called upon Pepys to read this document aloud to him, and no doubt the memory of it was in his mind when, after a year's trial of

naval affairs as they then stood, he decided upon a real reformation as the only remedy, and asked Pepys to prepare his ideas as to what might best be done.

So on New Year's Day, 1685–86, Pepys set forth his case in a "discourse" before King James and Lord Treasurer Rochester, and his suggestions meeting with favour, he was commanded to set them down in writing, which he did, and a few weeks later presented them to the King "in his new closet." This document which was received with extraordinary instances of satisfaction and concurrence, later crystallized into the "Proposition" to be found in the *Memoires*. The opening of this "Proposition" is worth quoting for the forcefulness of its style. "Sir," says Pepys to the King, "Though the general and habitual supineness, wastefulness and neglect of order universally spread through the whole Navy, with the no-provision yet made of materials the most necessary and difficult to be found for this so great work; adding thereto the impossibility of arriving at any perfect knowledge of the weight of that work, from the disagreements daily discovered between the estimates and real charge of works when performed: and lastly, the heavy consequences of any failure that may happen in its exception, seem to render any peremptory undertaking herein (from me at least) very unsafe, if at all justifiable. Yet so much am I acquainted with the power of industry and good husbandry, joined with knowledge and methodical application (no two of which seem at this day stirring together in any part of your naval service)

that after weighing every article of what I am by your Majesty's command now going to offer you, I am satisfied that your Majesty may reasonably expect the services mentioned in the following Proposition."

Then he proceeds to set forth to the King how matters may be arranged "to the recovery of the lost discipline and industry of your Navy; the retrenchment of all unnecessary charges and wastes; the encouraging and improving all means of good husbandry and reasonable saving; and the due correction of all misdoers."

He enters into much detail as to the repair and building of ships, the supplying them with sea-stores and the proper supervising of the same; he foresees the navy's need and "growing wants of nimble and less chargeable Frigates for answering the ordinary occasions" of the sea-service. These things and many more have, as he quaintly expresses it, been "digested by command, and submitted with all humility to the correction of your Majesty."

From this Proposition of Pepys' grew the memorable Special Commission of 1686. The King had wisely decided (guided largely by the Secretary of the Admiralty) that it was useless to endeavour reforms without changing his tools. Pepys had in his mind certain worthy and industrious men, some of whom had served in past years upon the Navy Board, whom he was determined to bring back to the King's favour. It is amusing to read between the lines of the *Memoires* and see with what zeal he pursued this object. Other men might be suggested, but Pepys would have none of them,

and in this matter Pepys was the master mind. The King was not allowed to look two ways, for Pepys persistently held before him the right men "for his better distinguishing who *were* from who *were not* fit for his use, on an occasion so little able to bear with any mistake therein." He tells the King plainly that failure to discern the necessary qualities and abilities in their naval officials "appears to have cost your Royal brother and you within the forementioned five years, above half-a-million."

Pepys had truly come to his own again! Then in fine grave words he sets forth the qualities necessary in those who would deal honestly with the naval affairs of England, and in so doing he quite unconsciously portrays the ideal on which he had moulded his own naval career—

"A general mastery in the business of accounts, though more particularly those incident to the affairs of your Navy.

"Vigour of mind, joined with approved industry, zeal, and personal aptness for labour.

"An entire resignation of themselves and their whole time to this your service, without liableness to avocation from other business or pleasure.

"Lastly such credit with your Majesty for integrity and loyalty as may (with the former conditions) lead both yourself and my Lord Treasurer to an entire confidence of having all done that can be morally expected from them in the advancement of your service, and the circumspect and orderly dispensing and improving of your treasure."

By this, and by laborious lists of persons

eminently unsuitable, was James II led in the way the Secretary of the Admiralty wished him to go, so that eventually Pepys was enabled to say in meek triumph that the King "was pleased to fix his choice upon" Sir Anthony Deane, Sir John Berry, Mr. Hewer, and Mr. St. Michel. Pepys was particularly insistent about Sir Anthony Deane, for he said his "talents for his service seem to me (through every part of it) so much superior to all I have ever yet met with in the Navy that I take his service for one of the most essential securities to be aimed at towards the rendering your Majesty's purposes in this undertaking successful."

Deane himself was by no means wishful to be drawn again into the thankless business—indeed, as Pepys says, "So instant, even to offence, were his solicitations" to be excused. But the King, with Pepys behind him, prevailed. "Nor was the King," says Pepys ingenuously, "led to this singularity of opinion in favour of Sir Anthony Deane, from any less inducement, than what arose from a deliberate perusal of a Memorial I had on that occasion prepared for him, containing a list of every person then occuring to me (whether in or out of his service) of more than common reckoning among the professors and practicers of shipwrightry within this Kingdom."

Pepys gives the qualifications of others of his new members of the Navy Board: Sir John Berry "for his long experience through every part of sea service, from the sailor upwards, with his known industry through all greatly qualifying him for the assisting of your Navy Board in all matters calling

for the knowledge of a seaman." Of Will Hewer he can well speak, "for his twenty-five years' uninterrupted experience and practice (within my own view) through every the most difficult parts (both executive and those of an accountant) appertaining to an officer of the Navy, with a faithfulness, diligence, and reputation equal thereto." And he has a good word for the "industry, faithfulness, and approved ability" of Balthazar St. Michel. So the reformed Navy Board consisted of the Treasurer, Sir Anthony Deane, Sir John Berry, Sir John Godwin, Mr. Hewer and Captain Shales; with Sir Phineas Pett at Chatham dockyard, Sir Richard Beach at Portsmouth, and Balthazar St. Michel at Deptford and Woolwich.

Many wise rules and instructions were laid upon the new Commissioners, one of the wisest of which was that duties might no longer be delegated "to the care of clerks and inferior instruments," and that the commissioners were to be held "jointly accountable." James II tells the members of the Navy Board that they are "to apply their utmost diligence, industry and experience to the rendering effectual in all its parts the Proposition lately digested and presented to us by the Secretary of our Admiralty."

Pepys' part in this and how closely he shared the mind of the King in all naval matters was made evident to the new Commissioners, if they did not know it already, by a meeting at St. James's Palace on March 22, 1686, where the King gave them "a very earnest, plain and serious discourse," which was really the work of Pepys, who was then

called upon to "read over and enlarge upon this paper and so show his Majesty's whole mind" to the Commission.

A month later Pepys and some of the Commissioners attended James II on a visit of inspection to Chatham dockyard.

Pepys writes a detailed account of this visit: "So that this seems to give a perfect consummation of the late business of our Navy settlement by the King's becoming an ocular witness of the necessity of it from the state of his ships, besides what was in discourse added as to the stores from the evident wants of materials necessary for the repairs thereof, especially as to thick stuff, plank, and trenails, and those not in view to be had for money. To which His Majesty had also an opportunity of having an account given him upon the place of the universal supineness of his officers, with a proof of it the same evening beyond all expectation or imagination upon our seeing him on board his yacht in the evening bound for London, and we back again, from below Gillingham up the river in a violent storm of rain all that evening and night, without one port shut upon any one of the ships in our passage but what we by hailing caused to be so, or upon the *St. Andrew* and *Grafton* in dock, neither shipwright, nor assistant, nor any other officer minding it . . . nothing being more evident than the evil that this negligence has brought upon the Navy by ships being kept with their ports either always shut in dry weather or open in wet, to the occasioning that succession of heat and moisture that has ruined them."

Pepys was probably not entirely sorry that the slackness of dockyard methods should be revealed to the eyes of the King. His Majesty showed considerable energy and determination in regard to naval affairs after this. On Wednesday, the 28th of April, Pepys wrote: "From this day the Commission proceeded in its advance towards the general repair of the Navy, furthered therein by the frequent personal visits of the King to the several yards and public instances given of his satisfaction in the same."

The question of the new ships laid down during Pepys' first Secretaryship, and now rotting and decayed at their moorings, was one of the most pressing, and received the early attention of the Commissioners—it was, in Pepys' words, "the most tender part of their charge. . . . Than which as nothing could be more deserving their nicest search, with regard to the public import of the subject of it. So neither could any thing be of more particular moment to them, whom the King had thus intrusted with the cure, than an explicit knowledge of the origin of the disease."

The vitality of Pepys' manner of writing on the Navy is characteristic—his eager mind looks through the words. It is no dry and technical matter to him, the ships are not mere shells of timber, they are personalities, they have suffered great injuries, they are dumb, indignant, wounded, and he will speak for them. Pepys' imagination was of a material kind—it seldom, if ever, indulged in spiritual flights, but it was minute and vivid. Perhaps it was hardly imagination at all, but observation touched with the flavour of personality.

And what an observation! An eye that had a genius for seeing, a pen that had the trick of the pungent word! The heights of his dignity as Secretary of the Admiralty and close adviser of the King did not debar Samuel Pepys from his persistent study of human nature—he was still interested in the humblest of the dockyard officials and knew all about them, their ways, their weaknesses, even their ailments. Witness the list of shipwrights, with characters attached, which he prepared for the King when Sir Anthony Deane's appointment was in question. One man is "illiterate, and not of countenance, method, or authority sufficient for a commissioner of the Navy;" another is "a low-spirited, slow, and gouty man . . . illiterate and supine to the last degree;" while a third is "one that loves his ease, as having been ever used to it, not knowing what it is to work or take pains." It is impossible to help feeling that Pepys enjoyed setting down these little statements, not because he was spiteful, for he was seldom that, but because he liked observing men and things and writing down his observations in neat and telling words.

But to return to the question of the thirty new ships and the East Country timber. A conference on this matter was held at the Navy Office on the 17th of April, "upon enquiries then proposed by the Secretary of the Admiralty on behalf of his Majesty, touching the present conditions of this Kingdom, in reference to plank for ship-building." Pepys regarded the question of timber as "a matter most worthy the notice of every English Gentleman." The first inquiry put was: "How far it

may be depended on, that England may at this day supply itself with a sufficiency of that commodity, for answering the occasions both of the Merchants and His Majesty's Service (in the state the Royal Navy thereof now is) without foreign help?" The answer to this question was "That it is in no wise to be relied upon." Various technical details followed, and the sum of the shipwrights' opinions fully concurred in by the Navy Commissioners was: "So that upon the whole, our unanimous opinion is; that large plank, well chosen, of the foreign growths before mentioned, is in its service at least as durable, in its cost less chargeable, and the use of it (through the scarcity of English) become at this day indispensable."

These resolutions the Secretary of the Admiralty presented to the King at the Council Table in October of the same year. The result of this inquiry was to give the lie to those who had declared the decay of the new ships was owing to the use of East Country plank, hastiness in building, greenness of the timber, or other shifts and excuses. "The present effects of which last papers and the observations next preceding," says Pepys, "amounting to nothing less than a plain detection of the variety of those suggestions touching the root of this calamity, nought remained whereon the same could with any appearance of consequence be charged, save the plain omission of the necessary and ordinary cautions used for the preserving of new built ships." In a word, it was neglect that had been the ruin of "these unfortunate ships."

But neglect of the Navy during the reign of

James II was not to be countenanced, and the new Commission worked well. The first year's effort was naturally unable to undo all the ills of the earlier mismanagement, but the Commissioners were honestly able to assure the King that if they had the work to do over again, and if the gain or loss directly affected their own purses, they were not conscious of being able to do better. A year later they had to complain that their efforts for the repair of the navy had been hampered, both by the bad state of the ships, which was worse than at first reported, and by "obstruction and hardships industriously put upon us (both from sea and shore) by those to whom our methods of good husbandry and dispatch proved less grateful, than the laxness in both, to which they had for some time been accustomed."

About this time James II instituted some new regulations for naval officers in which the hand of Pepys can be plainly felt, all tending to the improvement of discipline, the encouragement of valour and enterprise, and the increased dignity of the navy. It is impossible to go into the details of all the reforms and alterations that were brought about under Pepys' supervision, to do so would be to write a history of the navy in little. But ships in port and ships on the high seas, dockyards, everything in turn was inquired into, and gradually but surely from the chaos of mismanagement emerged order. Much credit is due to the members of the Commission, much credit to James the King, but the most to Samuel Pepys. It is no exaggeration to say that he was the centre of the whole—it was from him

that James largely drew his ideas and methods of reform, from him that the Commissioners really drew their instructions. So well accomplished were these instructions, the ships rising fair and strong once more under the builders' hands, the seamen paid, the storehouses and magazines again full, that James II was able to dissolve the Special Commission before it had run its full term of three years and return once more to the ordinary methods of governing the navy. Three years had been judged the shortest time possible in which to get the navy back again into a state worthy its name and the safety of England, but in two and a half years' time the work was judged accomplished so far as the Commission could bring it about. There is a curious irony about the special pains that James II took with his navy during his short reign: he improved the ships and the men, but none of them helped him to retain his crown or even retarded the landing of William of Orange. The unity between the Crown and the navy had really been definitely severed by the Commonwealth —the navy distrusted the Stuarts, and still more distrusted a Catholic Stuart.

However, the day of James's flight had not quite come. The fact that he was a disciplinarian by nature was all to the good of the service. It was, said Pepys, "impossible for any prince to be more solicitous for the recovering and establishing of good discipline in all his services, both at land and sea, and to do more towards it than he whom we have the honour to serve has done." James II was really determined to root out the drunkenness and

laxness that undoubtedly disgraced the fleet. Pepys has much to say about this. Early in his second Secretaryship he wrote that the intemperance complained of in the case of a certain officer is no new thing, "indeed, the generality of that vice, now running through the whole Navy, is such as does call for and will certainly find both his Majesty and Royal Highness their being very severe in their corrections of it, as that without which the recovery of their naval discipline seems never to be hoped for." On another occasion Pepys' anger against those who would have palliated a case of confirmed intemperance drove him to emphatic words, "he whose debauchery renders him unfit for any one charge in the Navy, renders himself by the same means unfit for every other, and therefore, unfit for one unfit for all, there being no office so little in the Navy but requires and deserves sobriety to manage it." He wrote a little later, "Till that vice be ended which I find too far spread in the Navy, both by sea and land, I do despair of ever seeing his Majesty's service therein to thrive, and as I have given one or two instances of my care therein already, so shall I not fail by the grace of God to persevere in it as far as I am able, till it be thoroughly cured, let it light where it will." Pepys carried out his campaign in spite of many difficulties, and a drunken officer, whatever his position, met with no more (indeed with rather less) consideration than a drunken sailor. Instructions were given that for persistence in this offence seamen were to be punished by small fines on their wages, and the money so collected sent to the Chest at

Chatham, so that the sins of bad sailors helped the virtuous and disabled. Pepys defended the idea, for though, he said, in the first instance it appeared to take the bread out of the mouths of the innocent wives and families, yet really, by deterring drunkenness, it saved both the seamen and their dependants from greater disasters.

How stern the otherwise easy-going Pepys could be in all matters that touched the execution of his duty is shown by his treatment of a certain Thomas Alcock, who was a connection of his own and who was suspected of embezzlement. Owing to his having been in the favour of the powerful Secretary the Commissioners at Chatham did not press the case; but Pepys would not permit this, he demanded a full investigation, "and that he may not flatter himself with the hopes of any protection from me, I desire you will do me the favour to let him know that what you do herein is done at my express desire . . . to tell you the truth, such was my opinion of his sobriety and honesty at this very day and my regard of his having been bred in the Navy, that I was not without thoughts of finding some fair occasion of promotion to him . . . but by God's grace if you find the least umbrage of a miscarriage of the same kind in him, he shall soon make a vacancy instead of filling one." At the inquiry Alcock cleared himself from any suspicion of dishonesty, and Pepys wrote to him that he should "resume the same fair thoughts and kind purposes towards him which I had before." But there was no road to Pepys' favour save industry, intelligence, and zeal.

Before going on to the closing episodes of Pepys' Secretaryship it is well to go back and sum up the efforts and successes of the Special Commission in whose defence and justification Pepys largely wrote his little volume, *Memoires of the Royal Navy*, from which so much has already been quoted. Among the useful things done by the Commission was the building of storehouses and magazines for the safe-keeping of dockyard and other stores. A greater number of these buildings had been erected "within the two years and a half of this Commission, than had ever been before, by all the Kings of England put together." New docks were built and the old ones improved, so that at the time Pepys wrote they were in a state "superior to all that the Navy of England ever before knew." Every suggestion Pepys had made in his original Proposition was "strictly complied with," the building of two small frigates only excepted, which were put on one side by the King "till the weightier works of his great ships would allow room and leisure for their being built in his own yards." Again (and how different from the days of Charles!), "Not a penny left unpaid to any officer, seaman, workman, artificer or merchant, for any service done in, or commodity delivered to the use of the Navy, either at sea or on shore, within the whole time of this Commission, where the party claiming the same was in the way to receive it, and had . . . done his part towards the entitling himself to payment."

Not the least admirable part of all these reforms was the comparatively small outlay at which they had been accomplished. Pepys was justified of his

pride when he wrote: "The whole of this Proposition was thus made good, and therewith the Navy of England redeemed from perishing, at a charge not only not exceeding the £400,000 per annum allotted for it by the King, and consequently not more than what the Navy appeared (as before) to have been supplied with all the time of its being so abandoned to ruin, but even for less." The accounts are so well kept that therein may be seen "every species and parcel of goods bought and spent, artificer and workman employed, penny laid out and service performed." This "does not appear to have ever before been seen in the Navy of England," says Pepys mildly, "but (through the single industry and peculiar conduct of Mr. Hewer) is now remaining there, to show posterity, that there is nothing in the nature, bulk, or diversity of matters incident to the business of a Navy (even under the circumstances of this) to justify the so-long-admitted pretence of an irreducibleness of its accounts, to a degree of order and self-evidence, equal to the most strict of any private merchant." All this was obtained at "no other cost than the bare wages of the few his Majesty was pleased to call to this his service, arising together to little more than £6,000, with the addition of "the simple wages of a worn unassisted secretary." Besides vital reforms in the internal government of the navy, saving of money, amassing of stores, and improvement of discipline, the establishment of ships was greater and far better equipped, "to the most powerful it ever at any one time had, in the most active year of a Hollands War."

That was Pepys' deliberate opinion of the Special Commission and its work. But he had his moments of despair and disgust, optimist though he was by nature, his times when he felt that nothing was well done and that all was vanity under the sun. In one of these moments he wrote in his private minute-book: "Such has ever been and is at this day the paucity of men in this nation to be found more sufficient, that were the election of another such a tribunal now to be made, and committed wholly to myself, I durst not undertake to make a better choice, after the proof I had of it in the set of hands proposed entirely (saving the treasurer) by myself to the King my master at the setting up of the last commission, wherein, though there was not one that was not eminently qualified and experienced in some or other of the fundamental articles of the business of the Navy, to the comprehending the whole thereof among them, and notwithstanding all the strictness of their instructions, the King's injunctions, their own promises, and my daily eye and hand upon them, yet what with the laziness of one, the private business or love of pleasure in another, want of method in a third, and zeal to the affair in the most, the issue of that commission had been as successless in every respect as either of these before mentioned, or any other that ever were in the Navy of England, had not the whole work, conduct, and care of it been upheld by two of the number only, namely, Sir A. Deane and Mr. Hewer."

But this is not really a just estimate, it was written in a fit of depression or wounded feeling, and when the acts of the Commission were inquired into during

the succeeding reign the report was that all had been done "with great exactness, sufficiency, and frugality of expense in the managery and conduct thereof."

The close of the Commission was practically the close of James II's reign. There is no need to go into the causes of the Revolution of 1688, or the flight of the last Stuart king. Pepys took no part in all those troubled happenings, he stayed at the Admiralty and went on with the routine of his work. In the course of his lifetime he had seen many changes and many rulers—when he was a child Charles I was king, and he had seen that monarch's head fall upon the scaffold; he had lived under the wise and iron rule of Cromwell; the short and weak Protectorate of Richard, his son; and he had helped in a humble way to bring back King Charles from over the water; then he had seen his friend and patron King of England and marched in James's coronation procession immediately behind the royal canopy, as one of the Barons of the Cinque Ports; he had witnessed Monmouth's tragic rebellion; and now the Revolution was come, and the Prince of Orange, through whose reign Pepys was to live and even to see one year of the rule of Queen Anne. Altogether a strange number of changes to be compassed in the span of one man's life, and he had taken his part and share in many of these happenings.

The sudden end of James II's reign was a serious calamity to Pepys—he had lost a king who was his undoubted friend, to receive a king who at the best could only look upon him coldly. The story is well

known that when the news of the landing of William of Orange was brought to James at Whitehall, he was sitting to Kneller for the portrait he had promised to Pepys. In spite of the startling tidings James preserved his dignity and told Kneller to proceed. "I have promised Mr. Pepys my picture," he said, "and I will finish the sitting." This picture, which is a fine and stately one, is in the possession of a descendant of Pepys, and is peculiarly interesting owing to the circumstances in which the last sitting was given by the already dethroned monarch.

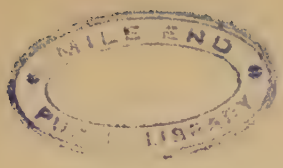
On the 12th of December in that eventful year Evelyn wrote to Pepys from Sayes Court, and this letter is endorsed "upon the great convulsion of State upon the King's withdrawing." Evelyn says: "I left you indispos'd, and send on purpose to learne how it is with you, and to know if in any sort I may serve you in this prodigious Revolution. You have many friends but no man living who is more sincerely your servant, or that has a greater value for you. We are here as yet (I thank God) unmolested; but this shaking menaces every corner, and the most philosophic breast cannot but be sensible of the motion. I am assur'd you neede no precepts, nor I example, so long as I have yours before me." A few days later he had a letter from Will Hewer, on which is written in Pepys' own hand, "A letter of great tendernesse, at a time of difficulty." Hewer refers to the troubles about them and goes on: "You may rest assured that I am wholly yours, and that you shall never want the utmost of my constant, faithful, and personal service; the utmost I can doe being inconsiderable to what your kindness and

favour to me has and does oblige me to; and therefore, as all I have proceeded from you, soe all I have, and am, is and shall be at your service."

For a short time after the flight of the King Pepys continued his duties at the Admiralty, and on Christmas Day he was writing to the fleet at the bidding of William of Orange. But the new ruler could hardly be expected to regard with any favour, or even without distinct suspicion, the man who had been so closely associated with the exiled James. So on March 9, 1688–89, Samuel Pepys received an order to make way for Phineas Bowles, who had been appointed Secretary of the Admiralty in his place. This was the end of his public career—the Navy, for which he had done so much, was to know his "daily eye and hand" no more. He had been concerned in the naval administration of England from the Restoration to the Revolution, with only one short break. Through the whole of that time he had never failed to deserve Monk's praise that he was "the right hand of the Navy." He was a man whose character and powers were enriched by the passing years, he gained in breadth of judgment, in wisdom, in earnestness, and the services he rendered as Secretary of the Admiralty were not only greater in name, but greater in fact than those he had rendered as Clerk of the Acts. Often it is not so: the bigger position covers less strenuous effort. But at no period of his public life did Samuel Pepys spare himself, and because his public career was so long and continuous, and his energy so unceasing, he may justly be regarded as one of the finest and most efficient servants the Admiralty or

England has ever known. The Diarist sinks into insignificance beside the official who did more than any single man to reform the administration of the Navy even under the rule of a King who "did hate the very sight and thoughts of business."

A contemporary admirer wrote of Pepys as "the great treasurer of naval and maritime knowledge." Another contemporary said of him in just, if somewhat stilted words: "It may be affirmed of this Gentleman, that he was, without exception, the greatest and most useful Minister that ever filled the same situation in England; the Acts and Registers of the Admiralty proving this fact beyond contradiction. The principal rules and establishments in present use in those offices are well known to have been of his introducing, and most of the officers serving therein, since the Restoration, of his bringing up. He was a most studious promoter and strenuous asserter of order and discipline through all their dependencies. Sobriety, diligence, capacity, loyalty, and subjection to command, were essentials required in all whom he advanced. Where any of these were found wanting, no interest or authority were capable of moving him in favour of the highest pretender; the Royal command only excepted, of which he was also very watchful, to prevent any undue procurements. Discharging his duty to his Prince and Country with a religious application and perfect integrity, he feared no one, courted no one, neglected his own fortune."



CHAPTER XVI

RETIREMENT

Being forcibly retired from public life and his anxious interest in the navy, Pepys was able to devote his remaining years to the curiosities of literature and knowledge which had always charmed him, and to correspondence and intercourse with many eminent men of his time.

But he had still a period of storm and trouble to go through before he reached quiet waters—moreover there can be no doubt he felt his severance from naval affairs, they had been, for so long, an intimate and engrossing part of his life. Evelyn in his *Diary* frequently records at this time how he and Pepys, and sometimes Anthony Deane, met and dined together and discussed naval questions.

Pepys had been discarded, but he had been too prominent a man, and his name still carried too much weight for him not to find foes and accusers. On the 10th of June, 1690, Evelyn records: "Mr. Pepys read to me his Remonstrance shewing with what malice and injustice he was suspected with Sir. Anthony Deane about the timber of w^{ch} the 30 ships were built by a late Act of Parliament, with the exceeding danger w^{ch} the fleete would shortly be in, by reason of the tyranny and incompetency

of those who now manag'd the Admiralty and affaires of the Navy, of wch he gave an accurate state, and shew'd his great ability."

Possibly Evelyn was moved by some deeper display of Pepys' wounded feeling than he records in his *Diary*, for the next day he wrote his friend an unusually impulsive letter: "When I reflect," he says, "as who can but reflect upon what you were pleased to communicate to me yesterday? so many and so different passions crowd on my thoughts, that I know not which first to give vent to;—indignation, pity, sorrow, contempt, and anger, love, esteem, admiration, and all that can express the most generous resentments of one who cannot but take part in the cause of an injured and worthy persone. With what indignation for the malevolence of these men, pity of their ignorance and folly, sorrow and contempt of their malice and ingratitude, do I look upon and despise them! On the other side, in what bonds and obligations of love, esteem, and just admiration, ought we to regard him who dares expose himself to all this suffering with so intrepid a resolution, because his innocence and merits will justify him to his country and to all the world! I speak not this to flatter my friend, nor needs he my comfort or counsel. He has within him, and of his own, enough bravely to support him; . . . I protest, and that sincerely, that I am so far concerned that these angry men so far provoke you, that I think they could not have contributed more to your honour, and their own deserved reproach; so reasonable, so every way ingenuous, in so just, modest, and generous a style is your

excellent remonstrance, and so incontestibly vouched. This, Sir, is my sense of it; and I value myself upon my judgement of it, that it will stand like a rock, and dash to pieces all the effects and efforts of spiteful and implacable men, who, because they cannot bravely emulate, envy your worth, and would thus secretly undermine it . . . unless we pluck out our own eyes, we must see, in spite of them, that you and your colleagues have stood in the breach when the safety of the nation was in the utmost danger."

A few days later Evelyn saw, as he wished, Pepys' *Memoires of the Royal Navy* given to the world, and wrote again to congratulate and praise him.

It will be remembered that Pepys had earlier been sent to the Tower, and he was to have a second experience of imprisonment. He was accused of "being affected to King James" and of having sent information about the state of the English Navy to the French Court, and on the strength of this purely imaginary and (to such an Englishman as Pepys had always proved himself) most repellent crime, he was committed to the Gatehouse at Westminster. Of course there was no evidence against him, and after some weeks, as he was in ill-health, he was allowed to return to his home. To the friends who bailed him from prison he wrote: "Being this day become once again a free man in every respect, I mean, but that of my obligation to you and the rest of my friends, to whom I stand indebted for my being so, I think it but a reasonable part of my duty to pay you and them my thanks for it in a body; but know not how otherwise to compass it, than by

begging you, which I hereby do, to take your share with them and me here, to-morrow, of a piece of mutton, which is all I dare promise you, besides that of my being ever

"Your most bounden and faithful humble Servant, S. P."

That was the end of the many vicissitudes of Pepys' life, he had still a good many years to live, but those years were spent in retirement and the society of his more intimate friends, Evelyn pre-eminent among them, Will Hewer, once servant and now one of the supports of his declining years, and his nephew, John Jackson. At this time he was living at York Buildings, from which he later moved to a large house and garden in the country suburb of Clapham, but that was only in his last years, when he had grown unequal to the exertion of seeing his friends and entertaining himself with the literary and scientific discourse in which he so much rejoiced. The Royal Society had played a considerable part in his private life from the time he was elected a Fellow in 1665. He had been twice chosen President, in 1684 and again in the following year, an honour he would fully appreciate and as fully deserve, though he was not a man of science in any sense. But though in that aspect he is far from being the most eminent of the Society's presidents, he may be regarded as peculiarly typical of the consuming curiosity in which the Royal Society had its origin. Pepys continued to receive the members of the Society at his house in York Buildings on Saturday nights so long as his health

permitted. These meetings were much enjoyed by Pepys and his friends, and Evelyn told him once in an affectionate letter that so far as remembering them was concerned, "every day is Saturday with me."

The constant correspondence between Evelyn and Pepys throws a pleasant glow across the later years of the two fellow-diarists. From leafy Wotton in the summer of 1692 Evelyn wrote: "I have been philosophizing and world-despising in the solitudes of this place, whither I am retired to pass and mourn the absence of my worthiest friend. Here is wood and water, meadows and mountains, the Dryads and Hamadryads; but here's no Mr. Pepys, no Dr. Gale. Nothing of all the cheer in the parlour that I taste; all's insipid, and all will be so to me, till I see and enjoy you again. I long to know what you do, and what you think, because I am certain you do both what is worthy the knowing and imitation. . . . I am here with Boccalini, and Erasmus's Praise of Folly, and look down upon the world with wondrous contempt, when I consider for what we keep such a mighty bustle. *O fortunate* Mr. Pepys! who knows, possesses, and enjoys all that's worth the seeking after."

Pepys had been confined to town partly by a bad leg and partly by a piece of work he wished to finish, and though he says he minds Evelyn's doctrine about despising the world, he bids him "hasten, then, to town, where we have a whole summer's crop of intelligence together, and seed to put into the ground for another; but want the aid of your weather-wisdom towards judging what will become of it."

Pepys was not to escape the somewhat too common experience of his day of being robbed by highwaymen—most courteous highwaymen they proved, and the details are so quaint and characteristic they must be quoted. On Michaelmas Day, 1693, Pepys and John Jackson with his wife and some other ladies, were riding to Chelsea when they were molested. In the Old Bailey Sessions Papers of December in that year is the following account: "Mr. Pepys gave evidence, that as he was Riding to Chelsey in his coach, accompanied with Mr. Jackson and his Lady, and some other Ladies, on the 29th of September last, in the dusk of the evening three Persons (having their Faces covered with Vizard Masks) met his Coach (being all on Horse-back), and holding a Pistol to the Coachman's Breast; and another against Mr. Pepys, commanded the Coach to stand, demanded what they had, which Mr. Pepys readily gave them; which was a Silver Ruler, val. 30*s.*, a Gold Pencil, val. £8, Five Mathematical Instruments, val. £3, a Magnifying Glass, val. 20*s.*, a Gold and Silver Purse, val. 10*s.*, Two Guineas and 20*s.* in Money, these were Mr. Pepys Goods and Money. . . . Mr. Pepys conjured them to be Civil to the Ladies, and not Affright them, which they were; . . . Mr. Pepys desired them to give him a particular Instrument that was of great use to him; and one of them told him, *Sir, You are a Gentleman, and so are we; if you will send to the Rummer Tavern at Charing-Cross to-Morrow, you shall have it there:* Mr. Pepys did send, but there was nothing left."

It is sad to record that these courteous though

not reliable highwaymen were condemned to death.

At this time of his life there is nothing save his correspondence to give us glimpses of Pepys—but some of the glimpses are intimate and charming, as when he tells Evelyn: "I had a very kind visit yesterday from our pretty Etonian [Evelyn's grandson] conducted by Mr. Strickland, but could not get the little knave to dine with me, as being elsewhere bound. But I hope he will make me amends another day."

He writes a picturesque little letter to his friend Mrs. Steward in September 1695—

"MADAME,

"You are very good, and pray continue so, by as many kind messages as you can, and notices of your health, such as the bearer brings you back my thanks for, and a thousand services. Here's a sad town, and God knows when it will be a better, our losses at sea making a very melancholy exchange at both ends of it; the gentlewomen of this (to say nothing of the other) sitting with their arms across, without a yard of muslin in their shops to sell, while the ladies, they tell me, walk pensively by, without a shilling, I mean a good one, in their pockets to buy. One thing there is, indeed, that comes in my way as a Governor to hear of, which carries a little mirth with it, and indeed is very odd. Two wealthy citizens are lately dead, and left their estates, one to a Blue Coat boy, and the other to a Blue Coat girl, in Christ's Hospital. The extraordinariness of which has led some of the magistrates to carry it on

to a match, which is ended in a public wedding; he in his habit of blue satin, led by two of the girls, and she in blue, with an apron green, and petticoat yellow, all of sarsnet, led by two of the boys of the house through Cheapside to Guildhall Chapel, where they were married by the Dean of St. Paul's, she given by my Lord Mayor. The wedding-dinner, it seems, was kept in the Hospital Hall, but the great day will be to-morrow, St. Matthew's; when, so much I am sure of, my Lord Mayor will be there, and myself also have had a ticket of invitation thither, and if I can will be there too; but for the other particulars I must refer you to my next, and do,

"Dear Madam, adieu,

"S. P.

"Bow bells are just now ringing, ding, dong, but whether for this, I cannot presently tell; but it is like enough, for I have known them ring upon much foolisher occasions, and lately too."

Though he had been such an admirer of women in his youth, Pepys had little concern with them in his later years. He was principally interested in them as housekeepers. A Mrs. Fane was his housekeeper for several years, and Pepys said of her: "I do not believe that a more knowing, faithful, or vigilant person, or a stricter keeper at home (which is to me a great addition)—a person more useful in sickness as well as health, than Mrs. Fane is, can anywhere be found. As such I esteem and love her with all my heart, and should ever desire to keep her acquaintance, friendship, and neighbour-

hood." But he adds, "she hath a height of spirit, captiousness of humour, and bitterness and noise of tongue, that of all womankind I have hitherto had to do withal, do render her conversation and comportment as a servant most insupportable." On this account he sent her away, and then relented and took her back, but had finally to get rid of her. Pepys, it will be remembered, had long ago said he did "hate to be unquiet at home."

His interests were now all literary and scientific, and his correspondence with learned men constant. Isaac Newton wrote to him, sending to him or solving for him curious mathematical problems. Dr. John Wallis, Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, and Dr. Gale, were among his constant correspondents, as well as Sir Anthony Deane, the famous shipbuilder. After the Revolution Deane retired to Worcestershire, and from there he wrote to Pepys: "These are only to let you know I am alive. I have nothing to do but read, walk, and prepare for all chances, attending this obliging world. I have the old soldier's request, a little space between business and the grave, which is very pleasant on many considerations. As most men towards their latter end grow serious, so do I." To this letter Pepys answered characteristically: "I am alive too, I thank God! and serious, I fancy, as you can be, and not less alone. Yet I thank God too! I have not with me one of those melancholy misgivings that you seem haunted with. The worse the world uses me, the better I think I am bound to use myself. Nor shall any solicitousness after the felicities of the next world (which yet I bless God!

I am not without care for) ever stifle the satisfactions arising from a just confidence of receiving some time or other, even here, the reparation due to such inaccountable usage as I have sustained in this."

Pepys was not a person given to brooding on his latter end, though at the close of 1696 Evelyn had warned him, "Time flies apace, my friend; 'tis evening with us, do not expect perfection on this side of life." But Pepys still contrived to fill his days full of interests and his ardour for living was undimmed, though physical infirmities began to creep upon him. In his youth he had been "cut for the stone," and as he grew older he suffered a good deal from this old trouble, little as it had distressed him in his maturity. But so long as he could struggle against his ailments he continued to receive and delight in his friends at York Buildings. How much these weekly meetings were appreciated is shown by many a little reference in the letters of his friends. Dr. Gale, writing to him from York, says, "I bless God, I have had my health very well here, and want nothing but what can no where be had but in the Paradise which looks into the Thames, near the water-gate in York Buildings." More elaborately Evelyn assures him that his abode is á Versailles which those "having had the happiness to see it, think it not worth the going into France, so long as it is now in perfection in York Street.

In the summer of 1700 Pepys moved from York Buildings to Clapham. On the 23rd of September in that year Evelyn records in his *Diary:* "I went to visite Mr. Pepys at Clapham where he has a very noble and wonderfully well furnish'd house, especially

PEPYS' HOUSE IN BUCKINGHAM STREET, AND THE WATER-GATE.

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with India and Chinese curiosities. The offices and gardens well accommodated for pleasure and retirement."

Retirement was what Pepys, the friendly lover of his kind, had come at last to need. The Saturday evenings had to be abandoned, the rooms in York Buildings no longer echoed to the varied discourse of those informal meetings of the Royal Society gathered round Pepys' chair, poring over his print cabinets, handling his medals and curiosities, turning the leaves of his cherished books. To many a learned man the windows of that "Paradise which looks into the Thames" must henceforward have seemed very blank.

At Clapham—which Evelyn called his "Paradisian Clapham," for a garden meant much to the author of *Sylva* and the "planter of colewort"—Pepys had the companionship of his old friend and early servant, Will Hewer. Hewer's record went back to the *Diary* days, it was the longest unbroken link in Pepys' life—his wife and his early friend Lord Sandwich were long ago dead, so was the King of his most glowing days, Charles II, but still Will Hewer survived to care for him—Hewer who had seen his rise from poverty to prosperity, who had taken the conciliatory part in his violent domestic squabbles and guarded his walks abroad lest he should meet the too-fascinating Deborah Willet, and seen all these upheavals sink into silence and forgetfulness. Strange memories the two old men had to share between them in their comfortable retirement at Clapham.

Pepys gives some of the reasons of his removal

to Clapham in a letter to Dr. Gale, in which he says that his condition has "been such as to have had my door thronged for several days together with the managers of our Black Guards, to bespeak the conducting me to my last home; but it has pleased God to respite it." But he adds, "I am sated with the world, and am within little of being prevailed upon, by my physician and friends, (my nearest councillors for my health) to bid so fair an adieu to it, as to set up the short remainder of my rest here, where I now am, without troubling the town or myself with it, more of which I may possibly speak more particularly in my next; for, if I must be left to philosophize by myself, nobody, I fancy, will blame me for choosing to do it in a serene air, without noise, rather than where there is nothing of the first, and nothing else but the last."

A little earlier than this Pepys, who was evidently feeling his age and comparative solitude, wrote rather pathetically to his nephew complaining of the difficulty he found in getting through the work he wished done: "There is a necessity, too, of transcribing my Alphabet and Catalogue, and the yet greater work for an Amanuensis in what I hope shortly to be at liberty to go about, relating to my naval speculations and applications, at least garbling of all my Collations and Papers preparative thereto. Add to this, my having 3 4ths or more of my time to spend, without any body near me to read or write, or know how to fetch a book out of my library, or put it up in its place again when done with; and this, as I grow older, growing less supportable."

In the late summer of 1700 Pepys was at Clapham

and Evelyn at Wotton, and Evelyn wrote him a pretty country letter: "You will now enquire what do I do here? Why, as the Patriarchs of old, I pass the day in the fields, among horses and oxen, sheep, cows, bulls, and sows, *Et cetera pecora campi.* We have, thank God, finished our hay harvest prosperously. I am looking after my hinds, providing carriage and tackle against reaping time and sowing. . . . This without—now within doors, never was any matron more busy than my wife, disposing of our plain country furniture for a naked old extravagant house, suitable to our employments. She has a dairy and distaffs." But amid all these country pleasures, "can you thus hold out? will my friend say: philosophy, Gresham College, and the example of Mr. Pepys and agreeable conversation of York Buildings, quite forgotten and abandoned? No, no!"

In answer to this letter Pepys wrote: "I have no herds to mind, nor will my Doctor allow me any books here, what then, will you say too, are you doing? Why, truly, nothing that will bear naming, and yet I am not, I think, idle; for who can, that has so much of past and to come to think on as I have? . . . Pray remember what o'clock it is with you and me. . . . I wish, nevertheless, that I were able to administer any thing towards the lengthening that precious rest of life which God has thus long blessed you (and in you, mankind) with; but I have always been too little regardful of my own health to be a prescriber to others."

Pepys, who had always been generous in his patronage of learning and the two Universities,

presented Oxford with the portrait of her Savilian Professor of Geometry, Dr. Wallis. He commissioned Kneller to paint this picture, for, as he told the famous artist, he had long been determined "upon providing, as far as I could by your hand, towards immortalizing the memory of the person (for his fame can never die) of that great man, and my most honoured friend Dr. Wallis, to be lodged as an humble present of mine (though a Cambridge man) to my dear Aunt, the University of Oxford."

Kneller tells Pepys that he has partly undertaken the commission because of "knowing you an entire gentleman, of a noble and generous mind, or else I should hardly have left my home and business for Oxford's conversation-sake." "I can show," he goes on, "I never did a better picture, nor so good a one, in my life, which is the opinion of all as has seen it; and which I have done merely for the respect I have for your person, sense, and reputation, and for the love of so great a man as Dr. Wallis."

At the end of 1701 Evelyn wrote another long letter to Pepys, whom he addressed as "My dear, worthy, and constant Friend." Writing from Dover Street he says, "How accident, and the vicissitudes of things in this life and world, put earth, as the Spaniard calls distance of place, between friends and nearest relations, and interrupt their personal visits and conversations, no person can be more sensible of, and concerned for than myself; espécially since I am come to this smoky obstreperous city. In good earnest, Sir, I pass not by York Buildings without regret. Saturday, which was wont to be a

jubilee, and the most advantageous and gainful, as well as the most diverting of the weekly circle, is, from a real Sabbath and day of repose, now become wholly Saturnine, lugubrious, and solitary. What shall I say? There was nothing which could extenuate my loss, and this dark eclipse, did not that self-love which renders us sorry for the decease and absence of those we most dearly loved (infinitely happier in a better world) come into and revive my drooping spirits. That, while I mourne your absence here, you are at Clapham enjoying better health, a purer air, noble retreats; and what are, above all, entirely your own, and in yourself, and with those you worthily value for their virtue and accomplishments, in a state of bliss as great as any person, who, as you do, knows how to make a just and true estimate of things we call happy, and to distinguish images from substances, can, I think, desire or wish for on this side of Heaven."

In one of the last letters he was to write to Pepys, dated January 20, 1702–3, Evelyn refers to Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, which he was then reading, and a copy of which is to be found in the Pepysian Library. Of this work Evelyn praises, "the style masculine; the characters so just, and tempered without the least ingredient of passion or tincture of revenge, yet with such natural and lively touches, as shew his Lordship well knew not only the persons' outsides, but their very interiors . . . in sum, there runs through this noble piece a thread so even, and without break or knot in the whole contexture, with such choice and profitable instructions naturally emerging from the subjects, as persons

of the sublimest rank and office need not be ashamed to learn their duty, and how to govern themselves." At the end of this letter he says, "what I would wish for myself and all I love, as I do Mr. Pepys, should be the old man's life, as described in the distich, which you deservedly have attained—

> "Vita Senis, libri, domus, hortus, lectus amicus,
> Vina, Nepos, ignis, mens hilaris, pietas.

"In the mean time I feed on the past conversation I once had in York Buildings, and starve since my friend has forsaken it."

A year or two earlier Evelyn had told Pepys, "my sand runs lower than your's"—but in spite of that Pepys was to go first. On the 26th of May, 1703, Evelyn wrote in his *Diary* his valediction to his old friend: "This day died Mr. Sam. Pepys, a very worthy, industrious and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy, in w^ch^ he had passed thro' all the most considerable offices, Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty, all w^ch^ he perform'd with great integrity. When K. James II went out of England, he laid down his office, and would serve no more, but withdrawing himselfe from all public affairs, he liv'd at Clapham with his partner Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweete place, where he enjoy'd the fruite of his labours in greate prosperity. He was universally belov'd, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skill'd in music, a very greate cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most con-

INTERIOR OF ST. OLAVE'S CHURCH.

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siderable, the models of ships especially. Besides what he publish'd of an account of the Navy, as he found and left it, he had for divers years under his hand the History of the Navy, or *Navalia*, as he call'd it; but how far advanc'd, and what will follow of his, is left, I suppose, to his sister's son, Mr. Jackson, a young gentleman whom Mr. Pepys had educated in all sorts of usefull learning, sending him to travel abroad, from whence he return'd with extraordinary accomplishments, and worthy to be heir. Mr. Pepys had been for neere 40 years so much my particular friend, that Mr. Jackson sent me complete mourning, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies, but my indisposition hinder'd me from doing him this last office."

Pepys' nephew was certainly doing what his uncle would have wished when he wrote the following letter to Evelyn on the 28th of May—

"Honoured Sir,

"'Tis no small addition to my grief, to be obliged to interrupt the quiet of your happy recess with the afflicting tidings of my Uncle Pepys' death: knowing how sensibly you will partake with me herein. But I should not be faithful to his desires, if I did not beg your doing the honour to his memory of accepting mourning from him, as a small instance of his most affectionate respect and honour for you. I have thought myself extremely unfortunate to be out of the way at that only time when you were pleased lately to touch here, and express so great a desire of taking your leave of my Uncle; which could not but have been

admitted by him as a most welcome exception to his general orders against being interrupted; and I could most heartily wish that the circumstances of your health and distance did not forbid me to ask the favour of your assisting in the holding up of the pawll at his interment, which is intended to be on Thursday next; for if the manes are affected with what passes below, I am sure this would have been very grateful to his. . . .

"There remains only for me, under this affliction, to beg the consolation and honour of succeeding to your patronage, for my Uncle's sake, and leave to number myself, with the same sincerity he ever did, among your greatest honourers, which I shall esteem as one of the most valuable parts of my inheritance from him; being also, with the faithfullest wishes of health and long life to you.

"Honoured Sir,

"Your most obedient and

"Most humble Servant,

"J. JACKSON.

"Mr. Hewer, as my Uncle's Executor, and equally your faithful Servant joins with me in every part hereof.

"The time of my Uncle's departure was about three-quarters past three on Wednesday morning last."

A more personal account of Pepys' death is given by Dr. George Hickes, who was with him at the end. "The greatness of his behaviour, in his long and sharp tryall before his death, was in every respect answerable to his great life; and I believe

no man ever went out of this world with greater contempt of it, or a more lively faith in every thing that was revealed of the world to come. I administered the Holy Sacrament twice in his illness to him, and had administered it a third time, but for a sudden fit of illness that happened at the appointed time of administering of it. Twice I gave him the absolution of the church which he desired, and received with all reverence and comfort, and I never attended any sick or dying person that dyed with so much Christian greatness of mind, or a more lively sense of immortality, or so much fortitude and patience, in so long and sharp a tryall, or greater resignation to the will which he most devoutly acknowledged to be the wisdom of God, and I doubt not, but he is now a very blessed spirit, according to his motto, *mens cujusque is est quisque.*"

Physically Pepys had never been a very strong man, he had lived an arduous and anxious life, and he was really worn out. The actual cause of his death was an aggravation of his old trouble, the stone. He was seventy-one years old when he died. He was buried in St. Olave's Church, Crutched Friars, the church so closely associated with his early life and his first connection with the Navy, beside his wife Elizabeth. The London *Post Boy*, for June 5, says: "Yesterday, in the evening, were performed the obsequies of Samuel Pepys, Esq., in Crutched Friars' Church; whither his corpse was brought in a very honourable and solemn manner from Clapham."

For his services to his country Pepys might well have deserved an Abbey funeral—far more so than

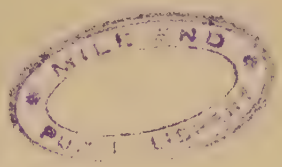
many of his contemporaries or predecessors who are buried at Westminster. But the one thing Pepys never achieved in his life was stateliness, and it is perhaps most fitting that he should rest in the heart of the London he knew and loved, in the church that holds so many memories of the days when he was writing the *Diary*.

By far the most interesting part of Pepys' will is that in which he bequeaths his Library and collections to Cambridge, with all the details and instructions as to their safe-keeping. John Jackson was his heir, and Will Hewer sole executor with a bequest of £500, "as a very small instance of my respect and most sensible esteem of the more than filial affection and tenderness expressed towards me through all the occurrences of my life for forty years past unto this day." He also gave Hewer, "my whole collection of models of ships and other vessels standing in his house at Clapham . . . recommending it to him to consider how these also together with his own may be preserved for public benefit."

Pepys did not die so rich as might have been expected, and this was largely because the Crown was in his debt to the extent of £28,000. In spite of his great services he never received a pension or any form of public honour—but he had enough pride and enough loyalty to prefer to die leaving the King in his debt, rather than that he should be indebted to his sovereign.

In a larger sense it may be said that the whole English-speaking world is in the debt of Samuel Pepys. He has left us an incomparably vivid and

truthful picture of his times and of himself, he has provided interest and laughter for all the generations that follow him—for in spite of certain meannesses and smallnesses the feeling aroused by the *Diary* is a kindly one, a feeling of tolerance for the rather piteous foibles of human nature. From the *Diary* we learn to have a real affection for Pepys, not in spite of his candour, but because of it, because he is so encouragingly wanting in self-righteousness; from his work for the navy we learn a complete respect for him—and though the respect and the affection will occasionally clash, they will stand the test of time. In a sense somewhat different from Shakespeare's using we can say, "We ne'er shall look upon his like again," for never again shall we see a man who dared to be so utterly himself as Samuel Pepys. The syllables of his name are stamped with candour.



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